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WEEKLY**

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IN NEW YORK**

Summer patterns for children

**THE HOLTS' HIDEOUT AT
BINGIL BAY, QLD.**

16-page lift-out

MEDICAL ADVICE
of special interest to
WOMEN

**THE KANGA
DRESS**

**Make it in
one hour!**

Page 7

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OUR COVER

• The sensational KANGA dress, worn by Sydney model Suzy de la Motte, originated in East Africa. Now, it's been acclaimed by smart women in Britain and Europe — and you can make it in an hour, or less (see page 7). The pictures on the cover and page 7 are by staff photographer Don Cameron.

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• Lana Cantrell in mod shirt and pants for a workout on the roof of her New York apartment building.

SINGER BREAKS INTO BIG-TIME

—Excellent chance that Lana Cantrell will be as well known as Streisand

"NOTHING can stop this girl. If she doesn't go right to the top, I just don't know the business," Denny Davis was saying about Lana Cantrell, shaking his head in wonder as we listened to the playback in the control-room.

Denny does know the business—he is artists and repertory man for popular music at RCA-Victor in New York and was supervising the recording of Lana Cantrell's debut LP.

"Nothing Can Stop Me Now" is the song with which Lana Cantrell opened her appearance at the Coconut Grove, Los Angeles, when Eddie Fisher introduced her. She's determined that the title will be prophetic.

Lana Cantrell, who grew up in Sydney and now lives in New York, is at that take-off point for a singer — established with the music industry insiders and about to be presented to the public with a splash that should sprinkle everybody who listens to music.

After appearing on television in Australia, and performing around the Playboy Clubs circuit in America, she has broken into the big nightclubs.

She recently performed at the Sands, in Las Vegas, the Coconut Grove, and New York's Copacabana is on her schedule for January. She is making several appearances on the Ed Sullivan television show in the next few months, and RCA-Victor has signed her to a recording contract.

The company has put out two singles by Lana, with an LP already mastered and being prepared for January release.

By this time next year, chances are excellent that the name Lana Cantrell will be as familiar as Streisand and Petula Clark. All she needs is a hit record — a matter entirely in the hands of the fates.

Well, perhaps not entirely. In pop music, as in war, the gods favor the big battalions, and RCA-Victor is a very big battalion.

Has talent to burn

At the moment, Victor needs a girl who can belt a song or murmur it *molto espressivo* — as Streisand does for Columbia Records, Petula Clark for Warner Bros., Nancy Wilson for Capitol Records, and so on.

Talent comes into the making of a hit, too, and everybody who has heard Lana Cantrell is saying she has talent to burn.

"Of all the singers the company has," Denny Davis said, "they're highest on Lana."

Well they might be! The "trades" — the industry papers — have reached into their bag of superlatives for Lana. "Cashbox" says, "It is doubtful if Cantrell can be topped by

any of the newer talents of the nightclub tour today."

The girl from Dover Heights came to America three years ago.

"You can only go so far in Australia," she explained. "You can't headline in a nightclub unless you're a name overseas. They don't want to know home-grown talent."

"When I go back, I want to have the feeling I'm going on my own terms."

Her terms could be steep. After her recent appearance at the Sands, owner Jack Entratter is having to give her almost twice as much money to exercise his option for a return engagement. And he wrote her manager such a glowing letter about her success at his casino-nightclub, the manager took a full-page advertisement in "Variety" to let everybody read it.

Lana's first appearance on the Sullivan show — the crucial TV show for a singer — is in mid-December, with two to follow later in the season, and Sullivan has options on three more.

This means that Lana Cantrell will be exposed to world-wide television audiences while RCA-Victor will be plugging her records.

Although only 22, she has considerable experience of working before audiences. She

By **BILL WILSON**
in New York

probably started picking up tips from the time she could talk — her father is a professional bass player in Sydney.

But when she first came to America nobody had heard of her.

"I have relatives in California, and after I arrived I just sat around there for more than a year. Then, when I was visiting an aunt in Little Rock, Arkansas, she asked me, 'Would you do a local television show?' I did—and the man who books the Playboy circuit saw me."

"He's Shelley Kasten, and he's still my manager. I sang in the clubs around the country for about 18 months. I was gaining experience all the time."

"People come to the clubs to see the Bunnies. You just happen to be on stage when they have dinner. You really have to fight them."

When Lana is on stage you know she's there.

She's 5ft. 6in. and-a-bit, Sassoon-cropped. The man who hires the Bunnies wouldn't give her a second glance.

But as for stage presence and projecting a song, Lana comes on strong. Her arms writhe, she moves with the song, she can gentle it along and then thrust it out with tremendous dynamic range.

As she describes it, "I'm terribly individual,

a big singer. I belt a lot and I usually sing very emotional-type ballads."

Sound a bit like Streisand?

Then she switched on her record-player to let me hear her latest single release, "Breakin' at Tiffany's," from the soon-to-open Broadway show (that came from the film that came from the book by Truman Capote).

No, this didn't sound like Streisand, although the Brooklyn girl has probably influenced Lana — as she has every new female vocalist singing ballads.

Lana has another couple of records that could become hits. One, the familiar "I Will Wait For You," from the French musical film "Umbrellas of Cherbourg," gets a fresh treatment from Lana backed by a lush, 30-piece orchestra — lots of violin and French horn.

"I'm a night person"

Another that could succeed is "I'm All Smiles," with which Lana carried off first prize at the Polish Song Festival. She represented America at the festival and won against songs from every European country.

All this travelling — I caught her between a recording session and an engagement in Bermuda — leaves Lana little opportunity for serious dating.

"It's very difficult to find people who would be willing to stay at home while you're travelling all the time," she says with a shrug.

In New York she occasionally goes out with fashion designer Oleg Cassini. She is very proud of her new membership in Le Club, the exclusive discotheque for jet-set types.

"I'm a night person," she says. "I seldom go out much before midnight, and I can just about get my eyes open by noon."

Although Le Club—all the members are careful to pronounce it "le cloob"—is a high fashion retreat, Lana generally wears mod gear which, she says, "isn't really mod at all."

"I don't wear strictly what kids wear. My clothes cost more, and they're more elegant."

A young designer from Sweden, a close friend who is also a successful fashion model, designs Lana's clothes, which are made up by a small New York boutique, Alan and Cole.

"I wear mostly pants and shirts," she says. "I don't like to wear skirts." She doesn't like to wear make-up, either, except a touch of eye-liner.

For her first Sullivan show on December 23 — it'll be seen later in Australia — she'll be wearing a skirt, a long gown which is not off the drawing-board yet. And she'll have a new wardrobe for the Copacabana booking in January, which she will be keeping in the star dressing-room.

As "Cashbox" says about Lana Cantrell, "Watch closely."



● Lana Cantrell, 22, Sydney-born singer, who is breaking into the big-time in the United States with top night-club appearances, records, and TV bookings.



● Again in pants, which she prefers to skirts. She had just found the lamp, which needs a shade, and other antique furniture for her almost bare living-room.



Know all those girls you just must buy gifts for?

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For Carol,
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For Anna,
who's feminine:

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Rubens that came out of a junkyard

By Larry Boys in London

BUT for a woman's whim, "The Judgment of Paris" would have gone out with the garbage, and the frame would have been burnt to recover the gold leaf.

Mrs. Eva Savage didn't know her husband had brought home a Rubens. Robert Savage was a picture-framer. He went around junkyards and bought old pictures just for their frames.

Sometimes he rather liked a painting, brought it home, and hung it on the wall. But the house became so cluttered that Eva Savage told him not to bring home any more.

For a long time he didn't. He threw away the old paintings and took the frames to his workshop. He bought the Rubens in a job lot for a few shillings in 1933 at a junkyard auction in York.

His wife saw him taking it round to the back, and took a fancy to it. She thought it was rather jolly,



● "The Judgment of Paris," painted about 1600. For 33 years Mrs. Savage kept it on her landing wall opposite the bathroom.

with all those chubby cherubs and pretty goddesses.

She thought it would be handy to fill up that big blank space on the landing wall, opposite the bathroom.

So there the missing masterpiece hung anonymously for 33 years. It had last been recorded when it came up for sale at Christie's on June 3, 1815. It failed to reach the reserve price of £2000 sterling, was removed from the sale, and vanished without trace.

James Christie, son of the firm's founder, described the picture in his catalogue as: "a Grand Chef-d'oeuvre, differing in several points of composition from the Orleans Rubens of the same subject and size, to which this picture is a glorious rival."

If art dealers are superstitious, they must credit this Rubens with a homing instinct of its own. A century and a half later it turned up again at Christie's and came once more into its own.

Mrs. Savage, now 82 and a widow, decided to sell her pictures. She sent a batch of 40 to Christie's, where they were stored in the vaults to await auction. Nobody expected to find anything exceptional in the batch, and Rubens' "Three Graces" blushed unseen for months.

Then, one day, Mr. Oliver Millar, Deputy Surveyor of the Queen's Pictures, was browsing through Christie's vaults — and immediately sent for Mr. David Carritt, Christie's "old-master" expert.

They identified the picture as a lost Rubens dating from 1600, when the artist was just 23, and was Court Painter to Vincenzo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua.

Mr. Michael Jaffe, the leading Rubens authority, confirmed the find, and pointed out that Rubens' original sketch for the figure of Paris (foreground left, holding the golden apple) is in the Louvre.

Mrs. Savage has reserved a whole line of seats for herself, family, and friends for the auction on November 25. Dealers expect the painting, measuring 5ft. 9in. by 4ft. 4in., to bring at least £100,000 sterling (\$A250,000).

They anticipate strong bidding from America, but it is likely that British art interests will try their best to keep the picture at "home."

The excitement about Mrs. Savage's good fortune was still bubbling when a man walked into Christie's with another Rubens under his arm.

It is a smaller picture—20½in. by 22in.—and has been classified and catalogued as a "modello" for Rubens' "Samson and Delilah."

Rubens' modellos were preliminary color sketches, meticulous in detail, from which the main picture was painted to scale.

Experts say Rubens painted the "Samson and Delilah" modello in 1608, after his return to Antwerp from Italy and Spain.

It shows Samson in a deep sleep at Delilah's feet. His hair is being shorn while the Philistines lurk in the shadows to seize him.

The modello is painted on a panel, now slightly cracked. Dealers estimate it should bring from £25,000 sterling to £50,000 sterling (up to \$A125,000).

Unlike Mrs. Savage, who makes no secret of her good fortune, the owner wishes to remain anonymous.

● Modello for "Samson and Delilah."





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same "family" look in the complete Dri-Glo range! Blue, pink, lavender, honey or green—choose your favourite colour! Only Dri-Glo make these glowing go-together towels. In stores throughout Australia and New Zealand.

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TO WEAR THE KANGA: First, step into the kanga (as described below), then . . .



PICK UP both the corners of the loose free end . . .



TIE THEM in a granny knot under the bust.



THE RESULT: Elegant or casual (see below).

THE KANGA... ...you can make it in an hour!

● Here it is: the KANGA — very simple to make, loose and cool and flattering even in the hottest weather.

THE kanga comes from East Africa; there, it was noted by a roving photographer, who admired the gaily colored garments worn by most of the local women.

("Kanga" is a Coastal Swahili word meaning guinea-fowl; the fowl is brightly patterned, like the dresses.)

The photographer took some of the dresses home and sold the idea to European boutiques and London stores; now kangas are worn by smart women "at home" or (in the shorter version) to the beach.

Materials required for long version: 3½ yds. 45in. fabric. For the authentic kanga "look," a light and crisp lawn-type cotton is ideal.

● This dress is designed to fit women 5ft. 4in. to 5ft. 6in. in height and measuring up to 44in. round the hips at the widest part. When adjusting the kanga — to make it shorter or longer — adjust at BOTH hem edges to retain the balance of the garment.

At each raw 45in. edge, first turn under ¼in. to neat. Then machine — or stitch by hand — a hem 9in. deep. Press hems flat.

Fold the material in half, lengthwise. From one hem-edge measure along the selvages; first, leave a 16in. gap (this is to give walking-room in the garment).

Then mark and machine a seam 23in. long (see diagram). Leave at least ¼in. between stitching and selvages. Press.

Now measure 50in. from a hem-edge (see diagram). Mark with a pin. Measure a further 16in. from the pin, and mark that point. Cut the material along the 16in., about 1-10th in. in from the fold. Machine (or hand-roll) a narrow hem: this is the neckline.

To wear: Step into the seamed half, turning the walking-slit to the centre-back. Put your head through the neck-hole; the unsewn half of the kanga will hang down the back. Gather the end-corners of this free end and tie them in a knot under the bust.

For the shorter version: Materials required: 2½ yds. (for above-knee length) or 2½ yds. 45in. fabric.

Make the shorter version of the kanga as described above. BUT . . . subtract 20in. from each end as shown by shaded sections on the diagram. The walking-slit is not necessary in this version. Make the hems about 3in. deep or as required.

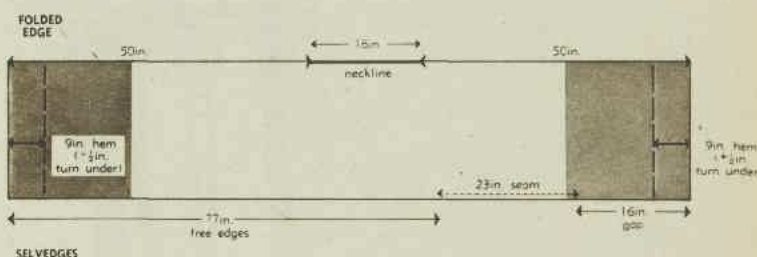


DIAGRAM (above) for both long and short versions of the kanga. For the long version, ignore the shaded portions.



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● Start of the International OK Dinghy Ocean Races (left); the little craft on their way to Green Island, Nth. Qld.

THE DINGHY DERBY

AN ocean dinghy race, sailed "for a lark" by 11 Cairns (North Queensland) sailors four years ago, has turned into one of the most spectacular ocean-racing events on the world yachting calendar.

Last month, backed by an energetic organising committee of four local businessmen, Cairns held its second annual International OK Dinghy Ocean Races, which attracted entrants from Sweden, Germany, America, and New Zealand.

Australian Olympic gold-medal-winning yachtsman Mr. Bill Northam, who was official guest and starter, said that when the dinghies crossed the finishing line on the final race, more than 16,000 spectators lined the shore and cars were parked bumper to bumper three miles along the highway.

"It was a fantastic sight," he said, when he returned to Sydney. "It certainly wouldn't happen in Sydney, where we are lucky if a thousand turn up to see a championship."

"Watching those tiny little boats sail off across the ocean, turning into infinitesimal little dots, was really something. The boys who sailed them were good, fine, rugged types, skilful at handling their light, lively craft."

"And, believe me, it takes real skill and courage to sail those little ships in the open seas."

The OK dinghy, a little over 13ft. long, carries a 20ft. 6in. mast, has a sail area of approximately 90 square feet, with a hull that must not weigh less than 158½lb.

Built originally as a training class for the Olympic Finn monotype, it proved better than expectations and, today, there are more than 5000 in some 30 countries.

Simple, cheap, easy to build, it is quick in its reactions and needs great agility from its skipper to keep it travelling fast in fresh winds on open-ocean courses.

One advantage is that, with its tiny cockpit and three bulkheads, it is almost unsinkable. But, unsinkable or not, it takes courage to sail alone across 17 miles of ocean one day, then get up the next morning to sail another 20 miles home.)

Record still stands

"The traditional finish on the second day is spectacular, to say the least," said Mr. Northam. "Local lifesavers wade out to the surf's edge and carry the winning helmsmen, sitting in their boat, shoulder-high to the official presentation area."

When those 11 intrepid Cairns sailors set out on that first race four years ago they made their goal Green Island, 17 miles away. Astounding locals who had not believed the OK an ocean-going craft—and racing in unusually blustery conditions—Noel Wheeler won in two hours 25min. 11sec., a record which still stands.

Cairns sailing enthusiasts were impressed and the race was run again the following year. In 1965 the organising committee decided to make it an international event. That year national champions from New Zealand, Holland, U.S.A., and Sweden competed with 22 Australians.

The original race has been extended to two, sailed on successive days. The first is still the 17-mile stretch to Green Island; the second from there to Ellis Beach, 20 miles away on the mainland north of Cairns.

Among the eight international and 17 North Queensland helmsmen who took part this year were Goran Andersson,



● Framed by palm trees (below), dinghies lie on the beach at Green Island, waiting for the second race to Ellis Beach.

world champion, of Sweden; Guy Liljegreen, also of Sweden, one of his country's best helmsmen; Australian champion Dave Blundell; New Zealand champion Clive Roberts; leading U.S. yachtsman Jerry Elfendahl; Germany's Ulrich Bach, second in his national titles this year and first last year; two top New Zealanders, Mike Menzies and John McKenzie.

The Green Island race went to the Queenslanders—Townsville's Noel Beale, in *Tempest*, first; Cairns Yacht Club president, Chris Bolton, sailing *Yvonne*, second; Tony Handle, *Mary Ellen II*, also from Cairns, third.

On the second day the visitors made a clean sweep with 19-year-old New Zealander John McKenzie, sailing *Mac the Knife*, first; Clive Roberts, New Zealand, second in *Rebel*; and Sweden's champion, Goran Andersson, sailing *Pop*, third.

The organising committee of the races ended up \$1500 "in the red." It meets the expenses of overseas competitors, who are flown to Australia by courtesy of Qantas. The local motel-owner turns his place into an International Village and puts up the visitors "on the house."

But no one is worried about the loss. They say they will raise the \$1500 somehow, as they feel the event is worth while both for its contribution to sailing and to North Queensland as a whole.

● Mr. Bill Northam and 19-year-old New Zealand bank clerk John McKenzie, winner of the 20-mile race from Green Island to Ellis Beach in *Mac the Knife*.





● Views above and below from the Blue Pacific Motel at Bingil Bay, looking across to North and South Barnard Islands along King Reef. The Holts' cottage, not shown, is to the north of the motel overlooking the bay. These pictures were supplied by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Watson, who run the motel, the only one in the area. There are quite a few private holiday homes at Bingil Bay and the permanent population is about 50.



For Mr. and Mrs. Harold Holt,
there is a haven of peace

AT BEAUTIFUL BINGIL BAY



● Mr. and Mrs. Holt, both spearfishing enthusiasts, usually spend hours in the water when they are at their beach home in Portsea, Vic., or at their cottage at Bingil Bay, Nth. Qld.

TWO thousand miles from Canberra, far removed from the arduous work of an election campaign, a four-roomed cottage, surrounded by lush tropical jungle, stands in readiness for the time when Mr. and Mrs. Harold Holt can get away from it all.

To Mr. Holt, now facing his first Federal election as Australia's Prime Minister, the holiday cottage at Bingil Bay, near Innisfail, in North Queensland, must seem like a dream.

Bingil Bay, with its population of about 50 permanent residents, its natural tropical setting, its quiet serenity, is the perfect hideaway.

Away from the cares of his office, Mr. Holt and his wife, Zara, can go spearfishing in the waters of the bay below their front door, gather oysters from the nearby rocks, or stroll along the beach collecting shells.

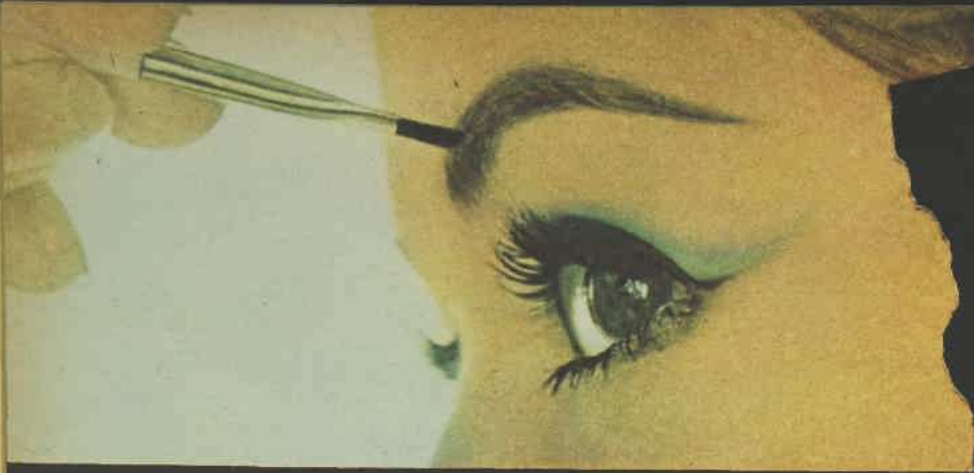
Their cottage (they call it "The Shack") sits high on a hill-top, with breathtaking views of the coastline, along King Reef, as far as Dunk Island on the Great Barrier Reef.



● Above: Aerial view of Bingil Bay, North Queensland, situated in the heart of the tropic coast, a two-hour drive from Cairns, 30 minutes from Innisfail, and two hours from Atherton Tableland. There are shaded picnic spots, fresh-water creeks, and excellent fishing grounds in the area.

● Mr. and Mrs. Harold Holt's attractive holiday house (below) at Bingil Bay. At their back door is dense tropical jungle; from the front of the house are superb views of the coastline, extending to the islands along King Reef and as far as Dunk Island (a 20-minute launch trip from Bingil Bay), on the Barrier Reef.





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**GIVE HIM
THE EYE**
WITH THE COTY 'EYE ACCENT'

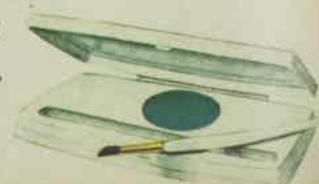
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How to have a high 'eye-Q': First, Coty Eye Accent 'Shadow Matte' on the upper lid; then Coty Eye Accent 'Cake-liner' then the softly-toned Coty Eye Accent Brow Contour. Finish off with Coty Eye Accent Brush Mascara. Easy how-to-do-it details come with the pack.



TREND-SETTERS FOR THE YOUNGEST SET



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● Here are some of the newest and prettiest fashions for the very young set. An easy-to-follow pattern is available for each design. Send orders to Fashion Department, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. Be sure to state the size required. No C.O.D. orders.

3932.—Set of fun co-ordinates for young fashion charmers (above). Included in the pattern, left to right, front-buttoned jump suit with contrasting ruffle trim, front-buttoned bloomer suit and mop cap, sleeveless jumper dress with rick-rack trim worn over bloomer suit, sleeveless dress in two colors plus rick-rack trim. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 for 21, 22, 23, 23½, 24in. chest. Butterick pattern 3932. Price 65c includes postage.

3525. — Two - piece swimsuit and head-band (right). Also included in the pattern is a beach jacket. Sizes 7, 8, 10, 12, 14, for 25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest. Butterick pattern 3525. Price 50c includes postage.

● Continued overleaf

3525



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KILL THAT FLY!



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PRETTY WARDROBE



3844



4015



3881

● Here is a complete wardrobe for a young lady of fashion. The designs include a summer suit, cover-up with matching hat, a special-occasion dress, and sunsuit and parka. Patterns are available from Fashion Department, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

3844. — Mod-look suit has A-line skirt and front-button blouse. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 for 23, 24, 26, 28, 30in. chest. Butterick pattern 3844. Price 60c includes postage.

3881. — Pretty one-piece dress has gathered skirt. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8 for 21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 26in. chest. Butterick pattern 3881. Price 50c includes postage.

4015. — Two-piece swimsuit, cover-up, and matching hat. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 for 23, 24, 26, 28, 30in. chest. Butterick pattern 4015. Price 50c includes postage.

3968. — Ruffle-trimmed knee-pants, bra top, and parka. Sizes 7, 8, 10, 12, 14 for 25, 26, 28, 30, 32in. chest. Butterick pattern 3968. Price 60c includes postage.

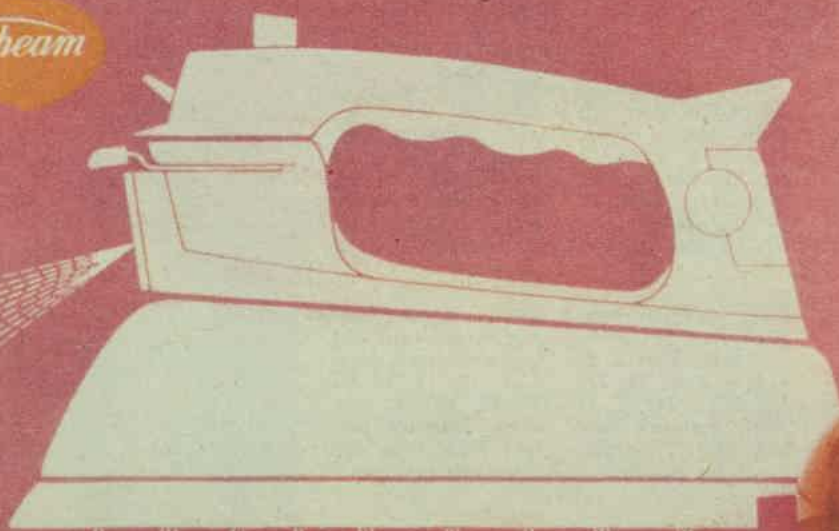


3968



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STEAMS
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HP12

THE RAAF OKAYS ITS EAGLE

(No albatross or parrot
this time)

By LEONIE NEWBERRY

EAGLE, albatross, sick pigeon, or parrot? Soon the Royal Australian Air Force won't have to worry about the identity of the bird in its cap badges. A new cap badge showing the Australian wedge-tailed eagle (*Aquila audax*) will be issued next year.

For 45 years the RAAF cap badges have featured a mystery bird.

Even the RAAF is not sure of its identity. Air Force Orders call it an eagle, but when referring to the principal air chaplain's badge, which shows the same wings mounted on a Maltese cross, they have called it an albatross.

The bird has also been rather unkindly referred to by members of the other Services as a sick pigeon.

It is still used in badges of the RAF, from which the RAAF adopted it.

Moves to replace the non-descript bird started as long ago as 1937, when the then RAAF Air Liaison Officer in London was instructed by the Air Board to arrange for a new RAAF badge.

The Chester Herald of the College of Arms was asked to undertake the task, using the Australian wedge-tailed eagle in the design.

Finding a suitable drawing or photograph of an eagle for the artist to draw from proved a problem. Eventually he was given a picture of a forlorn wedge-tailed eagle which had been pinning in the London Zoo for many years.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 23, 1966

PRESENT BADGE,
worn by Flight-Lieut. Ray Crossley.

The badge was designed and received the necessary Royal Assent. However, the onset of World War II brought things to an abrupt halt. Halfway through the war an ornithological error was discovered; in fact, the new "eagle," too, was a mixed-up bird.

Retired Air Vice-Marshal E. C. Wackett, of Pantom Hill, Vic., recalls during the war he took over an office in the RAAF barracks, Melbourne, and in the office was the framed design of the Official RAAF Badge, signed by King George VI. On his staff then was a Warrant-Officer Merritt.

"About 1942-43 Merritt approached me with a request from the Chester Herald, London, to return the badge," Air Vice-Marshal Wackett said. "No reasons were given. Thinking aloud, I said, 'What on earth would they want with our badge at a critical time like this?'"

Warrant-Officer Merritt

told him that for some time he had realised that the "eagle" had a parrot's feet and beak!

The Air Vice-Marshal examined the badge. "The so-called eagle had two toes forward and two back — like the parrot — and not the eagle's three forward and one back," he said.

It also did have a parrot's beak. The top beak was smoothly curved and the bottom beak ran up into it. An eagle has a hooked beak for tearing prey.

"It was definitely not an eagle. It was pure parrot," the Air Vice-Marshal said with a hearty chuckle.

The heraldic painting was dispatched post-haste to London.

"When it eventually arrived back we could see where the bird's beak and feet had been altered," Air Vice-Marshal Wackett said.

The RAAF still didn't get around to making the new

cap badge, and the case of the "eagle" was forgotten until a year ago, when a member of an RAAF committee, which meets monthly to review clothing, reviewed the old badge.

Once again the wedge-tailed eagle design was put forward, and once again it has been approved.

Officers have voted the design a definite improvement. Flying-Officer Peter Silcock said the new bird looked "active."

The new badge is made of 99.9 percent pure aluminium to keep its sheen.

The RAAF Public Relations Officer in Melbourne, Squadron-Leader Frank Doak, said that warrant-officers would be the first to get the new badge, next January or February. There were still stocks of air officers' badges, and the new ones would be issued when they were exhausted.

**WEDGE-TAILED
EAGLE, one of the
largest of birds.**

Picture by Graham Pizzey.



NEW CAP BADGE, featuring Australia's wedge-tailed eagle, worn by Flying-Officer P. Silcock.





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New! Nice'n Easy by Clairol

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WOMAN'S TOUCH IN ONE-MAN SEA EPIC



● Mrs. Francis Chichester (above, right) in a panama with "windows" of colored plastic to wear as glare protection, designed for her Australian visit. Left, her portrait of her husband.

SHE has a faraway look in her deep blue eyes and her dark hair clouds about her calm face. Her voice is low and well modulated.

As she stands in her period dressing-room, pouring morning coffee and cream, she admits her mind is on other things.

This is no facade. She is Sheila Chichester, wife of Francis Chichester, now sailing alone to Australia in a round-the-world race against the times put up by the wool clipper.

When I spoke to Mrs. Chichester she was about to board the Oriana to meet her husband in Australia.

She makes a point of being on "the other side" to meet him after his single-handed epics. She believes that after he has been alone at sea, with its hard work and battle with winds and tide, she should be there.

Her gentle manner and femininity cloak great efficiency.

Sheila Chichester has everything at her fingertips. Her own voyage has been as carefully planned as her 65-year-old husband's single-handed venture in Gypsy Moth IV.

"You cannot mount such expeditions without such planning," she said. "It is a partnership."

She supervises stores, sees to every detail, like finding grovere cheese and garlic for her husband because he likes them and they can now be packed to remain palatable in the tropics.

Husband and wife are in

constant radio contact. On her voyage in the Oriana they will be in closer touch as the liner passes Gypsy Moth IV.

"Somewhere about Colombo, I think," she said. "We will be in radio communication, ship to ship."

She carries with her everywhere, even to the hairdresser for a last-minute set, an ocean chart to which she constantly refers.

Mrs. Chichester arrives in Sydney on November 25.

She has a wardrobe that will take her out by ship and see her through a month of social life and hard-working days with her husband re-equipping Gypsy Moth IV for the journey back.

She will fly home to London. "I have our interests here to look after," she said. "I must return quickly."

Her clothes are practical. With a color chart of red, white, and blue, they all co-ordinate.

She loves trouser suits, of which she was a pioneer.

"I had to have the pants made at any tailor who would make them for me," she said. "The jackets and matching skirts I had made at Michael, one of my favorite couturiers."

"It is marvellous now. I can buy a co-ordinated four-

piece trouser suit and top with skirt in a smart boutique or big store."

London designer James Wedge has made special caps for her trip to Australia. She also has amusing light panama hats.

Mrs. Chichester manages to look impeccable with a minimum of effort.

"Why shouldn't I?" she asked with a friendly laugh. "After all, for seven years I've brought out my 'London Woman,' which is a guide to the best in our way of life."

"Clothes have always been a passion in my life," she

said. "I was a model girl when I was young. It wasn't the IN thing to be then, but I got away with it."

Her family home, in Kensington, is now the Nepalese Embassy.

"I had the usual coming-out ball and deb season, but it didn't interest me much," she said. "I was always very independent."

She doesn't brood about the dangers of her husband's voyages.

"Francis is doing something quite exceptional, describing events never described before in the enormous seas in the Roaring Forties," she said.

"I worry more when he is becalmed. Men are always so frustrated when they are not doing something."

Although a talented artist, she says, "I don't expect people to have any interest in me."

But her paintings have been hung in the Maritime Artists' Exhibition and the Royal Society of Portrait Painters.

The Chichesters live in the heart of London, in St. James' Place. They have a map publishing business, Francis Chichester Limited, and live above it in a small apartment. Above that again is Mrs. Chichester's studio.

Number 9 St. James' Place has been visited by many well-known Australians. The Governor General, Lord Casey, and Lady Casey are old friends. "Mae and I have our interest in painting in common," she said.

Sir Garfield and Lady Barwick are also friends. They sailed in Gypsy Moth IV when she was lying off Portsmouth.

"Lady Barwick has

arranged our accommodation in Sydney and taken us under her wing," Sheila Chichester said.

Mrs. Geoffrey Grimwade is another Australian she counts as a close friend.

"There are so many other dear friends in Australia I'm only hoping we can fit in seeing everybody as well as refitting Gypsy Moth, seeing publishers (Francis is writing a book on his adventures), and attending to all the important details for his long voyage back."

Her son Giles flies to Australia to meet his parents when Gypsy Moth IV arrives. Giles is at Oxford reading Geography.

"We hope some day he will join us in the map publishing business," she said.

Mrs. Chichester is a religious woman who believes in the power of prayer.

Eight years ago, when her husband was ill with suspected lung cancer, she asked friends of all denominations to pray for his recovery. He did recover.

One of her main interests today is faith-healing and her correspondence is vast.

She is a vegetarian—she does not like the idea of killing in order to eat.

"I suppose I could be called a food faddist," she said, "but I do hate that word."

She said she was looking forward to her trip to Australia.

"We lead such a full life, right in the centre of London, that the boat, the sea, and our adventures are away-from-it-all relaxation."

— Anne Matheson, in London



● Lone yachtsman Francis Chichester, 65, and the Gypsy Moth IV, in which he is attempting to sail to Australia in 100 days.

"What clothes should I take?"

— is the question asked by every intending traveller. Here is advice for those going by sea to London and touring Europe and Britain by bus.

SO you're getting ready to embark on the second Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour.

Having been on the first tour — 17½ weeks of travel by ship and bus, visiting many countries — I have learned a lot about the luggage and clothes needed.

My first advice is to keep luggage to a minimum.

The amount of luggage allowed when leaving Australia is two suitcases and a small tote bag or overnight bag. You will be expected to carry the tote bag yourself, and it should be compact enough to fit on the rack of a touring bus.

When travelling on the Continent or in Scotland or on supplementary tours, you can take one suitcase plus your tote bag.

On these bus trips you will be travelling constantly and will have little need for more than basic clothes.

Remember, too, that as you are going to the fashion centres of the world, shopping will be one of the pleasures of your trip. So leave room to pack purchases along the way.

Here's one way to deal with excess baggage. When you buy a new article of clothing, post an old garment back to Australia. Mark it "Excess baggage, used clothing."

Spring weather is changeable in England and on some parts of the Continent, and spring comes later in Scotland, so a good topcoat is a must.

It is wise to take a raincoat, too — preferably one which will double as a light all-weather coat. Or take a folding plastic coat, folding umbrella, and plastic headcover, all of which can be put in your tote bag. These can be produced quickly if there should be a shower when the bus makes a stop for lunch or coffee.

Take a suit which can be worn with either a blouse, a sweater, or spencer. Knitted wool jersey suits are a joy, as creases soon smooth out when they are unpacked. They feel comfortable under a topcoat out of doors if the weather is cold and yet are light enough for sunny days or air-conditioned rooms.

With different blouses, accessories, and costume jewellery they can be worn morning, noon, and night to good effect.

If travelling again I would have all my cold-weather clothes in wool jersey.

Another basic requirement for the traveller — and for some the most important of all — is comfortable shoes.

Rainboots are a good idea, but I would not suggest fur-lined boots, as these are generally heavy to walk in. They are also too hot in a

heated bus or in hotels and restaurants.

Another most important item for a woman is a suitable handbag which can be used with every outfit, is big enough to take passport, sunglasses, travellers' cheques, tissues, etc., but not too big, too bulky, or too heavy to carry.

I found neutral-colored accessories were best. In any case try to stick to one accessory color to save packing extra shoes, handbags, etc.

Air-conditioning in ships

Men wear sports clothes during the day and change into a lounge suit at night.

Dinner jackets are not necessary for tourists unless they plan to attend some formal function in their free time.

In England and on the Continent, fewer people are wearing evening dress except for very formal occasions.

At ports of call sports clothes are worn.

If visiting a hotel or restaurant ashore, tourists are expected to dress as they would in Australia — dresses

clothes; your other case can be sent to the baggage room and you will have more space in your cabin.

You will have access to the baggage room each day during the voyage.

I list below a wardrobe which can be used as a guide and which can be adjusted to individual needs. (Requirements vary in age groups—for instance, women in the older groups may not need shorts, bathing costume, and slacks.)

Four shifts or tailored mini-care fabric dresses.

Three dresses to wear at night—one of them a cocktail frock for gala occasions.

One pair of sandals or low-heeled shoes for deck wear.

One pair of neutral (or your accessory color) shoes with stack heels.

One pair of shoes for afternoon and evening wear.

One drip-dry skirt and different tops.

Cardigan.

Stole for evening or a beaded cardigan (suggest you wait and buy this in Hong Kong).

Two pairs slacks or one pair slacks and one pair shorts.

Two drip-dry nightgowns.

One dressing-gown — shadowproof, drip-dry — double nylon or cotton.

One pair folding slippers.

One bathing suit, beach towel, cap.

One beach shift or beach coat.

A snood or soft hat which can be packed in a suitcase.

Scarves.

Beach hat (preferably one which will pack easily and double as a hat to wear ashore in hot climates).

Gloves.

Two suits (one wool jersey and one light tweed-type wool).

One wool jersey dress.

Drip-dry underwear (shorts or four changes).

Stockings.

Overcoat.

It is sometimes comforting to have your own lightweight rug and baby pillow.

But this is a personal preference and depends on space. A small pocket torch is useful.

Although there is laundry service and an excellent laundry aboard where you can wash and iron, you may wish to wash personal pieces, such as stockings and gloves, in your cabin. It is advisable to take a mini clothesline. Irons and ironing boards are available on board.

Tourists can leave their second suitcases in England when they travel on the Continent, to Scotland, or on other tours. A small charge is made for storage.

A supplementary charge is also made for baggage in excess of two suitcases on the homeward journey to Australia.

So, you will see that to travel lightly is the less expensive way.

By JOYCE BOWDEN, of our Sydney staff, who travelled on our first World Discovery Tour this year.

and hotels is sometimes tricky for the new traveller who is unused to it. A light cardigan is essential.

On the voyage to and from Australia tourists will enjoy tropical weather for most of the way.

Informal clothes are worn during the day — shifts, shorts or slacks, shirtmaker dresses, skirts with tops; all of these are best in mini-care fabrics.

At night most people wear simple dresses. For a gala occasion a short cocktail dress is usual.

(not slacks) for women, and ties for men.

Some local authorities ask women passengers not to wear shorts or slacks ashore.

In Rome, Barcelona, and some other cities, visitors to churches are asked to wear frocks with sleeves, or cardigans.

Your World Discovery Tour begins in February and you sail from Australia in warm weather. Ports of call from Hong Kong to Port Said will be warm.

I suggest you pack one suitcase with your summer



TWO MUSTS — a really warm topcoat and a cardigan. The cardigan is essential aboard ship and for air-conditioned places ashore in hot-weather ports. The topcoat is needed in the northern hemisphere, where spring, never warm by Australian standards, can turn wintry. All hats for travel should be packable.

THREE DESIGNS that have merit. The conservative spotted shirtmaker can go round the clock aboard ship or sightseeing; the skirt of the light suit can mix-match with other tops; the dress of the tweed dress and jacket can be worn solo, yet can allow a cardigan to be worn under the jacket in a cold snap.

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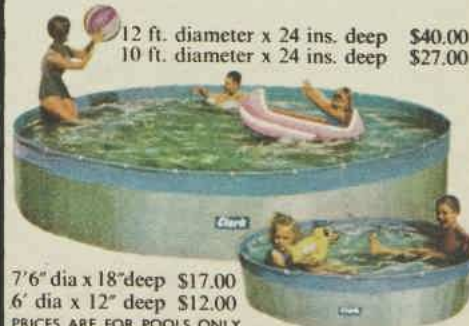
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DRUGS: Everything good has its price

— "With a powerful new drug, there's always an element of risk. To a degree, it's a risk we have to take."

● Sir Derrick Dunlop, Chairman of the United Kingdom's Safety of Drugs Committee, who has been lecturing on drugs in Australia.



"ALL drugs are dangerous if they work," said Sir Derrick Dunlop, Chairman of the United Kingdom's Safety of Drugs Committee.

Also Emeritus Professor of Therapeutics and Clinical Medicine at Edinburgh University, Sir Derrick was in Australia to lecture to doctors and drug-manufacturers on the use and abuse of drugs. "We were always aware of the toxic effects of modern drugs," he said, "but we were a little ostrich-like about it until the thalidomide tragedies."

"Since those tragedies, most governments have set up committees, like the one I head in Britain, to assess the safety of any new drug."

The revolution

Sir Derrick is a tall, rangy man with the snowy locks and craggy face of a good-tempered prophet.

Edinburgh-born and bred, educated at Oxford and Edinburgh, his accent is pure Oxford. But there is something of the veteran Scots country doctor in the warmth and humanity of his approach.

("The diversity and complexity of modern drugs have sounded the death-knell for the horse-and-buggy doctor," he said at one point, "and in many ways that's a great pity...")

Within his lifetime, Sir Derrick has seen the revolution modern drugs have created to the great good of the sick and of society.

"When I was a young doctor in the '30s," he said, "our medicines were mainly derived from nature — the foxglove, the poppy, mercury, and so on. Simple remedies made up in a chemist's shop."

"They were often quite ineffective — but correspondingly harmless."

"I was still a young doctor when the modern drug industry introduced insulin. It was like a miracle. The sulfa drugs followed — and others — heralding the therapeutic explosion which has completely changed the face of modern medicine."

"And for the better. Very much for the better. I would estimate that modern drugs, in these past 30 years, have added ten years to the life of the average Western man and woman."

"Deaths from gastro-intestinal infections — the main cause of death among infants — have dropped by 80 per cent."

"Deaths from tuberculosis, venereal disease, typhoid, typhus, tetanus, plague, cholera, smallpox, measles, poliomyelitis, malaria — I could go on and on — have shown just as dramatic a decline."

"Modern drugs have brought an enormous measure of relief to sufferers from hypertension and mental disorders..."

"And, apart from this question of relief of suffering and greater expectation of life, there's the great saving to society involved in better health."

"This aspect isn't so easy to assess, but — for instance, take the improved picture for TB alone. Britain is being saved the vast sum of £55 million (\$A137½ million) every year."

"TB hospitals have closed down or been converted to the care of the aged."

"The same with wards for the treatment of infectious diseases."

"And for the young. You know, the main cause of death in the young isn't disease any more. In Britain, the main cause — and, alas, a long way first — is accident. The second is suicide. And third, and a long way third, is leukaemia."

"Most hospital beds today are occupied by sufferers

from coronaries and other disorders which are part of the aging process."

"Oh, indeed, modern drugs have bestowed inestimable benefits on man, to a degree where his chief danger is the menace of over-population."

Sir Derrick paused for a long moment.

"You see," he said, "everything that's good also has its price. That's the law of life, don't you think?"

"All these benefits I've been talking about have been achieved at great price."

"I'm not thinking here of money — yet in money the price has been colossal. In the U.K., for instance, the price of drugs has soared from £38 million (\$A95 million) a year in 1949 to more

than £100 million (\$A250 million) now. I understand your Australian figures are comparable."

"The rise is due to many factors, of course, including a rising population and the greater cost of the drugs themselves. (Antibiotics, for instance, account for one-quarter of the entire U.K. medicine bill.)"

"But there's no doubt at all that doctors are prescribing too often and too much!"

"Today, in fact, we have a new dimension in disease — people sick because of doctors' attempts to treat them; because of the injudicious use of potent drugs."

Many reasons

This *mea culpa* from a distinguished doctor was refreshing in its honesty. It was only the beginning:

"Why do doctors over-prescribe?" asked Sir Derrick, and answered his own question. "Again, for many reasons."

"Often, the patient exerts pressure. I always say that

the desire to take medicines is what chiefly distinguishes man from the lower animals."

"Often, it's sheer over-work. There just aren't enough doctors to go round the growing population. It takes a long time to make a proper examination, take a careful clinical report... It only takes a minute to scribble out a prescription."

"Doctors know a phenobarb tablet won't cure a broken heart, but, let's be honest. We've all overprescribed to get away to lunch."

"There are other pressures. There's advertising pressure from the great pharmaceutical houses."

"You see, unlike the makers of patent medicines, these companies can't advertise to

the world at large, only to a limited group — doctors."

"So the drug salesman is virtually forced to put pressure on the practising doctor."

"Mind you, as members of a learned profession, we should be able to resist pressure a bit better than a housewife with the latest detergent."

"But it's difficult at times. In my young days, a doctor could get through life with the prescriptions and facts he learned at medical school. Not so now, though."

"If he read all day every day, he couldn't keep up with the amazing advances that are being made. He couldn't even cover a small corner. And what he knows now may not even be relevant to the medical situation in ten years' time."

"And there, in his surgery, is the salesman with his miracle drug..."

"And don't forget that most of the great breakthroughs of the past 30 years have been made by these same great pharmaceutical

houses, and disseminated, tested, in exactly this way."

"As to the question of risks — side-effects, toxicity — as I've said, with a powerful drug, there's always an element of risk, which often only time and experience will reveal."

"To a degree, it's a risk we have to take."

"We have to judge a drug by its purpose. If we had a drug that would cure cancer, we'd accept a higher degree of toxicity than if it cured a simple cold."

"What we have to do is to minimise danger by every means at our disposal."

"One means is by committees like mine (you have a counterpart in Australia), which greatly reduce the risk of tragedy, and certainly ensure that any serious side-effects would be spotted very early."

"This is how our U.K. committee works. The manufacturing company submits all its toxicity tests, done in the laboratory, to us. We have to be satisfied before we allow the drug to be submitted to clinical trial in the hospital."

Purely personal

"When the drug reaches the next stage — trial by doctors — we send out to practitioners a reply-paid card, which we ask them to send back the minute they spot an adverse effect."

"An International Register of Adverse Reaction is being set up in Geneva."

"Some adverse reactions may be purely personal. Some people, for example, have an acute sensitivity to penicillin."

"And many a patient is taking an unprescribed drug without his doctor's knowledge when the doctor prescribes another. There are times when that combination may kill."

"Do advise your readers to tell a doctor what they are

taking, or propose to take, when they ask him to prescribe for them."

"Advise them to stick exactly to the dosage he prescribes. Overdosage may turn a saviour into a killer."

"As I've said, all drugs may be dangerous, if they are powerful enough to cure disease."

"While every possible step should be taken by company, doctor, patient, and government to minimise the risks, I believe some risk must be taken, for the sake of greater good."

Just as true

"That's true of surgery, isn't it?"

"It's just as true of other aspects of life. People will shudder at one death in 10,000 from toxicity in drugs, but remain quite complacent about far greater risks from smoking or death on the roads."

Quickly stubbing out my cigarette, I asked Sir Derrick for a final word about two agencies which many still feel involve great risk — fluoride and the Pill.

"As to fluoride," Sir Derrick said, "I'd state quite categorically that 20 years' experience in Canada and the United States has proved both its safety and its positive value."

"And as to the Pill... 12 years of experience have failed to turn up any serious side-effects, apart from personal idiosyncrasies."

"I can't possibly say they never will. But I see no reason why they should, because of the manner in which they work, substituting their own action for a perfectly natural function."

"Still, to a degree, as with all potent drugs, we have to accept an element of risk, and minimise it by every means at our command."

"Every good has its price. As I've learned in my many years, that's the law of life."

AN AUSTRALIAN NOVELIST WRITES: "Well-meaning friends said, 'For goodness sake, don't tell people where you get your clothes!' But I can't help it. I go out, totting up in my mind the tiny outlay on an outfit, and feel that it is a joke to be shared, even a cause for pride."

TO THE OP SHOP —WITH LOVE

By **BETTY COLLINS**
—author of "The Copper Crucible,"
a story set in Mt. Isa.

A MONTH or two ago I went to a women writers' luncheon, feeling wonderful. The sun was shining and it felt like the first day of spring. It was the first day for months warm enough to do without an overcoat. "Hello. I like your suit," a friend greeted me.

"Isn't it nice?" I turned around to show her. "It was 75 cents at the Op Shop."

"I was waiting for that," she said. I forbore to tell her the shoes came from there as well—at 70 cents. She has become used to my shameless boasting about Opportunity Shop bargains. Even my mother has stopped advising me to lie about the price of my clothes, after long years of urging me to be a bit more devious.

Nice people don't boast about wearing other people's clothes. And yet these "other people" have enabled me, and many like me, to put on a good show for the world on a slender purse.

I have two daughters and a son of ten. My girls have married and in the past year presented me with grandchildren, but for many years I brought them up on my own, working as a stenographer by day and, after the chores were done and the children asleep, writing at the kitchen table.

Thirteen years ago, when this began, a friend started sending us clothing parcels from Canada. There was no feeling of charity about this—Sylvia Glicksman and I became friends when she lived in Australia, and we love and understand each other.

I don't know where she got all the clothes and didn't ask. All I know is that the parcels arrived when my need was greatest, and in every parcel there would be a box with earrings, pearls, or a matching brooch for a dress from Miami or New York or Toronto that I could wear to a party.



My children and I talked about her so much that she became a legend to our friends, this woman who hadn't seen us since 1953, and never saw my son, sending us these things from 12,000 miles away. I would write to her and say, "Honey, your dress went dancing this week." I still write and tell her such things, and the parcels and the letters have made a bridge between us.

This year my first novel, "The Copper

"I felt a million dollars in a dollar frock"

Crucible," was published by the Jacaranda Press. There was a wonderful launching party and I bought a new dress, a really new one. But I wore Sylvia's rhinestones with it, perhaps more for luck than anything else. And maybe so that she would see them when I sent her photographs.

A new thing is happening to Australian writers. Some of them go on tour, promoting their book over radio and television, meeting the Press. This was offered to me, and I went on a marvellous tour covering three States and 5000 miles by air.

Of course, it was thrilling for me, a new writer and a woman. The men seem to do more of this sort of thing, and for them it has fewer problems.

● Mrs. Betty Collins shows off a finely cut tweed suit, at right, bought in Sydney for 75c at the Balmain Opportunity Shop, and a pure-wool dress at left, for a mere 80c. There are similar shops in six other Sydney suburbs and Wollongong, run by a Church of England mission.



I had to have a wardrobe for the tropics, for Brisbane in May, for Mt. Isa, for Townsville. I managed the summer clothes—it was the end of the season in Sydney and they were cheap. But I badly needed a new overcoat, as even Queensland can have cold nights.

In desperation, two days before I was to leave, I walked into the Balmain Opportunity Shop. There was a coat; it fitted, and I liked it, but it was \$4. The lady serving there saw my doubtful face and reduced it to \$2.

I was met by the Press in that coat and pictures of me in it appeared in the papers next day. Should I have been upset? Frankly, I was surprised and delighted.

Well-meaning friends here, before I went away, said, "For goodness sake, don't tell people where you get your clothes!" But I can't help it. I go out, totting up in my mind the tiny outlay on an outfit,

and feel it is a joke to be shared, even a cause for pride.

The Melbourne part of the tour was a real problem—I was to go from the tropics to bleak winter all in six weeks, and last year's clothes were warm but very tired. So I went back to the Op Shop.

Again, in Melbourne, I was met by the Press, and I made my fifth television appearance in a second-hand suit, wearing matching earrings from Sylvia. There was another lovely party given by the local writers. I wore a blue angora dress which cost 80c, shoes which cost 30c. They looked nice—and I forgot them when I started to speak about the book and the tour.

Back in Sydney, I went on television again in a 75c dress. It would have cost \$30 new. Recently I was asked to make the main speech at the launching of a new magazine. It was held at the Chevron, in the Namatjira Room, and all the women were well dressed. I wore a black wool frock that cost a dollar, the 30c shoes, and a necklace and matching earrings from Sylvia. And felt a million dollars.

The point, I think, is this. If it hadn't been for the Opportunity Shop and my wonderful Canadian friend it just wouldn't have been possible for me to do any of these things.

I lived in Mt. Isa for a year, started the book in 1959, and took five years to write it, during which I rewrote it four times, each time after its rejection by a publisher. Its final acceptance and publication was a triumph of tenacity more than talent. Then, for a little while, it changed my life.

I was invited back to Mt. Isa by the Women's Auxiliary of the Labor Council up there. My fares were paid for the trip I never could have made otherwise; friends took me to stay with them wherever I went; my publisher, writers, women's organisations arranged wonderful functions for me; I found myself being interviewed on radio and TV and by the Press.

It was utterly chaiming to be treated as a celebrity. I love radio and go on television like an addict to a drug.

But my feet stayed on the ground, where they belong, because of my clothes. For that, and for the dresses, the shoes, and the coat that enabled me to face the cameras and the charming people, with confidence, I will forever be grateful. For me, at least, the Opportunity Shop has more than lived up to its name.



What if you did all that painting
in the wrong colour paint?

You won't,
if you tear a few strips
off the new Dulux colour card.



The new Dulux interior colour card
makes it so easy to find wall colours
that go with everything else.

See a Dulux dealer, get the new card,
and tear strips off it.

It has 120 colours, all on tear-off strips,

so you can actually see how the
wall colours look against carpets,
curtains and so on.

And choosing the right kind of
wall paint is just as easy.

Ask for Dulux 'Spring'.

It hides so well, rolls on so smoothly,
we call 'Spring' the coat and a half
in one. Two coats of 'Spring' do the
work of three ordinary coats.

See you at that Dulux shop.
Soon.



Coat and a half in one.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 23, 1968

A jar of olives began women's food-price war

• The spirit of the suffragettes has once more summoned America's housewives into battle. Prams to the fore, banners on high, leaving Dad and the unwashed dishes behind, they are again parading up and down Main Streets.



• Typical of housewives' resistance to rising American food prices, which have been reaching new peaks, women in Atlanta "girlcott" a grocery store with placards saying, "We've Had It!"

THE cause of the up-rising, which has spread like fat on a hot skillet to all 50 States and even Canada: the skyrocketing cost of groceries.

And as the "girlcott" of offending supermarkets grows, industry trembles. Better than that — they are cutting their prices.

Spurred by the Vietnam-increased inflation, the consumer price index in the U.S. has risen monthly.

Food prices are currently climbing at an annual rate of 3.5 percent, as compared with an average increase of only 1.3 percent in the previous five years.

Picture it. A day in August, 1966. Mrs. America is on her marketing rounds. She comes the familiar loaf of bread into her shopping cart. When she arrives at the check-out, the cashier rings up 41 cents — 8 cents more than the day before.

A fortnight later, a quart (U.S. measure, 32oz.) of milk costs her 28 cents — a rise of three or four cents, depending on the source.

Millions of housewives saw red. A bump-up of that magnitude indicated something fishy.

(Pin-pointing the grasping middleman would prove difficult: After a lengthy inquiry, the Federal Trade Commission a few weeks ago condemned the increases as unjustified. While it was true that farmers' support prices had been raised by the Government to improve the precarious position of many dairy and wheat farmers, the retail price of milk had, on average, gone up by double the increase the farmer received, the price of bread by triple the increased cost of the ingredients in the loaf.)

Meanwhile, in Denver, Colorado, a 52-year-old grandmother wasn't much worried about bread and milk, but about olives — her favorite food. Picking up a jar at her neighborhood supermarket, Mrs. Paul West observed that the price had gone up for the fourth time in a month. She asked why.

"You stick to your cooking and let us decide prices," the store manager told her.

Mrs. West placed the olives back on the shelf. From that moment it was "war," and Mrs. West would not rest for many weeks.

The "girlcott" Mrs. West organised hit 150 Denver supermarkets in mid-October. Some 22,000 housewives

formed themselves into picket squads which, for sheer number and organisation, were the envy of veteran trade-union leaders.

In addition, they agreed to purchase only bare necessities, and at the small groceries.

Housewives were reminded how their grandmothers baked bread — and they began to do so by the thousands.

Less than a week later, the citadels had crumbled. Not only were olives back at the

Chains, got up at a Press conference (he had to cross a picket line to get to his office) and declared that boycotts and picketing could have no lasting effect on consumer prices.

Prices, he said, could be brought down by 6 to 9 percent if stores stopped staying open at night, if they quit cashing cheques, and if they dismissed the boys who carry out bags of groceries to cars. "But people want these services," he added.

Mr. Adamy repeated the

chain in the Washington area was shown to be earning 14.7 percent on capital.

With the "war" now extending across 800 communities, a new battlefield has been opened — the fight against trading stamps, promotional games and contests, and other gimmicks.

"Give Us Food, Not Gimmicks," the banners declare. What they are attacking is the "hidden" element in the price of every item — the 2-to-4 percent representing trading-stamp premiums and contest prizes.

Trading stamps, adopted by most supermarket chains in the past decade, are given with each purchase. They are redeemable for a cornucopia of merchandise ranging from kitchen utensils to power boats.

Economists estimate they add about 2 cents on the dollar to the cost of food.

The New York City Government began urging grocers to stop giving away trading stamps in an effort to lower food prices.

The battle was promptly joined by the trading-stamp industry, which contended that the stamps "pay for themselves, like advertising." On the other hand, a Cornell University study team

showed that grocery stores in the north-eastern United States spent 2.06 percent of sales on promotional giveaways, including stamps.

In addition, many supermarkets have attracted business by offering door prizes, free gifts on opening day, etc. There are now 250 supermarket "games," put out by 75 companies, played in every State bar New Jersey and Wisconsin, where they are illegal.

So far, the combination of pressures has earned the housewives of America much more than publicity.

Across the land the week's grocery bill has come down bit by bit. In the last two weeks of October the price of butter fell 8 cents a pound (to 77 cents) because of "consumer pressure."

Will the housewives ever take over the supermarkets? That revolution is not yet in sight. In Portland, Oregon, one harassed chain president called in a group of "girlcotters," offered them a cup of tea. He also offered them a new "game" — the chance to take over the supermarket, and either share in the profits or pay the losses.

The women turned down that "game," too.

By ROBERT FELDMAN,
of our New York staff

old price; not only were milk and bread adjusted downward; many of the supermarkets were, in desperation, chopping 10 percent off the price of everything sold.

From Denver, the "girlcott" spread like a prairie fire. Supermarkets doubled over in agony as the tinkle of the cash registers slowed to a funeral dirge.

They counter-attacked with a blaze of national publicity. In Washington, Mr. Clarence G. Adamy, President of the beleaguered National Association of Food

argument that price reductions were impossible because the food chains earned, on an average, only 1.3 percent of profit on each dollar of sales.

Under sharp questioning from a housewives' representative, he then admitted that these same chains averaged 11.58 percent profit on capital invested — the usual way of reckoning profits.

As reporters left the conference, "girlcotters" outside handed them condensed balance sheets of some of the big chains. One dominant

As "Girlcott" Grew

• Denver housewife (left) patronises a store advertising 10 percent off all items. RIGHT: Colorado grandmother Mrs. Paul West, organiser extraordinary, makes a point in her anti-price-rise campaign. BELOW: Empty shopping carts outside a major Denver supermarket.



● The family lives in a comfortable big house situated in the glamorous stockbroker belt in Surrey, England.



THE JACK BRABHAMS AT HOME

BRABHAM (inset) and his home. Wife Betty and sons Geoffrey, 14, David, 1, and Gary, 5, are seen walking down the drive.



SOME of Jack Brabham's trophies in the lounge-room trophy cabinet in his Surrey home.

"SOMETIMES," said Betty Brabham, wife of Australia's third-time world motor racing champion driver Jack, "I'd like to be an ordinary wife with a husband who kept regular hours. There are times when I envy wives with husbands who have nine-to-five jobs."

"As things are now I see little of Jack — and it's going to get worse."

"He's got so many things going he just never stops."

Betty talked to me in the spacious lounge of her nine-roomed, two-storey house in the "stockbroker belt" in Surrey, England.

It's a big home with five bedrooms and ample lawns and grounds for her two youngest boys — Gary, five, who is now going to kindergarten, and David, a lovable one-year-old saucer-eyed terror, just finding his legs that were made for walkin'.

The Brabhams' eldest son, Geoffrey, now 14, looks very like his father did when he arrived in England 11 years ago.

In those days Brabham senior was lean, tall, dark, good-looking — and the driver with the odd driving style that some thought was dangerous.

Geoffrey, home for summer holidays from his private boarding-school, sat reading a motor-sport magazine.

Betty said: "You'd probably think our

lives would now be just a big social whirl. But I'm not one for coffee mornings and such things. I like a quiet life and we're not socially minded.

"Besides, motor racing is an expensive business. To be as successful as Jack you've got to work hard."

"Even when Jack does get a weekend off — which is seldom — he usually has to spend it over at the factory."

As Betty spoke husband Jack was in Milan. He'd flown there the night before for shooting the last few scenes for the John Frankenheimer cinerama epic "Grand Prix," in which he, and other Grand Prix drivers, play themselves.

Success has done little to change Jack Brabham, a man whose almost every spare-time interest is wrapped up in the cars he drives.

It has changed petite Betty Brabham even less.

The big comfortable home, tucked away in a lane full of big and elegant homes, wasn't chosen because the area was fashionable but because it was within five minutes' drive of the factory that builds the racing cars Jack drives — the world-beating Repco-Brabhams.

Until a year ago Betty's only way of seeing a lot of Jack was to fly almost everywhere with him through Europe in their tiny four-to-five-seater plane.

This year Jack decided to have a bigger plane (it's a seven-eight seater) so that he could fly himself, his partner, mechanics and others direct to race meetings.



MRS. BRABHAM with sons Geoffrey, Gary, and David in an informal home scene (left). Below, among the dahlias in her big garden.

urgent appointments anywhere in Europe. "I am a little nervous when the weather closes in," said Betty, when asked about living with Jack.

"But I mostly enjoy it. On the bigger plane there's room to move about."

"I generally act as 'coffee girl' when we fly and dish out the coffee and food to the boys."

This year Betty missed Jack's big races for the first time.

"I always swore I'd go to every race," she told me. "But it became impractical after I had David."

By HAROLD DVORETSKY

"I had a housekeeper for 12 months, but I prefer to do the work myself with help one day a week. I like looking after my home and the boys, anyway."

"But we have a man in to do the garden and lawns," she added, looking out on a fine display of dahlias and chrysanthemums.

As I looked around at Jack's huge stack of trophies, in a cabinet and on tables around the sitting-room, Betty guessed my next question: "A man comes around and cleans them for me," she said.

"But I've got plenty to do, as an ordinary housewife. And I've got to be on call for Jack when he's around."

"At the moment I'm working on a celebration party for Jack's third world

championship win. We should be just able to manage it before the season starts again in South Africa, New Zealand, and Australia."

"And if all goes well, and Jack decides to take part in the Speed Week there, we may take a short holiday in Nassau in December."

Betty's main task at the moment is to finish furnishing her home. She has just had the big entrance hall, dining-room, stairs, and the family sitting-room re-carpeted, and is now planning the curtains.

She has re-organised and re-equipped the kitchen with new fittings, and a new wall stove with counter hotplates.

Success symbols? Betty does have a mink cape and a mink stole.

But, as she says, apart from the bigger house, her life and Jack's have changed very little.

"I might buy more expensive clothes nowadays, though not very many."

Betty doesn't cook exotic dishes — Brabham used to drive Continental chefs mad by demanding that his steak be really well cooked.

"Nowadays," said Betty, "he's not too bad. He will accept steak with a little red in it. But our food tastes are still simple."

Betty's planning one luxury — a proper laundry, built on to the house.

"It's something I've always missed since I left Australia," she said. "I've got two stainless steel tubs being sent over from Australia, and will make a start soon."





Make this your most Beautiful Summer

This can be the most beautiful summer you've ever known. Use the sunny climate to give your skin the healthy sunlit glow of a beautiful complexion, lightly tanned to a satin-gold, above all it must be soft-complexioned, fresh and flawless. Today it is widely acknowledged that the skin in summer needs as much care, if not more, as it does in winter, and the scientific discovery of a natural tropical fluid, or moist oil, which has a remarkable effect on the surface texture of the skin, has now made it possible for a superb complexion to remain radiantly lovely at any and every season.

Skin needs the sustenance of natural oil and moisture at all times, but during the sunny weather it depends all the more on the undiminished supply of both components in order to experience the softening, smoothing, beautifying miracle that ensures an exquisite complexion bloom.

Skin specialists and cosmetologists alike have proved that in summer the short ultra-violet sunrays have a definite, ageing effect on the skin, causing the stratum corneum, or outer surface, to become tougher, thicker and coarser, despite nature's provision of a layer of melanin to protect against the beauty robbing heat. Today, however, it's easy to help protect the beautiful rose-petal qualities of the complexion by smoothing on this tropical moist oil before using make-up.

Normal or delicate complexions benefit tremendously from the balanced oil and moisture qualities of the beauty fluid. Every skin needs a plentiful supply of moist oil for the plasma colloids, those tiny water carriers of the skin that are responsible for keeping the complexion firm and smooth. The moist oil has

hygroscopic characteristics which enable the skin to attract and draw in moisture from the air, assisting in keeping the surface skin fresh and dewy.

Scientists have aptly described the moist oil as a "peeled" beauty oil because it does not contain the heavy sealing elements contained in normal oils, and so its rapid softening and smoothing values are of immense help to summer-dried complexions. To realise the excellent merits of the "peeled" oil, coat the stem of a rose with ordinary oil and place it in a vase of water. The bloom will quickly fade from its petals and it will consequently wither and die.

Conceived by scientific researchers to give the skin becoming milky beauty, the tropical moist oil is now used extensively throughout the world. One of its most important advantages is that it is "isotonic," which means that it has a similar density to nature's own skin fluid, and is able to assist in maintaining the youthfully beautiful appearance of the complexion. Known in England as oil of Ulay and in America as oil of Olay, it is available in Australia from Chemists as oil of Ulan. By smoothing it gently over your face and neck every day, you contribute to the attainment of a perfect complexion — young, supple and velvet-textured.

Beauty Skin Care Consultants Recommend

To keep the dewy bloom of youthful loveliness, with the extra touch of a more sophisticated matt surface, smooth on a film of moist tropical oil of Ulan. This will ensure that your final make-up has a perfect matt finish, besides protecting against the drying effect of wind and weather.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT by Mollie Lyons

I REALISED just how close is Christmas when Mrs. Max Sturzen told me what a busy time she is having arranging the Black and White Committee's Christmas Pantomime preview party on December 23. The pantomime, called "Journey to the Enchanted Forest," at the St. James Playhouse, is being given by a new group of amateur players who call themselves "Pieces of 8." Small guests at the party will be given sweets, ice-creams, and soft drinks.

INTERESTING engagement announced this week is that of Costa Vrisakis and Despina Atgemis. Costa is the son of Mrs. E. Vrisakis and of the late Dr. Vrisakis, who, you will remember, was the Consul-General for Greece in Sydney from 1939 until 1952 and also Dean of the Consular Corps. When Dr. Vrisakis retired from the Diplomatic Service, the family decided to settle in Australia and have lived here ever since.

ONE of the most glamorous sights of the week—Justine McCarthy dining in a Double Bay restaurant in a slim jet-black pants suit worn with chunky suede shoes. Her lovely fair hair was worn in a low-slung horse's tail tied at the back with a black velvet bow.

I WAS most intrigued when Jean MacPherson (who arrived back this week after ten months abroad) told me of the job she did while she was in England. As a driver for a motor auction firm she travelled the length and breadth of the country collecting cars to take to London for auction. Apparently there was very little of England she didn't see during the six months she was doing this. Jean's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. MacPherson, of "Wilvil," Baerami Creek, drove down to meet her when she arrived in the Himalaya and they are all spending a few days in Sydney to watch the tennis before leaving for the country. (Mr. MacPherson is a vice-president of the Lawn Tennis Association of N.S.W.)

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Jones, of "Manna," Forbes, have their baby daughter, Catherine Sarah, christened on November 20, a special guest will be Catherine's great-grandfather, Mr. Stephen Jones. Catherine will wear the same frock which Mr. Jones wore at his christening. After the ceremony at St. Matthew's Church, Manly, a small celebration will be held at Kilburn Towers, Manly, the home of Catherine's grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Keith Jones. Also there will be her other grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Bradford, who will come from their property, "Cooringle," Nubba, for the occasion.

IT was a case of "boots, boots, boots, boots" at the Art Gallery Society's Day in Paddington during the week when viewers, arriving at the various houses in pelting rain, took off their shoes in the front halls to save the carpets. In one house, in the middle of the morning, I counted forty-four pairs—all sizes, shapes, colors, styles, and (possibly because everyone had worn their oldest shoes) nearly all with high high heels!

DATE for your diary . . . November 22, when the Vaucluse Group of the Australian American Group are holding their last function for the year—a luncheon and card day at the home of Mrs. E. Riddell at Vaucluse.

HEAR that Vicki Bunn is wearing such a pretty sapphire-and-diamond cluster engagement ring given to her by John Tomkins. Vicki is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Bunn, of Red Hill, Canberra, and John (who is at the Australian National University studying for his Ph.D.) is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Tomkins, of Lane Cove.

JUST WED. Mr. and Mrs. John Waddington after their marriage at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with their attendants (left to right), Miss Laraine Bushby, Mrs. David Clarke, and Mrs. Roy Astill. The bride was formerly Miss Lorraine Gibby, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gibby, of Darling Point. The bridegroom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Waddington, of Randwick.



I LIKE the sound of the first function which a newly formed committee at Bungendore has arranged to aid the Red Cross. Committee members Mrs. Ken Easton, Mrs. T. F. L. Rutledge, Mrs. Michael Osborne, and Mrs. Bill Davey put their heads together, and on November 22 a Loan Collection of Pictures, Needlework, and Other Articles will be held at the local Memorial Hall. Each article is the handiwork of the person who has lent it, and among the pieces is a painting by Lady Casey and a cushion belonging to Lady Johnston.

BELIEVE that Canberra girl Christine McCaffrey has been caught up in a rush of pre-wedding parties in Sydney and is now commuting between Canberra and Sydney each weekend. Three of the parties will be given by Mrs. John Mitchell, of Darling Point, Mrs. John Colless, of Balgowlah, and Mrs. Colin McKenna, of Epping. Christine will marry Colin Marshall, of Rose Bay, at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, on December 10.

A HUGE bon-bon filled with presents will be one of the highlights of the Christmas literary luncheon to be given by the Crown Street Hospital Committee on November 23. It will be made and donated by Mrs. A. F. Eastment and Mrs. S. White, and the winner will be the person who holds the lucky door number. The luncheon—the fourth and final one this year—will be held at St. James Playhouse, and speakers will be authors Professor Afferbeck Lauder, whose new book is "New Tone Unturned," Craig McGregor, whose book, "Profile of Australia," has just been published, and Nuri Mass, who wrote "China The Waking Giant." The committee expects 300 guests to attend, among them Mrs. Jock Simpson, Mrs. Ian Ackery, Mrs. Garry Weston, and Mrs. John Dowling.

A SMORGASBORD dinner by candlelight will add a delightful note to the party which the Wings Away Association will give on November 18. The association is made up of ex-TAA hostesses and some of the members flew with the airline 18 years ago. This is their first major function and it will be held at Ye Olde Cussy Cellar.

THE brother-in-law and sister of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Mangos, will come from Melbourne for the wedding of Nikki Georgouras and James Penkils on November 20 at St. Sophia Greek Orthodox Cathedral, Darlinghurst. A reception at the Chevron Hotel will follow.

GREAT excitement for Mrs. James Cramer, who left recently in the Fairys for England, where she will see her son-in-law and daughter, Peter and Barbara Giles. Mrs. Cramer plans to stay with them at their home in Surrey for five months, until March, when Peter and Barbara will leave for Canada, where Peter will complete a business-management course. Mrs. Cramer will then return to her home at Ettalong, Woy Woy.

INVITATIONS for Christmas parties and end-of-school dances are well on their way now, and one that sounds like a lot of fun is the formal dinner to be given by Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Johnston for their daughter Juliana at Gulu's Restaurant at Darling Point on December 6. Guests will all meet at the Johnstons' home at Edgedale for cocktails and will then make their way to the restaurant, where each girl will receive a posy of pastel-colored flowers. Deborah O'Neil, Elizabeth McMahon, Carol Traynor, Mary Hegarty, Michael O'Neil, Geoffrey Stephenson, and Peter O'Donnell will be among the 60 guests.



AT LEFT: Miss Jane Watson and Mr. Sandy Dawson, who recently announced their engagement. Miss Watson is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Watson, of "Nanungroo," Coolac. Mr. Dawson is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Dawson, of Woollahra. Miss Watson is wearing a sapphire-and-diamond engagement ring.



AT PARTY. The new Ambassador and Plenipotentiary of Brazil, Senhora Margarida Guedes Nogueira (at left), with the Consul for Brazil, Mr. Carlos Zalapa, and Mrs. Zalapa, at the cocktail party at their home at Point Piper to welcome her to Australia.



EXHIBITION. Artist Elaine Baxton (at left) with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Storey at the opening of her one-man exhibition at the Darlinghurst Galleries. About 30 oils, lithographs, and etchings were on show.



HOUSE INSPECTION. Miss Penny Ferguson (at right), one of the helpers at the Paddington home of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lloyd Jones, with Miss Jude Miller, who was among the hundreds of people who inspected terrace homes, galleries, and antique shops during the Art Gallery Ball Committee's Day in Paddington.



AT RIGHT: Mr. Miguel E. Manzella, Argentine Consul-General (at right), and Mrs. Manzella (second from left) with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Lamb at the party they gave at the Pickwick Club. The Manzellas, who flew down from Canberra, arrived just one hour before their guests.

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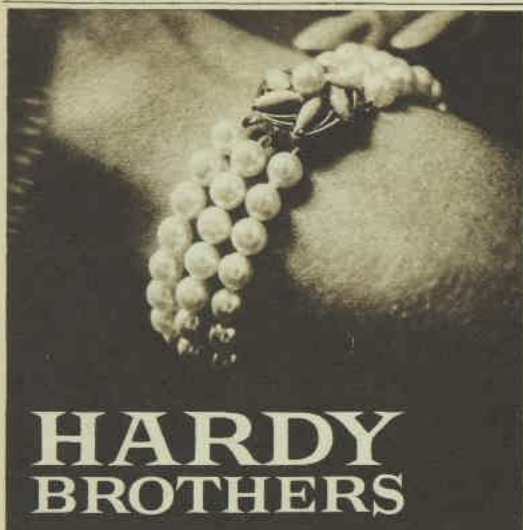


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CUSHION GRIP

SK27

There seems to be a feeling that, were a railway to run from one capital to another, the intimacy would be too great...

Australia—as Anthony Trollope saw it in 1871

● Anthony Trollope's witty, observant, and painstaking survey of economics and manners in the Australian colonies during his year's travels from July, 1871, makes a fascinating collection of reports and insights.

IN the recently published "Trollope's Australia," editor Hume Dow has preserved the cutting edge of the English novelist's style.

Selection of passages from the lengthy original volume proves that many of Trollope's opinions still hold true; that some of his predictions came to pass.

The original book was intended largely as a guide to the colonies for Englishmen considering migrating, and Trollope didn't spare himself in doing what he considered his duty—checking every possible facet of colonial life.

Cobb's coaches, Trollope was told, were not fit "for an effeminate Englishman of my time of life. The idea that Englishmen—that is, new-chums, or Englishmen just come from home—are made of paste, whereas the Australian, native or thoroughly acclimatised, is steel all through, I found to be universal.

"On hearing such an opinion as to his own person, a man is bound to sacrifice himself, and to act contrary to the advice given, even though he perish in doing so."

He also took pleasure in camping "to show the Australians that we Englishmen . . . could sleep on the ground . . . do without washing, and eat nastiness out of a box as well as they could."

Trollope believed that Australian greatness could come only after federation.

"At present they are loyal to England with an expressive and almost violent loyalty . . .

"An Australian of the present day does not like to be told of the future independence of Australia . . . Before that day shall arrive the bone and sinews of the colonies must be of colonial produce. The leading men must not only have lived but have been born in Australia, so as to have grown up into life without the still existing

More of his comments:

ON THE BUSH:

"The bush is the gum-tree forest, with which so great a part of Australia is covered, that folk who follow a country life are invariably said to live in the bush . . . Instead of a town mouse and a country mouse, in Australia there would be a town mouse and a bush mouse . . . A young lady, when she becomes engaged to a gentleman whose avocations call upon him to live

"But the joy that mostly endears life to him is the joy that he need not dress for dinner."

ON DRINKING:

"Australia makes a great deal of wine—so much and so cheaply that the traveller is surprised at finding how very little of it is used by the laboring classes . . . The liquor which they swallow is almost always spirits—and always spirits of the most abominable kind. They pay sixpences a glass for their poison . . ."

Trollope praised the ordinary Australian wine as superior to French vin ordinaire, but disliked the "fine wines."

"The best (of the fine wines) that I drank was in South Australia, but I did not much relish them. I thought them to be heady, having a taste of earth, and an after-flavor which was disagreeable. This may have been prejudice on my part . . . I regard a wholesome drink for the country as being of more importance than fine wines . . ."

"There is now on sale in Melbourne, at the price of, I think, threepence a glass—the glass containing about half a pint—the best vin ordinaire that I ever drank. It is a white wine made at Yering, a vineyard on the Upper Yarra."

"Here, in these pages, truth must prevail, and I am bound to say that Queensland wine was not to my taste. I am delighted to acknowledge that their pineapples were perfect."

"The subject of heat is one of extreme delicacy in Queensland, as indeed it is also in the other colonies. One does not allude to heat in a host's house any more than to a bad bottle of wine or an ill-cooked joint of meat."

"I may, however, say here once and for all that I found Australian heat to be a bugbear of which no Englishman fresh from England need be afraid. I remained in New South Wales on this occasion till the middle of December, and encountered no weather in which I could not take exercise."

"And I may add that the Australian mosquitoes, of which I had heard much and which I feared greatly, were

● "Flemington in the morning" — 19th century Australian scene.

Abominable spirits

feeling that England is their veritable 'home'."

He wrote that federation must precede independence, and that the colonies were jealous of each other and in no mood to unite.

"Victoria claims supremacy, New South Wales disputes it, and Queensland looks to a future in which she shall become as large as either . . . Australia is a term that finds no response in the patriotic feeling of any Australian. They are Victorians, or Queenslanders, or men of New South Wales; and each is not at present unwilling to have the pleasure of taxing the other."

"In all these colonies there are railways, except in Western Australia. But in no instance does a railway run from the capital of one colony to that of another. There seems to be a feeling that were this done the intimacy would be too great."

far inland, always declares that she prefers 'bush life'."

Trollope spent considerable time with his son, Frederick, who owned a property, "Morray," near Grenfell, N.S.W.

Of all the ways of living Trollope encountered, he found himself in greatest sympathy with the squatters. "The sense of ownership and mastery, the conviction that he is the head and chief of what is going on around; the absence of any necessity of asking leave or of submitting to others—these things in themselves add a great charm to life . . ."

"At all these houses I found a plentiful easy life, full of material comfort, informal, abundant, careless, and most unlike life in England . . ."

"I imagine that the life of the Victorian landowner is very much as was that of the English country gentleman a century or a century and a half ago."



● A 19th-century English writer, Anthony Trollope is perhaps best known for his Barsetshire series. Employed in the Post Office, he found time to write novels and travel books — and hunt twice a week.



● Two illustrations from "Trollope's Australia." Left, the author—a drawing by Samuel Lawrence from the copy in the Mitchell Library. Above, entitled "Cup Day: A Sketch on the Road."

the city its appearance of magnificence—that, and the devotion of very large spaces within the city to public gardens. These gardens are not in themselves well kept.

"They are not lovely, as are those of Sydney in super-excellent degree. Some of them are profusely ornamented with bad statues. None of them, whatever may be their botanical value, are good gardens. But they are large and numerous, and give an air of wholesomeness and space to the whole city.

"In describing Victorians of the upper classes, and of the two sexes, I would say that both in their defects and their excellences they approach nearer to the American than to the British type.

"And in this respect the Victorian is distinct from the colonist of New South Wales, who retains more of

ON ADELAIDE:

"I liked Adelaide very much — and I liked the Adelaidians; but I must confess to my opinion that it is about the hottest city in Australia south of the tropics."

Trollope thought that no city "has been laid out with a stronger purpose of regularity and order.

"The one building in Adelaide on which the town most prides itself — and of which at the same time the colony is half-ashamed because of the expense — is the Post Office. I was gratified by finding that the colonies were disposed to be splendid in their post offices . . . for surely there is no other public building so useful . . .

"Adelaide is well provided with churches—this specialty has been noticed ever since its foundation."

He considered that the Mount Lofty Range was

lies in patches, sometimes far distant from each other; and there is very much desert or useless country between."

Gold strikes in the east, which lured settlers from Western Australia, "the fact that it is not the way from any place to any other place," dense bush, and "ferocious" aborigines were, Trollope judged, the reasons the West was slow to develop.

"It is to the gold that has been found in Eastern Australia that the eastern colonies have owed their rapid rise and great name . . . Western Australia would not have been thought to have done so badly had not these sisters done so well . . .

In pinpointing the West's greatest need as settlers, Trollope forecast today's assisted migration scheme.

"But how shall the rural laborer out of Sussex, Suffolk, Essex, or Cambridgeshire get to Western Australia?

"If there were no pecuniary difficulty in the journey — if every laborer were empowered by Act of Parliament to go to some parish officer and demand to be sent across the ocean—it is probable that a very large fleet of transport ships would soon be required."

Trollope was irritated to discover that to be readmitted into South Australia from Western Australia he had to present a certificate from the resident magistrate vouching that he "is not and never has been a prisoner of the Crown in Western Australia."

He commented, "It is perhaps something of a disgrace to Western Australia that the other colonies will not receive a stranger from her shores without a certificate that the visitor has not been a 'lag'."

ON ROCKHAMPTON: Rockhampton (Queensland) is a town lying exactly on the line of the Tropic of Capricorn, some miles up the Fitzroy River, with about seven thousand inhabitants, which considers itself to be the second town of the

colony, and thinks a good deal of itself. It has been seized with the ambition to become a capital, and therefore hates Brisbane.

"It is so hot that people going from it to an evil place are said to send back to earth for their blankets, finding that evil place to be too chilly for them after the home they have left."

OTHER TOWNS:

Trollope found country towns mainly uncomfortable, untidy, and insignificant, with some exceptions, such as Ballarat, Geelong, Beechworth (Victoria), Launceston, and Strathalbyn and Mt. Gambier (S.A.).

"Ballarat was established as one of the few great golden cities of the young world. I do not think that any city equal to it has sprung from gold alone . . .

"The town is very pleasant to the sight, which is, perhaps, more than can be said for any other 'provincial' town in the colonies."

Generally impatient with the get-rich-quick fever of the goldfields, Trollope wrote of Gulgong, N.S.W.: "The place had begun to be a place about a month since — but the real rush had only lately commenced.

"I confess that I felt an interest in seeing a town without streets, and people collected together with houses made of canvas and rough boards — an interest akin to that which induces others to see a criminal hanged.

"I was charmed to hear that a few nights before there had been a most successful public ball. But I was distressed to find that there had been some heart-burning.

"Where was the line to be drawn in reference to 'the ladies'? The postmistress would not come unless barmaids were excluded. The barmaids — I think very properly — were admitted, and the postmistress, who enjoyed the reputation of being the beauty of Gulgong, remained at home."

● "Trollope's Australia," published by Thomas Nelson, \$3.95.

—Jude Ainsworth

Tasmania prettiest

the John Bull attributes of the mother country than his younger and more energetic brother in the South."

ON TASMANIA:

"It is acknowledged even by all the rival colonies that of all the colonies Tasmania is the prettiest, though the scenery of the Hawkesbury River is, I think, finer.

"But it may be said of the small island that, go where you will, the landscape that meets the eye is pleasing, whereas the reverse of this is certainly true on the Australian continent . . .

"Mount Wellington, nearly 5000 feet high, is just enough of a mountain to give excitement to ladies and gentlemen in middle life."

Trollope admired Hobart Town, "Art — art in the hands of convicts — has made it a pretty, clean, well-constructed town, with good streets and handsome buildings. The Government House is, I believe, acknowledged to be the best belonging to any British colony . . . and lacks nothing necessary for a perfect English residence."

Confused by the harbor's intricate shoreline, he seemed to think that any boat journey brought him to the North Shore. "Here are St. Leonards, which is fairly fashionable; Balmain, which is less so; and, up higher, the township of Pyrmont, which will, perhaps, hardly excuse me if I say that it is not fashionable at all."

In the Eastern Suburbs, he wrote "cluster the various villa residences of the wealthy families. It is here that the rising generation of Sydney desires to dwell, and there is much to justify its choice."

To his surprise, Trollope was quite captivated by the Botanic Gardens in Sydney — usually he disliked such gardens and their lists of Latin botanical names.

The Hawkesbury "astonished" him. "A great portion of this is within forty miles of the town of Sydney, and might be as easily reached and much more quickly and cheaply seen than the Rhine — if only people knew of it . . .

ON MELBOURNE:

"Melbourne has made its place for itself, and is the undoubted capital, not only of Victoria, but of all Australia. It contains, together with her suburbs, 206,000 souls . . . I believe no city has ever attained so great a size with such rapidity.

"Melbourne is not a city beautiful to the eye from the charms of the landscape surrounding it . . . You might live in Melbourne all your life and hardly know that the Yarra Yarra was running by your door.

"Nor is Melbourne made graceful with neighboring hills . . . the country around is flat, and for the most part uninteresting.

"It is the width of the streets chiefly which gives to

never quite so venomous to me as mosquitoes have been in other countries . . . a poor, impotent, and contemptible creature, as compared, for instance, with the mosquito of the United States."

ON SYDNEY:

"Sydney is one of those places which, when a man leaves it knowing he will never return, he cannot leave without a pang and a tear. Such is its loveliness."

He marked amusedly the Sydneysiders' inevitable question: "Of course you have been bothered out of your life about our harbor; but it is pretty — don't you think so?"

"It is so inexpressibly lovely that it makes a man ask himself whether it would not be worth his while to move his household goods to the eastern coast of Australia, in order that he might look at it as long as he can look at anything.

"I despair of being able to convey to any reader my own idea of the beauty of Sydney Harbor. I have seen nothing equal to it in the way of land-locked sea scenery — nothing second to it."

Even Sydney's layout charmed him. "It has none of those worst signs of novelty which make the cities of the New World unpicturesque and distasteful. It is not parallelogrammic and rectangular.

"One may walk about it and lose the direction in which one is going. Streets running side by side occasionally converge — and they bend and go in and out, and wind themselves about, and are intricate."

The North Shore, thought Trollope, was "less fashionable, but almost as beautiful" as the Eastern Suburbs.

COUNTRY AND WESTERN SPECIAL

ARTISTS from Melbourne and Sydney flew to Adelaide recently to appear with South Australian artists in NWS9's "Country and Western Hour Special," to be telecast on 16 stations throughout Australia during late November and early December.

The "Country and Western Hour" is compered each week by Reg Lindsay, who flies from Sydney to Adelaide for the show.

In the special he introduces nine Melbourne and Sydney artists and seven from South Australia. They include singers, vocal and dance groups, and instrumentalists.



ABOVE: BILL AND BOYD, two young New Zealand singers featured in the special edition of "Country and Western Hour," are enjoying a big success at present. BELOW: Colin Huddleston's Country-style dancers doing a colorful square dance.

Television



PRETTY NOELEN BATLEY, long known as one of the singing stars of "Bandstand," is another star of the "Country and Western Hour Special." She is seated on extreme left at the table. Others included in the picture are Colin Huddleston's Country-style dancers.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 25

THE FELTIS FAMILY, of Melbourne. They are part of an isolated section of the community: people who live in an affluent society but who are quietly battling for economic survival.



By MAUREEN HEYMAN

PROJECT '66 LOOKS AT "THE BATTLERS"

"Sometimes you feel you should talk to someone, say what you've got to say rather than suffer in silence. Usually you don't ever tell anyone you're battling . . . what your children are not having . . . You don't talk about the hardship of life."

THESE are the words, simple and unhearsed, spoken by Mr. Jim Felitis, of Melbourne, in Project 66's "The Battlers," on TCN9, Sunday, November 27, at 9.45 p.m.

The hour-long documentary, written and produced by Suzanne Baker of TCN9's Special Projects Division, presents a penetrating look at four sections of the community about which the average Australian knows little.

Viewers will get an insight into the daily lives of Mr. Felitis, his wife, Ann, and their eight children, who are struggling for economic survival; of Leone Manusu, 40, of Sydney, a totally incapacitated invalid pensioner; of Mrs. Eric Suann, of Sydney, the mother of a severely retarded child; of Alan Jard, 22, an aboriginal who found unexpected hardship when he came to Sydney from Rockhampton, Qld.

Suzanne Baker said none of the people featured in the documentary wanted pity. They are proud people, living their lives quietly, often desperately.

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"I hope it will make people more aware of what could be happening in their own communities — perhaps right next door to them," she said. "People's lives are not always what they appear on the surface. Mr. Felitis and his family are a prime example."

• Jim Felitis, a fitter and turner, earns \$44.70 a week. He and his wife and their eight children, ages ranging from two to 15 years, live in a rented house for which they pay \$21 a week.

Outside, the house looks moderately prosperous. Inside there is little furniture.

When money is too scarce to pay the electric light bill the Felitis' draw the blinds so the neighbors won't know they are in darkness.

Every night, except Sunday, the family sit down to a dinner of soup and banana custard. If they're still hungry they fill up on bread and jam. On Sunday night there is meat, cheap cuts bought as "specials."

Children first

Like most fathers, Mr. Felitis wants a better life for his children, but his immediate problem is to feed and clothe them. They can manage only if the family stay well. They cannot afford to belong to a medical provident fund.

• Leone Manusu lives with her parents in a Housing Commission flat. Her mother and father do everything for her because she is completely immobile; her legs and arms are paralysed.

For nearly 18 years she sat at home, asking and expecting little of life. Nobody told her that there were aids that could make things just a little easier for physically handicapped people.

About 18 months ago the Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association heard about Leone, and now she is using a mouth stick to type and she can use the telephone.

By most people's standards Leone Manusu has an incredibly dull existence. But in the documentary she tells of the small pleasures she gets from life. She says:

"I really love reading, and

when I get a good book, instead of reading it right through and finishing it in one day, I put it away when I get to an interesting part, and deliberately keep myself in suspense until a certain time next day. My mother thinks this is very funny, but I find that by keeping myself in suspense I enjoy it more."

• Mrs. Pat Suann and her husband, Eric, have a family of three. Two of the children are bright and intelligent, the third, born seven years ago, is retarded.

"I will never forget that moment when the doctor told me my daughter was sub-normal. He said she was so severely retarded that I might as well put her away and forget her," said Mrs. Suann.

From that day, Mrs. Suann became a battler. Her daughter attends the Government-sponsored Handicapped Children's Centre of N.S.W. She went there when she was four, can remain, free of charge, until she is 16.

And what then? It is the question, unanswered, that clouds Mrs. Suann's life.

She says:

"I really feel that it's only when something like this happens to you that you have it brought home. I think it's human nature to think nothing is ever going to happen to you. You're never going to have a car accident, you're never going to have a sub-normal child. It's only when you're personally involved that you realise what it is really like. I've never despaired. Well, I feel you can't despair."

"I have become quite a nocturnal creature. I stay up until the early hours of the morning so that when I go to bed I no sooner hit the pillow than I'm asleep. I feel I just can't go to bed to lie down and cry."

• Alan Jard is neither poverty-stricken nor physically or mentally retarded. But as far as society is concerned he might well be all three, says Suzanne Baker.

Alan Jard's problem is that he is an Aboriginal. He joined the battlers when

he came to Sydney from Rockhampton.

He says:

"I've come across more white people in Sydney who have rejected me because I'm an aboriginal than I have the good ones. They just come right out and say, 'You're black, you're an abo. I want nothing to do with you.'"

"I just say, 'I wouldn't have anything to do with you — most likely your ancestors were convicts.'"

Always an answer!

"I've always got an answer for them and I never lose my temper."

The cameras follow Alan Jard during a sight-seeing day in the city, and, according to Suzanne Baker, there are a few surprises.

She said it was never intended that the documentary be sensational, but rather that it would make people aware of what was going on. "Australians like to think of themselves as battlers," she said, "but these days the average Australian lives well and doesn't really know the meaning of the word."

I am sure "The Battlers" will be absorbing, even if at times uncomfortable viewing. It could well become a controversial talking point.

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Momma once said: "How many times have you heard someone say when a friend got a rise or a promotion, 'Boy, he always was lucky? But did you ever stop to consider that you have to work for luck? Luck can be a four-leaf clover, but only if you keep it in your pocket and work hard, instead of thinking that luck is going to come to you. If you don't believe me, think Momma's moral over carefully."

MOMMA'S MORAL: It's ridiculous to assume that horseshoes are lucky. Look how many horses have four of them and never win a race.

NEXT WEEK

• Our 16-page lift-out is packed with 62 recipes for the . . .



SWEET FOODS OF CHRISTMAS

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. . . cakes and puddings, desserts and party drinks, biscuits and confectionery.

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AND



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4-IN-1 CHRISTMAS DRESS PATTERN

AND . . .

in COLOR . . .

★ • Some spectacular scenes and some of the stars in the current London theatre smash hit "Lady Windermere's Fan" — with decor and costumes by Cecil Beaton.

WHAT IS BEAUTY



... a famous Australian photographer — who has, over 20 years, seen models glitter and fade — answers the question. He names some Australian women he considers beautiful (and you'll see his color photographs of these women, too).

★ • You'll meet unusual cosmetic-makers: the Carmelite nuns at a convent in Kew, Victoria, make beauty preparations for other women. "We don't lose our femininity because we are enclosed," says Reverend Mother. ★

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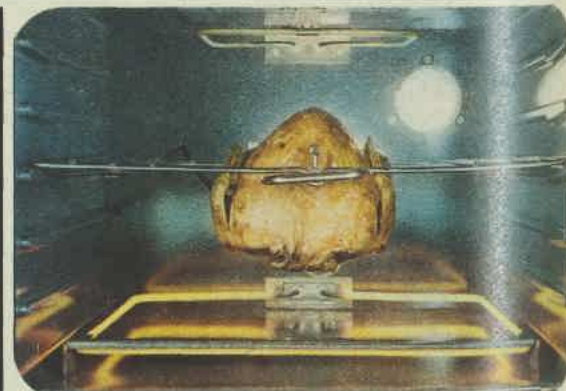
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LETTER BOX

• We pay \$2.00 for all letters published. Letters must be original not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Relief for the shut-ins

I WOULD suggest (to "Really Trying," whose bedridden mother requires constant attention) that you work for perhaps two days per week—some local job, with no fares and no travelling. The money you earn could be used to employ a retired nurse to look after your mother on these days. You would not be better off financially, but it would give you a needed change from the routine of caring for a loved one day after day.

\$2 to "Tevy" (name supplied), Lauricton, N.S.W.

AT a similar time I chose to learn Icelandic, because it seemed so far away and therefore a different way of life, and Japanese. These led to penfriends, one a university student at Osaka. We exchanged stamps, postcards, and slides. I would have felt terribly shut in without my interests.

\$2 to Mrs. M. B. Gellett, Launceston, Tas.

WITH the same problem, I felt as you do. It is, more or less, nervous exhaustion. I took a cake-decorating course, which gave me much pleasure. I also met many people, of all ages, and always came home feeling delighted with my rather amateurish efforts and relieved of my domestic tensions.

\$2 to "Tried" (name supplied), Warilla, N.S.W.

I HUNTED around until I found a reliable, kind middle-aged woman who was willing to come to the house once a week at least to sit with my mother for company. Such fees are similar to those paid baby-sitters. On my day off I did yoga in the morning, met friends for lunch, shopped or just wandered around the stores in the afternoon. I went home with my morale boosted, in a better frame of mind to accept my responsibilities.

\$2 to Mrs. Marjory King, Malabar, N.S.W.

FIRST get out of what appears to be a rut. That feeling of being too old at 50 is really not natural. I am over that age, have commitments of a similar nature and an outside job. I certainly don't intend to think of myself as being out of things. I'm hoping I don't appear harsh, but I know if one tries hard enough lots of similar set-ups can be overcome. Failing friends or relatives to take over the care of your mother on occasions, find a good sitter, allowing you to go out a bit and brighten up your ideas. The cost is nothing compared with feeling the way you do.

\$2 to "Over Fifty" (name supplied), Henley, S.A.

Stamps for status?

CAN it be that people living in the same street, often next door or opposite, consider it some sort of status symbol to send Christmas cards and similar communications through the post? Surely it is friendlier and just plain commonsense to drop such missives in the letterbox—without loss of dignity to anyone.

\$2 to Miss Veronica Elliot, Cronulla, N.S.W.

Everlasting rose

FOUR years ago this December my daughter picked up a yellow rose and placed it in a glass flower-bowl. The rose, completely immersed in water, is still intact, though slightly paler in color. No chemicals or preservatives have been added. Our long-lasting rose is quite a conversation piece.

\$2 to Mrs. L. Hovenden, Metung, Vic.

Doll needed no pass

THE visit of LBJ brought to mind this story which I read some long time ago. Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, on a visit to the White House, was stopped by security men at the gate and asked to show identification. Fumbling through his pockets, Edgar could find nothing that satisfied the guards. At last he said, "All I've got is Charlie McCarthy here," and opened the bag that held Charlie. The dummy sat up and said, "Yeah, fellers, he's Edgar Bergen." Without further fuss the security men gestured Edgar into the White House.

\$2 to Mrs. K. Howland, Pilliga, N.S.W.

Are baby shows wrong?

BEFORE a recent baby show in our district I was in two minds what to do—enter my baby and support a money-raising function for charity, or stand up for my beliefs that the principle of such shows is wrong in that some babies are judged better than others. My beliefs won the day.

\$2 to Mrs. Beth Field, Yerecain, W.A.

How to grow up faster

WE read a lot of advice on how to remain young, and medical science is doing its bit toward that goal. What we could do with is more advice on how to grow up and mature quicker so we can cope adequately with this modern world and its intricacies.

\$2 to "Young Mum" (name supplied), Yagoona, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell
writes...

SHOWROOM COND.

IT is a custom of the motor trade to display new-model cars decorated with pretty girls.

Sometimes the girls sit inside the car. Sometimes they lie on the roof or the bonnet.

There have been complaints about this practice in the past. Car enthusiasts say the girls distract them. Girl enthusiasts say the cars distract them.

Feelings about it have come to a head now in Britain. Hard-headed Englishmen declare they are fed-up with the glamorous girls draped around cars at the latest motor show.

I have a certain sympathy with these gentlemen. I have been to some car unveiling ceremonies, and I know the resentment they arouse. A man soon realises that even if

he buys the car the girl does not go with it.

She will just climb off the bonnet haughtily and drape herself somewhere else.

Another thing: the girls are often unsuited to the vehicles they adorn.

I once saw a stunning blonde in evening dress lolling against a utility truck.

It is time the car people got away from this one-track pretty-girl thinking.

Why not show new-model cars with appropriate occupants?



A station wagon, I believe, should be displayed with a mother and three children inside.

At intervals she should cry out: "Sit down, Gary!" and "No, you can't have chewing-gum."

A standard sedan should have a commercial traveller at the wheel.

A pretty girl might be all right in a sports car. But she should look like

SPORT WITHOUT TEARS



• A retired American businessman who found that golf worried him now plays it without a ball. He selects the right club, tees up an imaginary ball, and "drives off," then continues as if he were playing. This, he says, retains the pleasure of golf without the nervous strain.

Play golf without a ball? Why not, indeed, So simply from a tyranny be freed; Why fish with bait? Or even hooks? Instead, Why not a rod and reel, a lump of lead, Enjoy the thrill of casting out a line, Sit on a sunny rock (the weather's fine) And contemplate as usual the sea In pleasant peacefulness, completely free Of worries such as snags and losing bait Or guilty twinges at your quarry's fate.

—Dorothy Drain

Halfway there!

I USED to take quite a pride in the family car, washing and polishing it. Seeing it through the window when my husband came to visit me in hospital, I noticed it becoming grubbier and grubbier. My dear must have felt a little guilty, for on his next visit what I could see was as bright and shiny as a new pin. But such a surprise when I came to leave: Dear had washed and polished only the bonnet and front mudguards. He still reckons he ran out of polish!

\$2 to "Can't Win" (name supplied), Wamuran, Qld.

Another pair of arms

FURTHER to the letter about a pair of kitchen tongs being another pair of hands to a convalescent, my aunt, crippled with arthritis and living alone, finds her long-handled dustpan and broom excellent for retrieving articles dropped on the floor.

\$2 to Mrs. P. Finch, Coff's Harbor, N.S.W.

Child logic

A BABY doe kangaroo was given to our two young children, and their father was trying to explain about its pouch. "But if that's her pouch, where's her zipper?" asked our three-year-old daughter.

\$2 to Mrs. L. Foulis, Para Hills, S.A.

New Powerful Insecticide is Guaranteed Safe

There is now available in Australia an insecticide totally effective against all insect pests, that is guaranteed safe as it does not contain any poisonous active ingredient to harm the lungs and delicate tissue. This means that it can be sprayed with complete safety near food or where food is stored and near children and pets.

Survival of insect pests is not possible, because the powerful fume action of the Pea-Beu insecticide penetrates deep into remote corners and crevices killing all insect pests on contact. An action described by one observer "as if by an electric shock." No insect is immune to its deadly action.

Supplies of the new Pea-Beu insecticide are now available at chemists and leading stores.



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A Schweppes smile.

Schweppes

If they can pronounce Schweppes, they deserve it.

FASHIONS FOR ON AND OFF THE BEACH



● Striped hipster pants, with belled trouser legs, are made in widely striped cotton jersey. They are worn with a skinny top.



● Long shorts with wide culotte-like proportions finish at knee-level. The shorts are teamed with a tailored shirt finished with a neatly tucked front.



● Short shorts are worn with a matched long-sleeved top. Both garments are made in smooth silk jersey printed in vivid colors. This matching total look is the look of summer.

● Here is a round-up of current fashions to wear on and off the beach. This is the summer when you don't just throw any old thing over a swimsuit. The planned beach cover in towelling is "in" — and it's in mini-length.

It's also the season for matched pants and tops—and both should have the best possible cut. Then there are bell-bottom hipsters. The newest are widely striped and worn with a skin-clinging, sleeveless sweater top.

Don't overlook shorts — short shorts and long shorts are both in fashion. The long shorts just reach the knee and have wide culotte-like proportions. These look best worn with a superbly tailored shirt. The chic way to wear short shorts is with a matching tunic-like top, tucked in nearly at the waistline.

This summer, the most exotic accessory you can own is a pair of beach sandals. Current designs are brimful of color. Go barefooted on the sand; never off the beach.

— BETTY KEEP



● These two fashions are typical of current sun clothes. Right, pants and matching top in a vivid cotton print. Far right, mini-length beach cover made in towelling.

meet the Potter and Moores



From the House of Potter & Moore—lilting fragrances to say "Merry Christmas" with special love.



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POTTER & MOORE PEOPLE KNOW VALUE WHEN THEY SEE IT!

YES, MRS. ROBINSON!

Readers' replies on the subject of travelling with children

THERE was an overwhelming vote in favor after Mrs. Marian Robinson wrote and asked if it would be wise to take young children on holiday from New Zealand to Perth. Among letters was one from a Western Australian woman travelling around Australia with her schoolteacher husband and their four small girls.

This is what Mrs. Patricia Good, of Gingin, W.A., said: "I am writing this by our caravan at Surfers Paradise, Queensland, listening to my four daughters making a 'cubby' with folding chairs and towels.

"We wanted to spend my husband's long-service leave from teaching in the way most enjoyable for us all. We discussed whether it would be advisable to take Catherine, 6, and Margaret, 5, from school; whether they would gain anything from the tour. We decided they would.

"We arranged correspondence papers, packed plenty of school materials, and left Perth last July, travelling north via Darwin, to Alice Springs, and across to Queensland.

"When we are on the move we set out early, because, when sleeping in close quarters, everyone is awake once one stirs. We breakfast along the way.

"After lunch we see that they all rest for about two hours, the two small ones—Elizabeth, 4, Jennifer, 2—in the back of the station wagon to sleep, the two older ones to sleep or read—but no talking! I found this essential or I would become tired and irritable with them by evening.

"We always try to camp by 4.30 p.m. so the children can have a play, then come into the caravan and do written schoolwork.

"I would like Mrs. Robinson to see the diaries they have made. Each town and place of interest has been drawn and written about, a wonderful record of our trip for the girls to look back on."

to do, we were able to give our full time to the eye-opening spectacle of our country and to enjoying our children.

"Travel also improved many ideas about food. Little people had to eat what was supplied, seeing Mum couldn't go to the kitchen to whip up something else.

"We stayed at Grandad's house in Perth, and travelled 1500 miles in 18 days sight-seeing in the West—all of us, even Teddy."

They "thrive on travel"

AFTER three trips from Queensland to Tasmania "with our little monsters," as Mrs. J. Stewart, of Longley, Tas., puts it, she advises Mrs. Robinson: "Take them!

"I have found that I get tired and cranky travelling," she says, "but the children don't. They thrive on it. We can't go on a car trip, when at home, without the kiddies fighting, and yet the same little horrors behave themselves when on a lengthy trip.

"They really enjoyed the boat trip, too, and the younger ones were asleep before the boat had left the wharf."

Wonderful highlights

"WHY worry about taking your children into your friends' homes to stay? They are your friends, after all, and will be only too delighted to see you all. So go ahead, and enjoy yourselves together. We did."

This letter came from Mrs. Ailsa Robertson, of Adamstown, N.S.W., whose army officer husband was posted from Perth to Rockhampton, Qld. They did the trip in their station wagon with their family, aged 9, 7, 6, and 4, although they (and station wagon) crossed the Nullarbor by train.

"It was inevitable that there would be some upsets during the trip," Mrs. Robertson says, "our offspring being far from angelic. A carful of noisy kids can be wearing at the end of a 200-mile drive. We found a sense of humor was our best ally, and impending arguments were averted by giving one child a turn at sitting in the front seat with Dad.

"The many wonderful highlights of the 11-day trip far outweighed any disadvantages. We'll never forget the still beauty of the night drive to Kalgoorlie, with the silver moon following us all the way; the eerie dawn at Coolgardie, where the 5 a.m. temperature was 100deg. and the monumental slag-heaps were bathed in red fire; or driving out of Adelaide at 7 o'clock one morning up through the green serenity of the Adelaide Hills.

"Simple things thrilled the children enormously—sleeping in motels, being allowed to choose their own breakfast from a menu, the magic way a steward converted their seats to beds on the Trans train."

Food fads gone

THIS is what Mrs. June McInnes, of Mt. Waverley, Vic., says after crossing Australia with her husband, her son, 7, and daughters, 5 and 2½:

"Many people said we were silly to spend the money to take the children such a distance. I had qualms myself, as none of the children had been on a train before.

"I needn't have worried about the children. I was stunned at the way they rose to every occasion and didn't grumble about things that at home would be major incidents.

"We were armed with books, pencils, pads, a building set, dolls, and the youngest's teddy. Having none of the usual chores

• While daughter Bindi plays in the garden nearby —

Australian entertainer Rolf Harris composes in an old coach-house

• Many successful entertainers live in big houses in the "best" areas. Australia's Rolf Harris is different.

He and his sculptor wife, Alwen, chose a simple house in the quiet London suburb of Sydenham. But — at the end of the garden that is a playground for daughter Bindi (2) — there is an old coach-house they are converting into a retreat for Rolf to compose his songs.

You'll read about the Harris family and see color pictures of their

house in the November issue of the Australian Home Journal.

This 100-page issue is packed with ideas for home lovers — with interesting homes in color and the latest news on home buys — plus expert advice on furnishing, building, repairing, and converting houses.

• The Australian Home Journal is now on sale; price, 25c.

TAKE THE CHILDREN WITH YOU TO PERTH

Plan with the children

"PLAN the trip with the children," writes Mrs. Sheila Williams, of Beechworth, Vic. "Study maps and photographs together. Make scrapbooks of interesting information about the places you will see."

"If you plan some activity of mostly adult interest, ensure that the children have had a share of more youthful interests first, then explain that it's your turn. In this way, you are more likely to get co-operation."

"When travelling long distances, have a little treasure-trove of surprises to be brought out at intervals: inexpensive puzzles, plastic toys, and coloring books. Invent games for the children such as 'Who is the first to see a river?'"

"After travelling considerable distances in New Zealand, my husband and I came to Australia at the beginning of the year with our two small daughters, then 13 months and 2½, and I know that travelling with them, without tears, is possible. Plan, primarily, to suit the children."

A bag for rubbish

CHILDREN can enjoy travelling and sight-seeing provided they don't become over-tired, says Mrs. Joyce Williams, of Macleod, Vic.

After her husband died, Mrs. Williams decided to take her sons, aged 4 and 8, to Victoria from Perth, and, to manage the luggage on their own, to drive most of the way. The RAC helped with advice, maps, and accommodation guides.

"I decided to drive to Kalgoorlie and put the car on the train as far as Port Pirie. I booked a twinette (2-berth cabin) on the Trans-Australian Railway and made advance motel bookings for the rest of the journey."

"I packed the station-wagon with everything I thought we might need until we found a permanent home, and a big selection of plain, nourishing food in a portable cooler. We also took a plastic bottle of soapy water, a sponge, and towel for sticky fingers."

"On the floor space behind, under the older boy's feet, a cardboard carton held an assortment of small toys, books, and coloring pencils. This was added to at various service stations en route."

"I made two large linen bags, which were suspended by tapes from the backs of the front seats—one for maps, notebooks, and pencils, the other for RUBBISH, which we disposed of at the motel each evening."

"The boys and I studied maps together, just as though we were going on an expedition, and they looked forward to it as an exciting adventure."

"En route, the eight-year-old jotted down in his notebook such things as stopping-places, time of arrival and departure, what we did there, distances between towns, and anything else of interest."

"The four-year-old watched the route numbers and kept a lookout for railway crossings, service stations, and the small stores where we bought sliced bread, milk, fruit, or anything else we required. Most children like to feel they are being helpful."

"They also need to be kept to a routine. We would leave the motel, where we had spent the night, at about 8 a.m., after a good breakfast, and, during the day, stop periodically for a picnic snack and to allow the boys to run around for a while."

"At about 6 p.m. we would arrive at the next motel, have dinner and a shower, and the boys would bring out their box of toys and bedtime."

"They enjoyed sleeping in a different place every night, including the train, and meeting different people. We spent a few happy days with good friends in South Australia. In Melbourne we lived in a self-contained unit in a motel-guesthouse while looking for a house."

A childhood relived

THREE years ago, Mrs. Betty Smart, her husband, and five children went to Perth, a sentimental trip from Brisbane.

"What a wonderful time we had," she said, "showing the children the places we knew as children and where we met when we were 12. I felt I was sharing my childhood with them when I showed them the schools, churches, and picture theatres I had attended."

"But it was the journey home in our packed station-wagon that made the most impression, and we still have wonderful evenings when we get our movie films and relive it."

"Don't think your four-year-old is too young to appreciate the trip, Mrs. Robinson. Ours still does, three years later."

13-year-old opinion

"I THINK Mrs. Robinson should take her children," says 13-year-old Victoria Wootten, of Killara, N.S.W. Last Christmas my parents took my brothers, 8 and 11, my sister, 4, and myself to New Guinea, where we made a two-week trip over bad roads in a Land-Rover."

"We loved every moment, and we quarrelled less than we do at home. We got to know a new country and people."

Vary the means of transport

"WHEN my children were 9, 8, 4, and 1, my husband and I took them by car, train, and boat from Melbourne to Perth and back so successfully that we made two more trips in the next three years," writes Mrs. G. Clarke, of Wangaratta, Vic. Her tips for happy travelling:

- Vary the means of transport. It keeps the children interested and you aren't stuck with one type that a particular child doesn't like.
- Second-class travel on the Transcontinental train is suitable for a family, because the four berths to a cabin keep the children together. By day, the cabin provides a good living-room.
- Keep air travel to a minimum, because children must stay in their seats.

To Qld. by micro-bus

FRIENDS advised against taking the children, aged 12, 4½, 3, and 15 months, when Mrs. Brenda Back, of South Bentley, W.A., wanted to go to Queensland to see her parents, but the Backs packed their family into a micro-bus, with camping equipment and luggage, and set off.

"We left Kalgoorlie in midsummer to cross the desert," she says. "It was hot and dusty—but it was wonderful. The children behaved well in their restricted space in the car, and the few petty arguments we had were no different from the ones at home."

"Children get so much pleasure from seeing new sights and meeting new people, and have such interesting things to tell when they get home—so take your family, Mrs. Robinson. We enjoyed our trip so much we are saving to go again."

Better "on the road"

ANOTHER New Zealand traveller, Mrs. Elaine Bailey, of Mt. Isa, Qld., has travelled more than 3000 miles with her two small children since last April.

She writes: "Neither child had travelled more than 80 miles on one trip, and when they did they misbehaved, so I was apprehensive about a trip to Australia."

"I am pleased to report that both children are marvellous travellers who behave better 'on the road' than when settled."

• When Mrs. Marian Robinson, of Auckland, N.Z., wrote asking whether she and her husband should take their three children on a trip to Perth (our October 26 issue), readers replied with an almost unanimous "Yes!", and backed this up with practical examples of how it could be done. Of a hundred or so letters received, only four said that the children should be left with Grandma.

The rest revealed extraordinary sagas of thousands of miles travelled with heart-warming good humor, family spirit, and an unashamed delight at seeing "our wonderful country" at first hand.

Worries groundless

THE secret of a successful journey, says Mrs. Jean Ellis, of Moora, W.A., is to travel light: put everything you want to take on the floor before you depart—and leave 60 percent of it behind!

"Go ahead and take your family," she wrote. "We took our three, aged 10, 6, and 4, yet the thought beforehand of travelling across Australia with children who couldn't travel 100 yards without a fight over 'the window side,' 'My place,' had me worried."

"A friend who has travelled many times from West to South Australia with four children, convinced me that my worries were groundless—and they were. The trip was thoroughly enjoyable."

"We took only one case for the five of us, containing our good clothes. Underwear and jumpers were packed in large plastic bags, covered in floral print, and used as pillows. Shoes, slippers were in plastic bags, packed under the back seat with tinned food—and four one-gallon plastic bottles of water—in case we were stranded!"

With similar packing economies, Mrs. Ellis and her family kept their load light. "Most vehicles we passed had too much luggage. These were the vehicles that had tyre troubles, and no wonder," she said.

• Ship is ideal. Children can play with minimum supervision, laundry facilities are adequate, meals are regular, and parents get recreation on their own.

• For accommodation, be as independent of friends and relatives as possible. While you live in other people's homes, you slacken the reins of discipline to avoid scenes, and children feel more secure living at "our own place."

Trips can be planned without constant reference to hosts, and hospitality can be returned more readily if one has a "base."

"Plan the trip on an adult level," says Mrs. Clarke, "and let the children go along. Little-boy-four will benefit as much as the older ones."

A supreme adventure

"I AM surprised that Mrs. Robinson should contemplate making this marvellous journey without her children. What a wonderful opportunity for the children to see and learn something of another country and to experience that supreme adventure of a trip by boat and train."

"We have two boys and have travelled thousands of miles by plane and car with them. Facilities for children are excellent on boat and train, and staffs of hotels and restaurants are very co-operative, but I must warn that it is harder to rent a house or flat when you have children."—Mrs. R. Dockery, Curtin, A.C.T.

Plastic sheeting is a must!

A SOUTH AUSTRALIAN reader who has travelled several times between Adelaide and Darwin by rail and car, the first time when her sons were aged 4, 6, 12, and 14, is all in favor.

She offers these tips: "We soon found that the younger children couldn't manage the generous servings of food presented in many hotels and roadhouses even when we asked for small servings, so we learned to ask for one serve and two plates. This overcame the awful feeling suffered by small children, often tired and disinclined to eat, when confronted with what seemed an impossible mountain of food."

A WORD AGAINST THE PERTH TRIP:

"LEAVE the children with grandma," Mrs. Robinson," says Mrs. Jean Thompson, of Upper Rollands Plains, N.S.W. "I have gone through those 'fussy hen' stages, and from experience found my children did not travel well after the first few miles."

"The last time was taking my youngest daughter from the Central Coast of N.S.W. to Sydney, through Canberra and the Snowy Scheme, and on to Melbourne."

"Before leaving Canberra she was tired of travelling, and how I wished I had friends to bring her home—but how could I wish a tired, fretful, unhappy ten-year-old on to anyone? Leave them settled."

"SEVEN years ago, when our children were aged 2, 8, and 9, we went by car to Sydney and back," says Mrs. Patricia Reed, of Kilcoy, Qld. "There were constant stops with the baby. The other two children became tired and bored, bickered incessantly, and worried my husband as he drove."

"We stayed with friends and felt we were imposing on their hospitality with their children as well as ours. By the time we arrived home we were ready for another holiday."

"Mrs. Robinson, leave the children with your parents if you can, and enjoy your sentimental trip with your husband. You can reach your family by telephone now and again and, believe me, children miss parents less than parents miss them!"

Sweet foods "out"

MRS. BARBARA THOMSON, of Mt. Barker, W.A., recently drove from Perth to Sydney and on to Queensland with her husband and three small girls and enjoyed it all.

Crossing the Nullarbor by car, she says, isn't luxury living, but it is a rewarding and unique experience of Australian travel to be shared by all members of a family. The children had bedding in the back of the station wagon, and baby was in a travel cot. Mrs. Thomson says:

"On a long journey, the children need nourishing meals at regular intervals. Plan ahead, to avoid finding oneself without perishable foods at 6 p.m. and still 40 miles from the nearest town."

"Sweets and biscuits were banned. These, usually nibbled excessively, can produce very sick children. Instead the children ate raw nuts (wonderful protein), dried fruits, such as prunes, apricots, and sultanas, peaches and dates. Fresh bread, cereal, milk, and fruit was bought at every opportunity."

"We took plastic sheeting—only needed once—because even a reliable child may have an accident in unfamiliar surroundings, and a wet sheet is less embarrassing than a wet mattress."

"The secret of happy rail travel for several days, we found, was to dole out new entertainment at intervals—coloring books and pencils, old magazines for cutting out, jigsaw puzzles, dolls, and toy cars. A favorite toy, doll, or rug for each young child helps in strange surroundings."

"We found the stewards on the Commonwealth Railways very considerate—making up beds early for the little ones, and providing 'small serves' for meals."

● He thinks
he's royalty
when
he fills up
with
***the
powerful one!*** ●



Let's GO GOLDEN FLEECE ACTIV-8
...the powerful one!



ONCE MORE INTO THE 'BREECHES'

THE In-Crowd is wearing military gear these days. And in the same way as Carnaby Street, London, became famous for off-beat attire, a shop which rejoices in the name "I Was Lord Kitchener's Valet" is becoming famous for officers' uniforms.

Cindy Mayo, a 22-year-old film extra, lives in the Portobello Road, London, only a short distance away from the shop.

It claims to be London's first second-hand boutique for kinky military and period gear.

It was at this shop that Cindy picked her uniform — a rather fetching maroon tunic with black piping, popular in the days when there was a sound of revelry by night.

Cindy hasn't a clue which period the uniform represents.

"But," she said, "it is really great for parties."

JUST LIKE MOTHER'S

■ Trying to live up to "his mother's" culinary arts has reduced many a new wife to near-hysterics.

A Melbourne housewife, happily married for over 30 years, recently revealed how she got over the stage of flopped sponge cakes and jam that didn't jell.

Showing true feminine ingenuity, she bought a sponge from the "little corner shop" and then went to the hardware store, where she badgered shop assistants until they found a baking tin to fit the cake.

Husband arrived home to find the sponge sitting demurely on the best cake dish and the baking tin apparently drying on top of the stove.

His verdict after sampling the cake—"Delicious, dear. It's as good as Mother makes!"

Repeat performances drew such remarks as, "You're getting better," and "Why don't you ask Mother over to afternoon tea?"

Jams and pickles were a little more difficult, but the young wife found that if she bought large tins (taking care to discard these in an obliging neighbor's garbage bin) she could bottle the contents herself and label them in the best Royal Show manner.

Even now, though she has developed into a really good cook, she occasionally resorts to her old tricks. But although she whispered her secret to us, it is one she never intends to tell her husband.

America on \$25 a day

"WE developed a passion for American hotcakes, and each put on 20lb. in weight," Ian Davidge said ruefully, looking back on the eight months he spent touring the U.S. as a Churchill Fellow, with his wife, Beth.

Mr. Davidge is a rice farmer at Yenda, N.S.W., and president of the Australian Ricegrowers' Association. During the trip he investigated innovations in farming techniques.

"Because of the intensity of development in agriculture," he said, "they've tried out a lot of ideas that haven't been tried out here. We can benefit by their advances and also by their mistakes."

"Farmers over there work much harder—you have to work all that heavy equipment to make it pay."

After flying from the West Coast to Washington, the Davidges bought a car and drove back across the continent, totalling about 24,000 miles in their travels through agricultural areas.

They were surprised to find such marked regional variations, and strong local loyalties held in each area.

Accommodation and restaurants throughout the States were available at all price levels — two can travel very comfortably for about \$25 a day, Mr. Davidge said.

"Americans think Australia is primitive — that it is a sort of new frontier, where they can make money. All they have to do is pack up and go — like their movement West," Beth Davidge said.

They found Americans to be "fantastic" hosts.

"Their hospitality was almost embarrassing," Mr. Davidge said. "They went out of their way to take us into their homes. There is quite a deal of mutual feeling between our two countries."

One particularly interesting experience was Mr. Davidge's day fishing on a Louisiana lake.

"You fish among the oil wells that are pumping out of the lake amid the swamp trees."

"I'd never used a spinning reel before, and for the first two hours all I did was climb up trees and get my hook down. The old Cajun who had taken me along said, 'What you fishing for, boy? Fish or squirrels?'"

COMPACT



• The Curtis family

ONCE UPON A TIME IN NEW GUINEA...

THE first children's picture book to come from New Guinea is all about a little tribal boy searching for his pet bird.

Author Nancy Curtis first made up the story of "Little Chimbu" to amuse her six-year-old twin daughters, Nia and Ngaire. They enjoyed it so much that she put it on tape so the twins could hear it "on demand."

Mrs. Curtis also designs a popular series of greeting cards sold throughout the Papua-New Guinea Territory. When a publisher's representative called to discuss the cards, he agreed to publish the story of "Little

Chimbu" with a series of drawings in Sydney.

The drawings are captivating, and the text, full of good humor, introduces a heavy spicing of the tropics without becoming difficult for youngsters to follow.



• From "Little Chimbu"

Little Chimbu wants a special friend, so at the market he trades some white shells to buy a kokomo bird.

But in the morning the bird has disappeared from Little Chimbu's "round house at the bottom of a high mountain beside a deep, green river, on a big island called New Guinea."

"Kind Lady Crocodile" gives the little boy a ride on her back so he can search for his friend. (There is a colorful illustration showing the lad aboard the croc, dodging arrows flying from a fight on the river bank.)

When Lady Crocodile goes home to look after her eggs, Little Chimbu gets a lift on the back of a fleet-running cassowary.

Next, a kapul (a tree-dweller similar to a possum) helps in the search. Little Chimbu and his new friend narrowly escape from some hunters who fancy a kapul for dinner.

Finally Little Chimbu makes the last lap home on a floating island, hanging on

tight to a tree as the island topples over a waterfall.

A New Zealander, Mrs. Curtis wrote three children's books shortly after finishing college in Auckland. She worked in London as a cutter and designer for Molyneux, and later wrote for a Sydney newspaper.

In 1956 she went to New Guinea, where she met and married Inspector W. C. Curtis, of the Royal Papua-New Guinea Constabulary.

In the past ten years the Curtises have travelled extensively, and the author has drawn animals and local features from several areas of New Guinea to complete the rich fabric of her book.

The family was recently posted to Minj, a small community in the lush coffee and tea-growing Wahgi Valley, about 5000ft. up in the Western Highlands.

Published by Pacific Publications at \$1.95, "Little Chimbu" is suitable for children from four to eight.

★ Although there are typewriters that can cope with Chinese, typing is a slow business because there are nearly 15,000 characters in the language. Five words a minute is considered fast.

Secretaries for export

• A course for super-secretaries, the first of its kind, has just ended at the College of Commerce, in Aberdeen, Scotland. Its object? To provide efficient secretaries with first-class linguistic ability, not to speed the brain drain, but to help the British export drive.

Secretary-linguists, the elite of the secretarial corps, have left the college after the two-year course with fluent Spanish, French, or German, or all three.

John Paton, the man behind the course, said that the girls are extremely efficient because most of them have the necessary qualifications for university entrance. For example, one girl had passes in higher French, German, and Russian.

"The majority of the girls who leave us take posts in large exporting firms — private secretary to the export manager, etc.," Mr. Paton said.

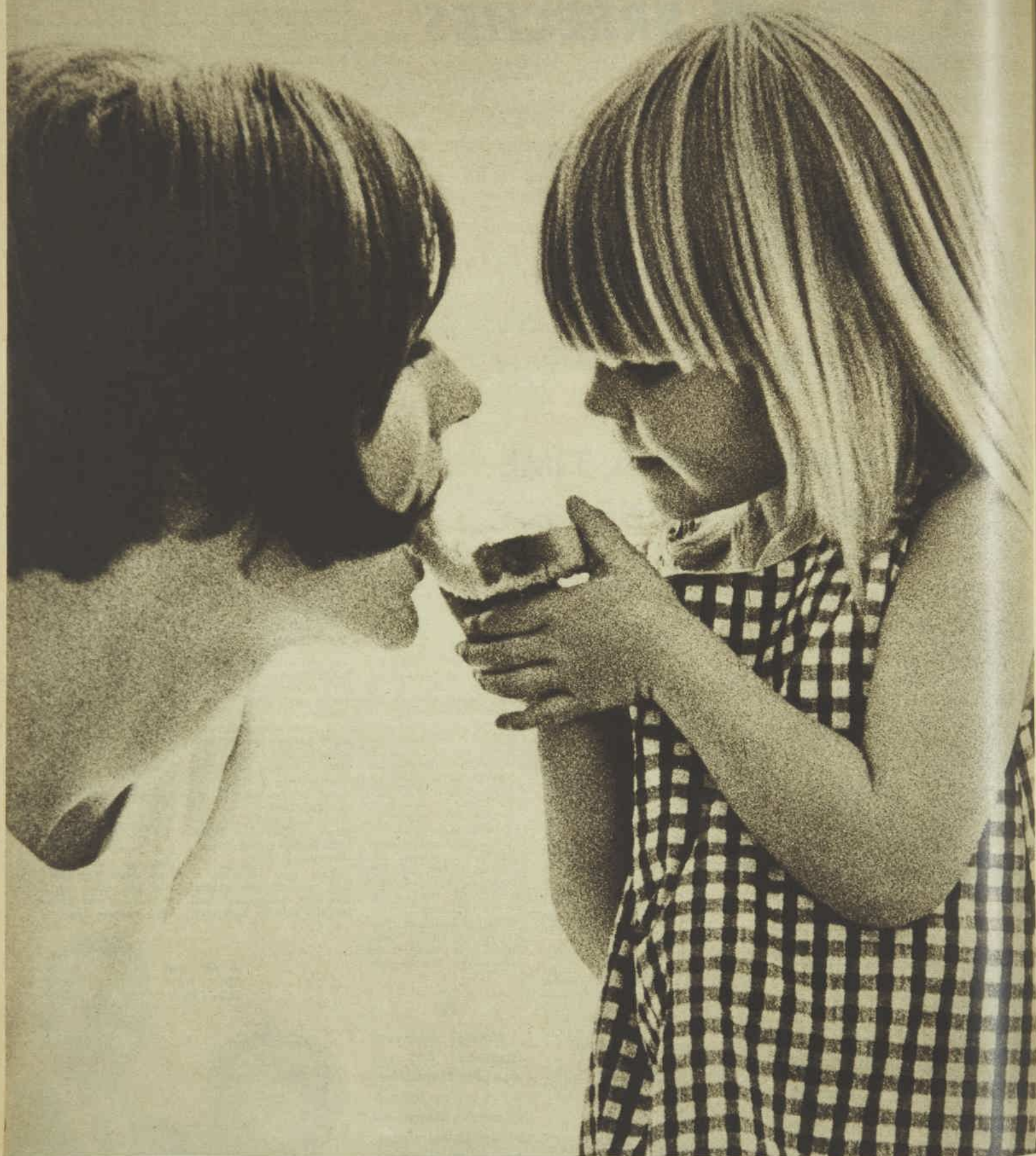
"One girl we have placed in a firm in Germany."

"It is an extremely stiff course, because on top of the secretarial skills which they must learn — and most people think that those alone are sufficient — they have these languages at a very advanced level. Linguistically speaking, the exam is somewhere in the region of an advanced degree at university."

• Mr. and Mrs. Ian Davidge.



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THE UNEXPECTED MRS. POLLIFAX

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By DOROTHY GILMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

THE doctor was a very nice young man, with black hair, very white teeth, and horn-rimmed glasses. "Well, Mrs. Pollifax," he said pleasantly, "I don't know how you manage it, but for a woman of your age you're in fantastically good health. I congratulate you."

"Oh," said Mrs. Pollifax flatly.

"Which brings me to the fact that, although I find you in excellent health physically, I do note certain signs of depression. You're not quite the same Mrs. Pollifax I saw last year. I have a feeling that you are disappointed at being in such excellent health."

She said guardedly, "I don't believe I've ever cared about outliving my contemporaries, you know. I've never regarded life as a competition to see who can hold out the longest. I think one can sometimes have too much time." She paused and then added recklessly, "I daresay it sounds terribly frivolous when people are starving in India, but I can't help feeling I've outlived my usefulness."

"I see. Your children, Mrs. Pollifax, are . . . ?"

"Grown and far away. And visits aren't the same."

"I think you said you do a great deal of volunteer work?"

In a precise voice she ticked off the list of charities to which she gave her time; it was a long and sensible list.

"Yes, but do you enjoy volunteer work?"

Mrs. Pollifax suddenly smiled at him. "Actually I suppose I loathe it."

He could not help smiling back at her. "Then perhaps it's time you looked for more congenial outlets," he suggested. "It's terribly important for everyone, at any age, to live to his full potential."

To page 46

"You like my parrot?" Senor DeGamez asked Mrs. Pollifax.



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THE UNEXPECTED MRS. POLLIFAX

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"Yes," she said simply. "Yes, I agree with you wholeheartedly on that, but what is one to do? After my husband died I set out to make a very sensible life for myself —"

"But isn't there something you've always longed to do, something you've never had either the time or the freedom for until now?"

Mrs. Pollifax looked at him. "When I was growing up — oh for years — I planned to become a spy," she admitted.

The doctor threw back his head and laughed, and Mrs. Pollifax wondered why; when she was being her most serious, people found her so amusing.

The mood of confession had ended with his roar of laughter and was not to be recaptured. He wrote out a prescription for antidepressant pills, they chatted a few minutes longer but without further rapport, and Mrs. Pollifax left his office.

"But I wasn't joking," she thought immediately as she walked down the street. "I really was going to be a spy." She had worked hard at it, too, going to the town dump every Saturday morning with her cousin John to watch him shoot rats, and proving such a persistent tag-along that he had condescended to show her how guns worked. On several glorious occasions he had allowed her to shoot with him.

THERE were the maps, too, that she had pored over in her room year after year, and with such scholarly devotion that when World War II began she was able instantly to announce the longitude and latitude of obscure little islands nobody else had ever heard of. What a funny child she had been, she thought, a lonely but very happy child. She was lonely now, but so — so unused, so purposeless, she realised.

Obviously she must find a way to instil novelty into her life. She walked up the steps of her apartment house and pushed aside the heavy glass door. She unlocked the inner door to discover that Miss Hartshorne had preceded her to the elevator and was standing guard beside it. Immediately Mrs. Pollifax felt herself and her intentions shrivel. The elevator arrived and they stepped inside.

"It's warm," Miss Hartshorne announced as the elevator began to rise.

"Yes, warm. Quite humid, too," contributed Mrs. Pollifax, and pulling herself together added, "Planning a trip this summer, Miss Hartshorne?" It was not so much a question as an exploratory statement, because Miss Hartshorne was always planning a trip and when she was not planning one she was showing colored slides of previous trips.

"In September," said Miss Hartshorne crisply. "It's the only month for the knowledgeable traveller."

"Oh, I see," replied Mrs. Pollifax humbly.

The door opened and Miss Hartshorne moved toward apartment 4-C and Mrs. Pollifax to 4-A. "Good day," Miss Hartshorne said dismissively.

"Yes—that is, to you, too," mumbled Mrs. Pollifax, and opened the door of her apartment with a feeling of escape.

As she passed the desk the engagement calendar caught her eye and she stopped to glance at it with a sense of ennui. This was Monday; on Tuesday she wheeled the book-cart at the hospital, on Wed-

nesday she rolled bandages, on Thursday she worked in the gift shop of the hospital. On Friday the Garden Club met, on Saturday morning she would have her hair trimmed, and in the afternoon Elise Wiggin would come for tea.

The doctor had said, "Isn't there something you've always wanted to do but never had the time or freedom for?"

Mrs. Pollifax tossed the day's newspaper on the couch, and then on second thought picked it up and leafed through its pages because it was important to be well informed and in touch with the world. On page three the photograph of a woman caught her eye. FINDS CAREER AT 63, said the words over the photograph, and Mrs. Pollifax, captured, immediately sat down to read.

It was about a woman who had turned to Little Theatre groups after her children married, and following only two plays she had been discovered by a Broadway casting director. "I owe it all to my age," she told the interviewer. "The theatre world is teeming with bright and talented young things, but there is a dearth of sixty-three-year-old character actresses. They needed me—I was unexpected."

Mrs. Pollifax let the paper slide to the floor. "They needed me — I was unexpected." How perfectly wonderful," she whispered, but the words made her wistful. She stood up and walked to the mirror in the hall and stared at the woman reflected there: small, feminine, somewhat cushiony in figure, hair nearly white, eyes blue, a nice little woman unsuited for almost everything practical. But wasn't there any area at all, she wondered, in which she, too, might be unexpected?

"You could always try," she told herself timidly. "After all, nothing ventured nothing gained — and you're a taxpayer, aren't you?"

Preposterous. Unthinkable. "Of course it wouldn't hurt to ask. Just looking into the idea would be a nice little vacation from volunteer work. Everyone should remain in touch with his or her own Capitol."

She would go. "I'll go!" she announced out loud, and feeling positively giddy at her recklessness she walked to the cupboard and pulled down her suitcase.

On the following morning Mrs. Pollifax left by train for Washington. The first thing she did after registering at a hotel was to go by taxi to the Capitol building and visit her Congressman. The next day was spent in sight-seeing. But on Thursday, after lunch, she resolutely boarded the bus for the twenty-minute ride to Langley, Virginia, where the new headquarters of the Central Intelligence Agency had been built.

Its address and location had been discovered by Mrs. Pollifax in the public library, where she had exercised a great deal of discretion, even glancing over her shoulder several times as she copied it into her memo pad. Now she was astonished even shocked — to see sign after sign along the road directing everyone, presumably Russians, too, to the Central Intelligence Agency. Nor was there anything discreet about the building itself. It was enormous — "covers nine acres," growled the bus driver — and with its towers, penthouses, and floors of glass it fairly screamed for attention. Mrs. Pollifax walked through

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THE UNEXPECTED MRS. POLLIFAX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

the gates and approached the guards inside with her head high. "I would like," she said, consulting her memo pad, "to see Mr. Jasper Mason."

She was given a form to fill out on which she listed her name, her address and the name of Mr. Mason, and then a guard in uniform escorted her down the corridor. The room into which Mrs. Pollifax was ushered proved to be small, bright and impersonal. Mr. Mason carried himself like a man capable of classifying and disposing of people with tact, skill, and efficiency. He briskly shook her hand, glanced at his watch and motioned her to a chair. "I'm afraid I can give you only ten minutes," he said. "This room is needed at two o'clock. But tell me how I can help you."

WITH equal efficiency Mrs. Pollifax handed him the introduction that she had extracted from her Congressman: she had not told the Congressman her real reason for wishing to interview someone in this building, but she had been compelling. The young man read the note, frowned, glanced at Mrs. Pollifax, and frowned again. He seemed particularly disapproving when he looked at her hat, and Mrs. Pollifax guessed that the single fuchsia-pink rose that adorned it must be leaning again like a broken reed.

"Ah—yes, Mrs. Politick," he murmured, obviously baffled by the contents of the introduction—which sounded in awe of Mrs. Pollifax—and by Mrs. Pollifax herself, who did not strike him as awesome at all.

"Pollifax," she pointed out gently.

"Oh—sorry. Now just what can I do for you, Mrs. Pollifax? It says here that you are a member of a garden club of your city, and are gathering facts and information—"

Mrs. Pollifax brushed this aside impatiently. "No, no, not really," she confided, and glancing around to be sure that the door was closed, she leaned toward him. In a low voice she said, "Actually I've come to inquire about your spies."

The young man's jaw dropped. "I beg your pardon?"

Mrs. Pollifax nodded. "I was wondering if you needed any. I would like to apply for work as a spy. That's why I'm here, you see."

"You can't possibly—you're not serious," he said blankly. "Yes, of course," she told him warmly. "I've come to volunteer. I'm quite alone, you see, with no encumbrances or responsibilities. It's true that my only qualifications are those of character, but when you reach my age character is what you have the most of. I've raised two children and run a home, I drive a car and know first aid, I never shrink from the sight of blood and I'm very good in emergencies."

Mr. Mason said in a dazed voice, "But really, you know,

spying these days is not bloody at all, Mrs.—Mrs.—"

"Pollifax," she reminded him. "I'm terribly relieved to hear that, Mr. Mason. But still I hoped that you might find use for someone—someone expendable, you know—if only to preserve the lives of your younger, better-trained people. I don't mean to sound melodramatic, but I am quite prepared to offer you my life or I would not have come."

Mr. Mason looked shocked. "But Mrs. Politick," he protested, "this is simply not the way in which spies are recruited. Not at all. I appreciate the spirit in which you—"

"Then how?" asked Mrs. Pollifax reasonably. "Where do I present myself?"

"It's—well, it's not a matter of presenting oneself, it's a matter of your country looking for you."

Mrs. Pollifax's glance was gently reproving. "That's all very well," she said, "but how on earth could my country find me in New Brunswick, New Jersey? And have they tried?"

Mr. Mason looked wan. "No, I don't suppose—"

Someone tapped on the door and a young woman appeared. "Mr. Mason, I'm sorry to interrupt, but there's an urgent telephone call for you in your office. It's Miss Webster."

"Miss Webster," murmured Mr. Mason dazedly, and then, "Good heavens, yes, Miss Webster. Where is Miss Webster?" He jumped to his feet and said hastily, "I must excuse myself, I'm so sorry, Mrs. Politick."

"Pollifax," she reminded him forgivingly, and leaned back in her chair to wait for his return.

Carstairs was lean, tall, with a crew-cut head of grey hair and a tanned, weather-beaten face. He looked an outdoor man although his secretary, Bishop, had no idea how he managed to maintain such a facade. He spent long hours in his office, which was a very special room equipped to bring him into contact with any part of the world in only a few seconds' time. He often worked until midnight, and when something unusual was going on he would stay the night.

"Anything from Tirpak?" asked Carstairs right away, as Bishop handed him reports that had been filtering in since midnight.

"Nothing from him since Nicaragua."

"That was two days ago. No word from Costa Rica, either?"

Bishop shook his head. "Damn," Carstairs leaned back in his chair and thought about it, not liking it very much. "Well, business as usual," he told Bishop. "It's time I made arrangements for Tirpak at the Mexico City end. One must be optimistic. I'll be in Higgins' office."

"Right."

"And keep the wires open for any news from Tirpak; he's overdue and if there's any word I want to hear immediately."

Carstairs opened and closed the door of his soundproof office and joined the life of the humming building. Higgins was in charge of what Carstairs—humorously but never aloud—called "Personnel": those thousands of paper faces locked up in top-secret steel files and presided over by Higgins of the cherubic face and fantastic memory. "Good morning," said Carstairs, peering into Higgins' room.

"Actually, it's cloudy outside," Higgins said mildly. "That's the trouble with this modern architecture. But come in, anyway, Bill. What can I do for you?"

"I need a tourist." "Well, name your type," Higgins said dolefully.

"I want," said Carstairs, "a very particular type of tourist. He or she will have to come from your inactive list. This tourist must be someone absolutely unknown, Higgins, and that's vital."

"Go on. For what type of job, by the way?"

"There's a package coming into Mexico City. This particular tourist is to be nothing but a tourist for several weeks but on a certain date stop in at a specified place and pick up said package—rendered innocuous for Customs, of course—and bring it into the United States."

"I see. I gather, then, that this package of yours is dynamite—not literally, of course, but figuratively—and that you are therefore reduced to being terribly ingenious and circumspect, but that the job is not dangerous so long as said tourist is utterly unknown to them. Have you considered someone not inactive but absolutely new—a fresh face?"

"Mmmm," murmured Carstairs thoughtfully.

"One has to sacrifice something for said tourist's being unknown to anyone. I mean, that's what you want to avoid, isn't it—someone met in 1935 suddenly popping up in Mexico City years later?"

Carstairs smiled faintly. "He doubted if Higgins had even been born in 1935."

"Suppose you show me the possibilities," he suggested. "Very little is demanded of my tourist except accuracy, but he or she must look exactly right."

They walked back into the files where photograph after photograph was drawn out. When Carstairs left it was with five photographs.

"Nothing yet," said Bishop, glancing up from his typewriter.

"Damn," said Carstairs again, checked his watch—it was just half-past nine—and went into the office. He reminded himself that Tirpak was good, one of his best men, but if Tirpak had reported from Nicaragua two days ago he should have been in Costa Rica by now. For eight months Tirpak had been on this job, and from the bits and pieces he'd sent out of South America by wireless and coded mail his eight months had been extremely fruitful. Months ago he had been fed all the tips, stories,

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



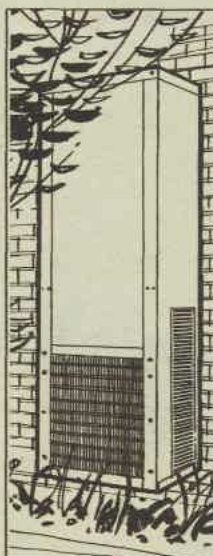
by TIM

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 23, 1966

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and rumors that reached the department and from these he was bringing back neat, cold, irrefutable facts on all of Castro's secret operations in the hemisphere.

But alone the facts were nothing; what was most vital of all was the proof that Tirpak was carrying with him out of South America proof so concrete and detailed that each nation in the Alliance for Progress would know once and for all the face of its enemy and in exactly what form the Trojan horse of Communism would appear in its country.

Carstairs walked to the ceiling-high map on the wall and stared at it moodily. One might say that Tirpak's job of work was finished now, and so it was in the literal sense, but actually it was only beginning. The wonder of it was that Tirpak had worked for so long in secrecy. Now time was against

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him, and Carstairs realised that he was worried. He knew the shape that phase two ought to take if everything went off perfectly... the shabby photographic studio in Costa Rica where Tirpak's bulky packages of material would be reduced to microfilm, and then the trip into Mexico to leave the microfilm with DeGamez, for Tirpak was persona non grata in the United States, a myth that had to be perpetuated for his safety.

Once the microfilm reached Mexico City it would be out of Tirpak's hands and the rest would be up to Carstairs and his tourist — but Tirpak ought to have reached Costa Rica before now. Restlessly, Carstairs lit a cigar.

ette. He wondered where Tirpak was on this humid July morning, whether he was running scared or still had the situation well in hand.

The door opened and Bishop said, "Tirpak has reached Costa Rica."

Carstairs' reaction was fervent and brief. "Thank heaven," he said, and then added savagely, "What took him so long?"

"They're decoding the message now," Bishop said.

Five minutes later Carstairs was frowning over the message from Tirpak. It was the longest one that Tirpak had permitted himself, but Costa Rica was the safest place he had visited in eight

months. In essence, Tirpak said that it was Castro's Red Chinese friends who were interested in him, and he had decided it was time for him to go into hiding. All the documents were being processed as planned, and would be forwarded to Mexico City, suitably camouflaged. Tirpak planned to throw them off the scent by remaining in Costa Rica for a week or two. Carstairs could absolutely (repeat, absolutely) count on the microfilms arriving in Mexico City between August 12 and August 18.

Carstairs had unalterable faith in Tirpak's ingenuity, and if Tirpak said the microfilms would arrive in Mexico City between the twelfth and the eighteenth then the microfilms would be there. It was time for Carstairs to get his tourist moving.

"Bishop," he said, arranging the five photographs on his desk,

"Bishop, you know the set-up. Which one?"

Bishop stabbed a picture with a finger. "How about this woman?"

"Mmm." Carstairs studied the face. "Humorous, but not bad. Compulsive type. She'll do the job, won't mix, probably won't talk to a soul." His glance dropped to the data beneath the photo. "Charlotte Webster, age fifty-eight. She's not precisely what I had in mind, but she's passable. Bishop, I'd like to take a look at Miss Webster without committing myself."

Bishop said promptly, "Yes, sir. I can ask Mason downstairs to set up an appointment to review her credentials. He can meet her in his first-floor interviewing room and you can stop in and look her over."

"Absolutely inspired, Bishop. Excellent. Contact Mason and ask him to take over. Tell him he's to handle it completely and without involving me. Tell him I'd like to see her today if it's possible. I've a hectic afternoon ahead but I'm free for a few minutes at two o'clock. See if he can set up an appointment with her for two this afternoon."

"Right, sir." Carstairs went to lunch and then hurried toward the first-floor interviewing room. To the guard stationed outside he said briefly, "Mason's appointment in three."

"Yes, sir. A woman."

CARSTAIRS opened the door. The woman was seated alone in the room, waiting, and she was at once so utterly and astonishingly right for the job that Carstairs could scarcely believe his eyes. His glance first noted the really absurd hat — it was difficult to overlook — with one fuchsia-colored rose completely askew; it then travelled over the wisps of white hair that refused to be confined, marked the cheerful mouth, and when it met a glance that was as interested and curious as his own he felt the triumph of a casting director who discovers the perfect actress for a pivotal role.

He strode across the room with hand outstretched. "I'm Carstairs," he said warmly. "I wanted to meet you while you're here. We're not really interested in your qualifications, you see, we want you for a job. Have you been talking with Mason?"

"Mr. Mason? Oh, yes, but he was called to the telephone, and —"

"It doesn't matter, I'll take over now." He sat down beside her on the couch. "I realise that you're inexperienced, but this is the very simplest of jobs. The important thing from the very beginning has been that I find someone absolutely right. I think you'll do very well indeed."

"I will?" Her cheeks turned pink with pleasure.

"Yes. Are you free to work for

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as from August 3 to August 22?"
"Why—oh, yes," she gasped.
"Yes, I'm quite free—I'd be de-
lighted!"

"Excellent. Have you ever
visited Mexico?"

"Mexico!" She looked posi-
tively radiant. "No, never. You'd
like me to go to Mexico?"

He appreciated the quick re-
sponse; there had been no hesita-
tion at all. "Yes. You'll be paid
the usual fee for courier work,
and, of course, all your expenses
will be taken care of while you
are there. It's quite simple.
You'll be an American tourist and
use your own name. The job con-
sists of visiting a specific place in
Mexico City at a specific date, and
for the rest of the time you'll be
on your own."

She was listening with a look of
wonder, as if she could not believe
her good fortune. He reflected
that an extremely bad photog-
rapher had taken her picture;
Miss Webster was not only right,
but perfect. "You can handle
this," he added with a smile.

She nodded. "Yes, I'm sure I
can. I will do my very, very best."

"I think you will, too," he said.
"Look here, do you mind coming
up to my office for a moment?
I won't have time to brief you
this afternoon, and only my secre-
tary can tell me when I'm free,
but I'll want to arrange an
appointment with you as soon as
possible. I could see you this
evening, but I think tomorrow
morning would be better. Would
that be convenient?"

"It would be perfect," she
assured him, beaming. As they
entered the elevator she extracted
a small white card and held it out
to him. "I don't believe you know
my name," she told him. "I
always carry these with me."

AMUSED, Carstairs
dropped the card into his pocket.
The doors slid open at his floor
and he grasped the woman's arm
to escort her down the hall. "Here
we are," he said. "Bishop? Ah,
there you are. Am I free to-
morrow from nine to ten?"

Bishop sighed. "Are you ever?
Yes, technically, you're free."

"Good. Nine it is, then." He
held out his hand. "I'm terribly
sorry to bring you back again, but
I always insist on very thorough
briefings."

"I think you should," she told
him approvingly. "And, really,
you have been so kind. So unex-
pectedly kind. Thank you."

"Kind," echoed Carstairs when
she had gone. "She's not only per-
fect, but she appreciates my finer
qualities. Well, Bishop, what do
you think? I found my innocent
tourist, didn't I? In fact, one so
congenitally innocent that she'd
baffle Mao Tse-tung himself."

Bishop's jaw dropped. He said
in a hollow voice, "Sir—"

"What is it, Bishop, are you
feeling ill?"

"That was your tourist?"

"Yes, isn't she marvellous?"

Bishop swallowed. He said: "As
you entered this office, sir, I was
just putting down the receiver on
the telephone. It was Mason call-
ing to tell you that Miss Webster
had just arrived. He sent a mes-
sage up earlier telling of Miss
Webster's delay."

Carstairs began, softly and
vehemently, to swear. "Then will
you do me the kindness, Bishop, of
asking Mason just who the hell
was waiting for me down there
in his interviewing room at two
o'clock, and who the devil I've
just engaged for this job? On the
double, Bishop. I'll be in my
office."

He strode into his office and
sat down. Gingerly, reluctantly, he
drew from his pocket the calling
card that he had been given and
placed it on the desk before him.
He read it and frowned. "Well?"
he growled at Bishop, returned.

"Her name was Politick or Polit-
ack. Mason can't remember
which, but they'd know in the
lobby."

"Pollifax," said Carstairs. "Go
on. What brought her here?"

Without expression, Bishop said
carefully, "Mason says that she
came here to apply for work as
a secret agent."

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A full minute passed, and then
the corners of Carstairs' mouth
began to twitch and he threw
back his head and roared. When
his laughter had subsided to a
chuckle, he said, "Unbelievable.
Preposterous." But he had reached
a decision and he knew it.

"Bishop," he said, "it's unortho-
dox even for this unorthodox
department, but damn it—order
an immediate, top priority secur-
ity check run on!"—he consulted
the chaste white card on his desk
—"on Mrs. Virgil Pollifax, of
the Hemlock Apartments in New
Brunswick, New Jersey. I want
the results before eight o'clock to-
morrow morning. And when
you've done that you can tell

Mason to send Miss Webster
home."

"Flight Number 51 loading at
Gate Four . . . Flight Number
51 . . . to Mexico City loading
at Gate Four . . ."

Mrs. Pollifax found her seat on
the plane and sat down feeling
suffused with an almost unbear-
able excitement. For days she had
been practising the inscrutable
look of a secret agent, but now she
found it impossible to sustain; she
was far too enraptured by the
thought of her first visit to Mexico
and her first trip anywhere by

To page 50

LULUBELLE



"Now this is the latest thing in Art."



SWISS EMBROIDERY

That's the delicate flower cutouts that ice both these pure and simply cut Dream-Glo Nylon slips (and their sweet matching half-slips and briefs). Expensive? No! That's only the way they look. See below.

LEFT: SLIP STYLE 91483 32-40" \$4.00 (40/-), HALF-
SLIP \$2.25 (22/6), BRIEF \$1.30 (13/-) ALL MATCH
IN WHITE, PINK OR NUDE.

BOND'S
CAMEO COLLECTION

RIGHT: STYLE 91478 34-40" \$4 (40/-), 42" \$4.30
(43/-), HALF-SLIP \$3 (30/-), PANTIE \$1.60 (16/-), XOS
\$1.75 (17/6), BRIEFS \$1.50 (15/-), WHITE, PINK, BLUE.

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It is said that every time you wash your face you start a wrinkle, but now you can smooth and beautify the skin as you cleanse. No more taut dry skin when you use this cleansing milk that removes every trace of make-up with a dissolving action that leaves the complexion smoother, clearer, and free from wrinkle dryness. Ask your chemist for a bottle of Delph cleansing milk that gives the complexion a look of youthful beauty.

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No. 497—APRON
Pretty waist apron with applique trim is available cut out to make in turquoise, apricot, polar-ice, and gold poplin. Price: \$1.25, plus 10 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 498—GIRL'S FROCK
Attractive girl's frock in turquoise, tangerine, royal, all on white background in mini-care poplin. Sizes: 2 to 4 years, \$2.50; 6 to 8 years, \$2.75; 10 years, \$2.95. Plus 15 cents postage and dispatch.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 466, G.P.O., Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



THE UNEXPECTED MRS. POLLIFAX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

jet. And it was just as well, she told herself sternly, for Mr. Carstairs had emphasised that she was not a secret agent but an American tourist. "You are to be yourself," he had told her firmly, and had added, with a faint smile, "If I thought you capable of being anyone else I would never have given you this job to do."

Mrs. Pollifax had listened to him with shining eyes.

"You will arrive in Mexico City on the third of August and you will check in at the Hotel Reforma Intercontinental. The reservations were made an hour ago, in your name. You will be Mrs. Virgil Pollifax, visiting Mexico for three weeks, and you will behave like any other tourist. You will be on your own completely, and I assume you'll visit the usual tourist places. But on August 19, without fail, you will visit this bookstore on the Calle el Siglo in Mexico City."

HE had handed Mrs. Pollifax a slip of paper. "I want you to memorise this address before you leave the building," he said quietly, and Mrs. Pollifax's heart beat a little faster.

"You will not see me again but you will be visited once before you leave by one of the men in my department who will make certain you've forgotten nothing."

Mrs. Pollifax had looked at the words on the piece of paper.

El Papagayo Libreria
(The Parrot Bookstore),
Calle el Siglo 14,
Mexico City.

Senor R. DeGomez, Proprietor—Fine Books Bought and Sold.

Carstairs had continued. "On the nineteenth of August you will walk into the bookshop and ask for Dickens' 'A Tale of Two Cities'."

"The nineteenth," Mrs. Pollifax repeated eagerly.

"The gentleman there, whose name as you can see is Senor DeGomez, will say with regret that he is very sorry but he does not have a copy at the moment."

Mrs. Pollifax waited breathlessly.

"Whereupon you will tell him—with the proper apology for contradicting him—that there is a copy in his window. You will then go to the window with him and he will find the book there and you will say, 'I think Madame Defarge is simply gruesome, don't you?'"

"And whatever I'm to bring you will be in the book?" she asked, and instantly covered her mouth with her hand. "Oh, dear, I should never have asked that, should I?"

Carstairs smiled. "No, and I would not in any case tell you. Although actually," he added drily, "I can in all honesty say at this particular moment that I don't know myself what he will give you. You will, of course—as soon as you have paid for the book—leave and not return again. There will be nothing more asked of you but to continue your sightseeing for two more days and return by jet on the twenty-first. You will receive your tickets and reservations by mail within the next few days as well as the tourist card necessary for entering Mexico."

She nodded. "What happens about Customs?"

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

"That need not concern you. Let's just say that we will be aware of your arrival in this country, and there will be no problems for you. In the meantime I must emphasise that you are a tourist who happens merely to be dropping in at the Parrot Bookstore. I want you to think of it that way."

"Oh," Mrs. Pollifax said sadly. "It doesn't sound dangerous in the least."

Carstairs looked shocked. "My dear Mrs. Pollifax, there is always risk—we discussed that—but if there was the slightest element of real danger involved I can assure you that I would never allow an amateur to be sitting here in my office. This is what we call simple courier work, and in this case your amateur status is especially useful. I know that I can trust you to follow directions intelligently." He stood up. "Bishop will now show you to a quiet corner where you can memorise that address. I hope you weren't insulted at taking a lie detector test?"

"Oh, no, it was terribly interesting," she told him, beaming.

"Good. Nothing personal, you understand, it's routine for everyone, even our clerks." He had held out his hand and shaken hers. "I won't be seeing you again, Mrs. Pollifax—have lots of fun."

She shrewdly suspected that he had used the word fun deliberately, to rid her of any lingering fancies concerning her trip. Her suitcase was bursting with tourist literature on Mexico City and its environs, and Miss Hartshorne had insisted on giving her three rolls of color film.

Mrs. Pollifax's daughter had received the news with dismay. "But, Mother," Jane had wailed over the long-distance wires, "if you wanted to do some travelling, why didn't you tell us? You could have come out here to Arizona. I've hired Mr. Blair to take care of the children while John and I are in Canada. If I'd only known—we'd feel so much better if it could be you, and the children love it when you come."

"It's just a little trip I thought I'd take for myself," Mrs. Pollifax told her gently, and wished her daughter a happy vacation in Canada.

Her son, Roger, on the other hand, had visited Mexico in his student days, and he told her that she must eat no green stuff and be terribly careful about the water. But there was a great deal more of his mother in him than in Jane, and he had added, "I was getting worried about you, Mother, you haven't erupted in years. See you at Christmas and if you get in a jam send me a wire."

Dear Roger, she thought as she fastened her seat belt. As the plane began to taxi toward the runway Mrs. Pollifax thought with jarring abruptness, "I do hope I'm going to like this."

"We're airborne," said the man sitting next to her. She smiled and nodded and brought out a magazine and placed it in her lap. Presently, because she had not slept at all well the night before, Mrs. Pollifax dozed.

As the plane banked and turned over Mexico City, Mrs. Pollifax peered down at its glittering whiteness and

To page 53

Special people (you) deserve a special toothbrush (Tek). Only Tek has Anti-Germ: built-in germ-fighting action!



New Way to Reduce Weight

A tablet specially designed for sweet tooths that aids in weight reduction is now available. You can now slim and stay slim by taking one or two tablets after the main meal each day to dissipate and neutralize the fatty unsaturated content of the food eaten and lessen body weight until normal.

Excessive weight, besides robbing one's youth and beauty, soon leads to the risk of development of high blood pressure, hypertensive heart disease and circulatory, coronary and internal disorders. A sensible diet of lean meat, fish, fruit and vegetables, avoiding excesses of sugary and starch content foods and the use of polyunsaturated oils in the preparation of food, together with Mevon Extract tablets each day is the safe and easy way to reduce excess weight.

These Mevon Extract tablets quickly sweeten the breath, hasten digestive processes of all foods and contribute to a healthier, happier enjoyment of daily living. They are so easy to take and are sucked like a sweet. These Mevon Extract tablets do not need a doctor's prescription and are available at most leading pharmacies.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 23, 1966

DRESS SENSE

by
**Betty
Keep**



● **This one-piece summer dress with its large back and front collar is chosen to flatter a flat-chested figure.**

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply to her request:

"I have a figure fault I wish to disguise. I am flat-chested, otherwise my figure is good and in proportion. Would you design me a sleeveless summer dress with some clever detail to help disguise my flat chest?"

Illustrated above is the design I have chosen for you. The dress is sleeveless and finished with a large back and front collar, which should prove flattering to your figure proportions. A paper pattern for the design is available in your size. Beside the illustration are further details.

"My wedding gown has tiers of lace from hemline to waist at the back, otherwise it is plain. What length should I have my wedding veil?"

The length of your wedding veil should be chosen for flattery and balance. However, as your dress has back interest, it seems a pity to hide it. My choice would be a shoulder-length tulle veil.

"Is it necessary to wear a hat to a large charity luncheon in the city? I am in the official party."

Wear a hat; it will be a compliment to your hostess. If you do decide to go hatless—many women do even for formal occasions—have your hair set on the morning of the luncheon.

3870. — One-piece dress with back and front collar, in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 for 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 3870. Price 70c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders.

"Is a lounge suit the correct male attire for a formal afternoon wedding, and should gloves be worn?"

A morning suit is correct. However, these days a dark lounge suit is also accepted as correct. Grey suede gloves are worn with a morning suit, but in Australia gloves are not usual with a lounge suit.

"Please suggest a pretty head-dress for my two bridesmaids. The trouble is the difference in their ages — one is 18 and the other 10."

Despite the difference in the bridesmaids' ages, I think it would be a pretty idea if both girls wore circlets of white flowers, tied at the back with streamer ends.

"Would it be correct fashion to wear a turban made in a paisley design with a plain navy linen suit?"

Quite correct, and very smart, too.

"Should a woman in her fifties wear bright colors in the daytime?"

Of course she should, just as long as they are flattering to her eyes and hair. Don't, like many older women, get a complex about bright colors.

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so elusive it took a generation to capture
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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New Guinea	(£1 14 6)	(£3 9 0)
N.Z. and Fiji	55 35	58 70
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Foreign	55 20	510 40
	(£2 12 0)	(£5 4 0)
	55 25	510 50
	(£2 12 6)	(£5 5 0)
	56 55	513 10
	(£3 5 6)	(£6 11 0)

SEEN ANY GOOD SHOWS
LATELY?



INFORMED REVIEWS IN

The Bulletin

of BOOKS, MUSIC,
THEATRE, ART...

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coverage and
overseas news

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or be jaunty

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Above: Polyester crepe \$6.99. Below: Cotton straw cloth \$3.99

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FOLLOW THAT GIRL

BY
DILLON
MacCARTHY



As Jane fell in a huddle down the stairs, her uncle bent forward to help her.

UNCLE had said it was time to go, and Jane went — too fast. She slipped and tumbled down two flights of stairs, ending up sprawled over the deserted entrance hall of the office block.

Someone had loosened the thick carpet at the top of the stairs.

Jane knew how to fall. As an assistant private eye she had to take quite a few falls. She worked for her fat, old private-eye uncle.

Uncle now plodded slowly down the stairs — holding on to the rail.

"Jane, child," he puffed, "I said let's get going — fast — but you were positively impetuous."

Jane looked up and said a rude word. "That's my girl," Uncle said, reassured. "Let me help you up." He reached one hand down toward his niece, felt a jerk, and found himself sitting on the floor next to her. Then she stamped off in search of a powder-room.

Uncle got to his feet. He sat down on a chair and waited till Jane came back, looking like something out of a fashion magazine.

"I don't know how you manage it," he said.

"I keep a spare pair of nylons in my handbag," Jane said. "Some day I'm going to give in to temptation and strangle you with one of them."

"Child, child," Uncle remonstrated. "How was I to know the tacks had come out of the carpet?"

"You probably pulled them out. Somebody did."

"You could be right at that," Uncle said. "I had a look at the carpet fittings. Somebody had unscrewed the grip."

Jane asked: "Why would anyone sabotage the carpet?"

"Now that," Uncle said, "is the question. You and I are the only people on the way out of this big office block long after closing time, and I happen to know that piece of carpet was as firm as a rock when we went up."

"I nearly slipped on that step going up, and the carpet didn't give way then. Could be that gave somebody an idea."

"Who could have been watching?"

"Not Benson. He sent for us, and he was here to unlock the door and let us in when we arrived. He stayed with us the whole time in his office, and he was still there when we left it."

"Nobody can get into this place after six p.m. without a key. Nobody can get out without one, either. General Manager Benson has one key, plus a spare — and the spare key he has just given to us."

"The only other person with a key is the managing director, and he is in the south of France."

"That means," said Jane, "somebody stayed behind after closing time. Somebody is prepared to wait here until the doors are opened in the morning."

"I don't think so," said Uncle. "You know what we were called in for. I think somebody wants to sneak out with a couple of those ledgers Benson was working on when we left him. And Benson still has a key . . ."

"Let's hope he has," said Jane. "I'll race you back to him."

She beat Uncle back to the general manager's office by a good three minutes, but, even so, she was still too late.

Puffing into the office, Uncle found

her staring soberly at Benson's body. Benson's souvenir Nazi dagger had been slid neatly down under his collar.

"Now we know why somebody unscrewed the carpet," Uncle said. "Somebody had to cut things very fine and wanted to make sure we'd be held up, if not actually busted up. It wasn't us somebody was after — somebody was after Benson. But who?"

"The person Benson hired us to find — the one who's been cooking the company's books," said Jane. "He's probably trying to get some of the ledgers out right now. The thing is who."

"It must be one of three people," said Uncle firmly.

"That's what Benson said. And I've known Benson long enough to trust his judgment on a thing like that."

"The managing director is one . . ."

said Jane.

"But he's in the south of France. Benson called him long-distance tonight."

"The chief accountant . . ."

"The nastiest little squirt this side of Dartmoor," said Uncle. "Doesn't drink, doesn't smoke, doesn't go out with women. He must have a hobby, and it's my bet it's murder."

"And the managing director's personal assistant," Jane concluded.

"It couldn't have been him," said Uncle. "A big, fat, jolly man with a sweet nature just like mine. We're two peas out of a pod. Wine, women, and song, and more cigars than Churchill ever smoked. No, it was the accountant. You can take my word for it."

"So the murderer is still here," said Jane. "I got here too fast for him." She found Benson's key in his pocket.

"The killer didn't have time to take Benson's key. Now all we have to do is find the killer."

"Hundreds of rooms and cubby holes," groaned Uncle. "It'll need an army of policemen, and it will ruin the company if they get poking about among the clients' confidential papers."

"We'll find him, Unc. He hasn't had time to get far. You just follow me." So, dutifully, Uncle trailed her. Finally, Jane stopped at the door of a broom cupboard.

"He's in here," she announced, and turned the key in the door, locking it.

When the police arrived they found inside the cupboard the managing director's personal assistant, one sleeve still wet with Benson's blood. On the floor of the cupboard there were two ledgers.

"I don't know how you did it," said Uncle, when the police had left.

"Rubbish," said Jane. "It had to be the PA. From how the body lay it was clear Benson was stabbed standing up. Your pint-sized accountant could never have reached high enough to have brought the knife down that way."

"All right," said Uncle. "So it wasn't magic. So it had to be the PA. But how did you know where he was hiding?"

"You said yourself, Unc, he was just like you," said Jane, sweetly. "A nasty, big, bad-tempered, fat, old man reeking of brandy and strong cigars. As long as you weren't close enough to me to confuse the issue, I could have scented him through the door of a bank vault."

Uncle beamed at her.

"That's my girl," he said.

(Copyright)

thought how flat the city looked. A moment later Mrs. Pollifax was infinitely relieved to discover that landings were more comfortable than take-offs, and presently she was breathing Mexico City's thin, rarefied mountain air.

The hotel proved luxurious beyond Mrs. Pollifax's dreams, who would have preferred something native, but she recalled that the choice was not hers and that this was where tourists stayed.

Mrs. Pollifax dined early at the hotel, had a lukewarm bath and, sensibly, retired at nine. The next morning she was first in line for the tour bus that promised to introduce her to Mexico City. When the tour ended Mrs. Pollifax had learned the location of the Paseo de la Reforma, the Palacio de Bellas Artes, the Palace of Justice, the National Pawnshop, and the Zocalo, but she had not discovered the whereabouts of the Calle el Siglo. She went no farther than Sanborn's that evening, where she ate dinner, admired the lavish gifts in their showcases, and went to bed early again.

The next day Mrs. Pollifax bought a map, and after an hour's study set out to find the Calle el Siglo and the Parrot Bookstore, for she was conscientious by nature and did not feel she could relax and really enjoy herself until she knew precisely where she must present herself on August 19. To her surprise she discovered that the street was in walking distance of the hotel.

ON the following afternoon, returning to the hotel after a visit to the National Palace, Mrs. Pollifax glanced inside and took note of the man behind the counter. She thought he looked very pleasant: about her age, with white hair and a white moustache that was very striking against the Spanish swarthy of his skin.

During the week that Mrs. Pollifax spent sightseeing in Mexico City she found the opportunity nearly every day to pass the Parrot Bookstore.

When Mrs. Pollifax had enjoyed Mexico City for a week she went by bus to Taxco, where for several days she wandered its crooked, cobblestoned alleys, looked over bargains in silver, and sunned herself in the market plaza. She then returned by way of Acapulco, stopping there overnight. Everywhere she went Mrs. Pollifax found people charming and friendly, and this spared her some of the loneliness of travelling alone.

As soon as she returned to Mexico City—it was August 13 on the day she came back—she found it convenient to walk down the Calle el Siglo and treasure herself about her store. It was still there, and Señor DeGomez looked just as elegant as ever. He really looked so pleasant that she thought, "Surely it wouldn't hurt just to step inside for a minute and buy something?" Other tourists do." On impulse Mrs. Pollifax crossed the street and went inside.

After the briefest of glances around her—Señor DeGomez was busy at the counter—Mrs. Pollifax hurried to a corner table that bore the placard LATEST BOOKS FROM U.S.A. and plucked one from the pile. She selected a volume of memoirs by a well-known American actress and groped in her purse for currency, when a strident voice broke the hushed, literary atmosphere. "Old books, new books, read a book," screeched the voice, and Mrs. Pollifax turned in astonishment to see a love parrot addressing her from a cage nearby.

THE UNEXPECTED MRS. POLLIFAX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 50

"Well, for heaven's sake," she gasped.

"You like my parrot?" asked Señor DeGomez. His customer had departed and they were alone. "Come see," he said, walking over to the cage. "You know parrots? Not many do—this one is exceptionally fine. Have you ever seen such color?"

"Beautiful," said Mrs. Pollifax in a hushed voice. "And, of course, the name of your store is the Parrot. The bird adds just the right touch."

He lifted a hand. "No, no, my store is named after Ole, not the other way round. My Ole came first—she has been with me twelve years."

What I do when she dies I don't know."

Mrs. Pollifax nodded sympathetically. "She is company for you?"

"Yes. My wife she is dead five years now, and my sons they are grown and in business. When I wish to hear talk I uncover Ole's cage and we speak together. She says a few words in English, a few in Spanish, and when we are finished speaking I cover her cage again and she stops."

Mrs. Pollifax laughed. "The perfect companion!"

"Exactly. And you—you have children, too, perhaps?" Señor DeGomez was smiling. Mrs. Pollifax gave her

book and her money to him and they moved toward the counter. "Two," she told him, "a boy and girl, both grown up now. I've been a widow for eight years."

"I am so sorry. But you have not come to Mexico alone?"

Mrs. Pollifax nodded. "It's sometimes a little lonely," she admitted.

"You like to read? I understand that, or you would not be here. Solitaire? Do you play solitaire?"

Mrs. Pollifax shook her head.

"But, senora," he cried, "you are missing a delight. I myself treasure the solitary

cards. It clears the brain, it clears the thought, it is mentally sound, mentally healthy."

Mrs. Pollifax said doubtfully, "I remember trying a few games when I was a child—"

"Si, but you are a grown-up lady now," he told her, smiling. "Please—you are buying this book? Allow me to add another as a small gift. No, no," he said, putting up a hand to cut off her protests, and he walked to a shelf, fingered a few titles and chose one with a bright blue jacket. "This one," he said, handing it to her. "77 Ways to Play Solitaire."

Mrs. Pollifax felt deeply touched by his friendliness. "Thank you so much," she said.

She had reached the door when he called across the store. "Oh, American senora—"

Mrs. Pollifax turned.

"How can you play seventy-seven games of solitaire without cards?" He had picked up a deck and now he tossed the pack of playing cards the length of the room to her.

Mrs. Pollifax reached up and caught the cards in mid-air.

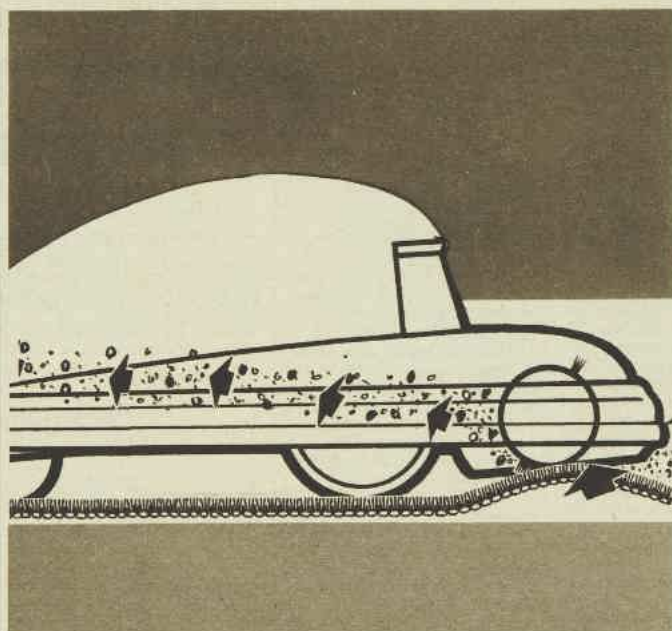
"How you Americans say it—'on the house!'" he said.

Mrs. Pollifax gave in graciously—after all, he had other customers waiting. She held up the playing cards to show that she had

To page 54

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WASH AWAY
WITH



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THE UNEXPECTED MRS. POLLIFAX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

caught them and with a wave of her hand walked out.

Mrs. Pollifax had gone less than a block when she stopped, aghast, her mouth forming a stricken O. She had just realised that the charming gentleman with whom she had been chatting for half an hour was no other than Mr. Carstairs' Senor DeGamez. She had not intended to speak to him at all, she had meant only to walk in and very discreetly make a purchase and leave.

Thoroughly penitent, Mrs. Pollifax returned to her hotel, and as punishment resolved not to go near the Calle el Siglo again until the nineteenth. It was a sense of frustration that led her to open the book that Senor DeGamez had given her, and to her surprise she discovered that she really could enjoy solitaire. Instead of going to bed with a book each night she invested in a tray upon which she could spread out her playing cards. She found that solitaire not only relaxed her nerves but entertained her mind.

ON the eighteenth, Mrs. Pollifax ventured out to complete her shopping for the family, and when she retired that night there were serapes draped across desk, bureau, and chairs. "Not the very best serapes," reflected Mrs. Pollifax as she turned out the lights, "but buying six is so expensive and, of course, I'm paying for these myself."

When Mrs. Pollifax opened her eyes the next morning she knew it was *The Day* she had been waiting for, but she felt no flicker of excitement. She had waited too long, and during the past few days—she had to admit this—she had been quite bored. In fact, nothing but her games of solitaire had kept her amused, and remembering this she tucked the playing cards into her purse to carry with her for the day.

Glancing into the interior of the purse she noted that again it had become the repository of an astonishing assortment of odds-and-ends; a pocket knife for her grandson's birthday, two chocolate bars, a package of paper handkerchiefs, a tin of sticking-plaster, stubs of travellers' cheques, two new lipsticks, and one old tube that was worn flat—she would have to clear this out soon. But not now. She zipped up the back of her best navy-blue dress, and because it was cool this morning she added the gorgeous hand-loomed Guatemalan wool jacket that she had given herself as a gift.

She ate a small breakfast in the hotel dining-room and passed the hour that followed in playing solitaire in the lobby. At 9.45 she was walking up the Calle el Siglo and repeating to herself the words "A Tale of Two Cities" and Madame Defarge. The door of the Parrot Bookstore was open. Mrs. Pollifax walked in

and nervously cleared her throat. "Buenos dias," said the man behind the counter, looking up with a smile, and after a second glance he added, "Good morning."

Mrs. Pollifax glanced uncertainly around the room, but there was no one else there. "Good morning," she said. This was not her friend Senor DeGamez whom she had met on her earlier visit. This man was small and dapper, with black hair, spectacles and no moustache at all; when he smiled a gold tooth gleamed at one side of his lip.

"May I be of help?" the man asked.

Mrs. Pollifax decided there was no alternative but to ask just when Senor DeGamez would be back. "When I was here before," she told the man, "the proprietor was so helpful, he chose just the right book for me. Will he be in soon?"

The man looked surprised. "But I am the proprietor, senora. I am Senor DeGamez."

Mrs. Pollifax, taken aback, said, "Oh."

Smiling, the man added, "That would have been my cousin, I think, who comes in to the store to help when I am away on business. It happens that way, you know. He is Senor DeGamez, too. But he is not here."

"He was so extremely charming and kind," explained Mrs. Pollifax eagerly. "He gave me a book on solitaire—'77 Ways to Play,' and —" She gasped. "Oh, dear, perhaps I shouldn't have mentioned that. After all, it's your shop—but I would be happy to pay you for it, indeed I insisted at the time—"

"Jose is always impulsive; if the store were his he would be bankrupt in one month. Still . . . it is Jose's charm that brought you back, no?"

"Yes, indeed—and for 'A Tale of Two Cities,' she told him boldly.

"'A Tale of Two Cities,'" he mused. He returned to the counter to thumb through a pile of papers. Extracting one, he ran a finger down its list. "That book we do not have, I am so sorry."

"I believe there's a copy in your window," she told him breathlessly.

"Si?" He said it with just the proper note of surprise and she walked with him to the low curtain that divided the window from the store.

"Yes." They both looked, but Mrs. Pollifax could see no copy of "A Tale of Two Cities," and with a sinking sensation she realised that she ought to have looked for it before coming inside. Nothing seemed to be going well; it was as if fate was putting up little barriers everywhere to test her. "I think Madame Defarge is simply gruesome, don't you?" She waited now for him to say something, her eyes alert.

Senor DeGamez continued to lean over the curtain and study the books in the window. When he stood erect he looked at Mrs. Pollifax and his eyes behind the glasses had grown thoughtful. "It is not there," he said, watching her. "But I think that we understand each other nevertheless, you and I. I have been expecting you. Please—a cup of tea while I get for you what you have come for. I was just brewing the tea in my little back room."

Mrs. Pollifax said cautiously, "I'm sure that's very nice of you," and since he was holding the curtain that separated the back room from

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THE UNEXPECTED MRS. POLLIFAX

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the shop, she walked past him into the rear.

"Please forgive the untidiness," he said with a sweeping gesture.

It was indeed untidy, with books piled to the ceiling and the floor littered with scraps of wrapping paper. But Senor DeGamez had not lied, he really had been brewing tea.

"Milk, lemon, sugar?" he asked, leading her to the desk and clearing a place for her.

"Milk and one sugar, please," she said, sitting down in the swivel chair and looking around her with interest. "Although really I mustn't stop more than a minute."

"No, of course not, that would be most unwise," he agreed, bringing her a steaming cup. "I will not take long. Tea is my breakfast. I often share it with early customers." He placed a paper napkin before her. "Please relax, I will be back in a minute."

HE disappeared behind the curtain and Mrs. Pollifax obediently relaxed by sipping the tea. He was certainly a very polite man, she decided, but he lacked the warmth of his cousin. She wondered what he would bring her, another book or something in a package? Her glance roamed over the room — and she thought what a nice and stuffy room this was.

It was kind of him to have invited her back here, but it would have been kinder of him to open a window; she would wait for him in the shop. An odd but vaguely familiar shape caught her eye; it was dome-like and mounted on a pedestal and covered with a cloth. She walked over to it and pulled the cloth aside. It was a large birdcage, empty now of all but one vivid blue feather.

In her confusion she had forgotten the parrot, and remembering Ole she at once recalled the first Senor DeGamez. "My store is named after Ole, not the other way around," he had said. "My Ole came first, she has been with me twelve years."

My store... my Ole... yes, he had definitely referred to both of them as his. It was not so much that she had forgotten this as that today's Senor DeGamez had not given her the time to think. Nor could she think clearly now, for it was very close in this room and her head was beginning to ache. She stared at the cage and forced herself to think about it. The cage was here. The parrot was not here. "But if this is the Parrot Bookstore, and if the parrot belonged to the first Senor DeGamez..."

There was something else, too, and she struggled to think of it. If the parrot belonged to the first Senor DeGamez, and the shop belonged to the first Senor DeGamez — there was a conclusion that ought to be drawn but Mrs. Pollifax found that she could not draw it. Something was terribly wrong, and not only with this shop but with herself, for her mind felt dazed, groggy, un-

able to reason or to reach conclusions.

"There was something in that tea," cried Mrs. Pollifax before she sank, unconscious, to the floor.

Mrs. Pollifax opened one eye, dimly aware that someone was methodically slapping her face.

"You will wake up now, pliss," said a disembodied voice.

Mrs. Pollifax sighed. "Very well — except I don't really want to, and certainly not when you keep slapping my face."

She and the cheek slapper appeared to be sharing a small tar-paper shack that listed slightly to one side. A kerosine lamp hung from a rafter and sent grotesque shadows over the earthen floor and rough walls. There was a smell of kerosine and mustiness and wet earth. She saw no windows in the shack and the only bright new piece of equipment in the room was the lock on its door. The man was Chinese, neatly dressed in Western clothes and looked like a serious and kindly young student.

Then Mrs. Pollifax realised that her hands were bound tightly behind her with wire, and she decided that the young man was not so kind after all. "Where am I, anyway?" she asked indignantly.

FROM THE BIBLE

● "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

— Romans 12; 1.

(New English Bible)

"I wouldn't bother asking if I were you," said a voice behind her. The voice was male and very definitely American, and Mrs. Pollifax squirmed in her chair to look but discovered that she couldn't.

"We're tied together," explained the voice. "Back to back, wrist to wrist — very chummy. Farrell's my name, by the way. Nice to meet you. Who the devil are you, anyway?"

She said stiffly, "Mrs. Virgil Pollifax from New Brunswick, New Jersey. Look here, young man," she told their guard firmly, "I know enough about first aid to tell you that you will presently have to amputate my left hand if you don't allow it some circulation."

The man said calmly, "Soon you will eat and be given an opportunity to exercise the hands."

As he said this the door opened and a man walked in, and Mrs. Pollifax, glancing beyond him, saw that it was dark outside. Night already! "Then I've been unconscious all afternoon," she thought in astonishment. Her eyes fell to the tray the man carried

and she realised how hungry she was. The cheek slapper brought a pair of pliers from his pocket, and leaned over to free her wrists; tears rose in Mrs. Pollifax's eyes as he worked, and when her numbed hands were free she placed them in her lap and tried not to notice the blood trickling into her palms.

The young Chinese said, "Eat," and he and the other man walked to the door and went out. Mrs. Pollifax could hear the grate of the key in the lock. She turned at once to look for the man behind her and found him staring at her incredulously. "I've never seen you before in my life. Damn it, where do you fit into this? No, don't touch the coffee," he added quickly, "it's probably drugged."

Mrs. Pollifax regarded him with suspicion, his reference to drugs reminding her that not so long ago she had drunk tea with Senor DeGamez. Now she was less inclined to trust strangers. Nor was this man a type that she could approve of even though he was American; he had a lean, face — very hard, she thought severely, with a Hollywood kind of handsomeness about it. "But why?" she demanded. "Where are we, and who are these dreadful people?" The circulation was returning to her raw, chafed wrists and the pain of it brought fresh tears to her eyes. She picked up a tortilla and resolutely chewed on it.

"These are Mao Tse-tung's boys," said Farrell. "Cuba is full of them now, you know." He put a finger warningly to his lips and tiptoed to a corner of the room where he pressed his face against the boards. He came back shaking his head. "Too dark. But I definitely heard a plane land outside while they were trying to bring you back to consciousness."

"A plane?" said Mrs. Pollifax, falteringly. "Then we're at an airport? But what airport can this be?"

He shrugged and sat down to resume eating his tortilla. "If the stars had been out I could have done some figuring. I think they've brought us to some remote part of Mexico where the Reds have staked out a secret airfield. I've heard they have them."

"How do you know all this unless you're one of them?"

He grinned. "Don't trust me? Now that makes me suspicious of you for the very first time, Duchess. But I'm being abducted, too, in case you hadn't noticed. Whisked away from a theatre date with the beautiful Miss Willow Lee — the vixen."

"I beg your pardon!" gasped Mrs. Pollifax.

"Sorry," he said after one swift, amused glance at her face. "But she is, you know. Very high connections in Peking."

Mrs. Pollifax was astonished. "And you were going to take her to the theatre?"

He grinned. "My dear lady, I knew all about her when I met her. What I didn't realise until now — at least

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it's beginning to dawn on me slowly here — is that she knew all about me, too. Now just how did you land in this?"

"I don't think it really matters how I got here," she pointed out to Farrell. "But I think I'm here because I walked into a little shop in Mexico City to buy a book."

"Not the Parrot Bookstore?" His face swam toward her and then receded. She heard him say in a thick voice, "Damn it, they must have put it in the tortillas."

Mrs. Pollifax nodded wisely. Just enough food to keep them alive, and then new drugs in the food to dope them again. Very clever, she thought, and this time took the precaution of carefully sitting down so that she would not fall to the floor. "I'm becoming quite experienced," she thought proudly, and even smiled a little as the familiar blackness descended, blotting out Farrell and all consciousness.

Carstairs had spent the morning of August 20 conferring with a State Department official about a revolution that had erupted in one of the small South American countries.

Then Bishop brought him a carton of black coffee and a slip of paper from the telephone marked CARSTAIRS, URGENT. "Better have the coffee first," he said drily, and Carstairs gave him a quick glance before he picked up the message.

It said simply:
BODY IDENTIFIED AS
RAFAEL DEGAMEZ PROPRIETOR PARROT BOOKSTORE, CALLE EL SIGLO, MEXICO CITY, FOUND DEAD IN CANAL LAST NIGHT AUGUST 19 OF KNIFE WOUNDS AND/OR DROWNING STOP POLICE ESTIMATE DEATH OCCURRED TWO DAYS EARLIER ON AUGUST 17 STOP INVESTIGATION UNDER WAY.

Carstairs said coldly, "I want the complete file on this. And the message — did it come from the Mexico City police or from our friend in Monterey?"

"Monterey," said Bishop, and slipped the file on DeGamez under Carstairs' hand. "I want a direct wire to Mexico City immediately to get this verified by the police. Tell them we have a definite interest in the man and want to be kept in touch. Oh hell," he added suddenly.

"Yes, sir?"
"Mrs. Pollifax. She was to visit DeGamez yesterday." He picked up the telephone and barked an order for a connection to the Hotel Reforma Intercontinental, and Bishop went out, marvelling at Carstairs' memory. The man must have nursed along half a dozen intricate operations since first meeting Mrs. Pollifax: and yet he had remembered precisely the date on which she was to pick up Tirpak's microfilm at the Parrot.

Five minutes later Bishop returned to verify the murder of DeGamez. Carstairs was still on the line to Mexico City, listening, giving orders in fluent Spanish and listening again. "Mrs. Pollifax is being paged at the hotel," he told Bishop, hanging up. "Now get me Johnny at the Galeria de Artes in Mexico City."

Bishop presently came back with the report that he had talked with the man who swept the floors at the Galeria de Artes and Johnny had not come in to open the gallery that morning.

Carstairs deliberated a moment, and then said, "Take this down. TEMPERATURE 102 IN MEXICO CITY W O R R I E D ABOUT HEALTH OF AUNT JOSEPHINE SUGGEST COM-

THE UNEXPECTED MRS. POLLIFAX

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plete rest in hospital." He wrote names on a sheet of paper. "Translate and send out at once, top priority, to these people."

"Right," said Bishop, and hurried out.

By two o'clock messages had begun filtering in from various points. Mrs. Pollifax had been paged but there was no answer. She was not in the hotel. She had not been seen in the hotel since the morning of the nineteenth when she had played solitaire in the lobby after breakfast.

"Damn," said Carstairs. "Bishop, get me the hotel again — I want her room checked by the hotel detective, everything in it gone over thoroughly. And try the Galeria de Artes again, I've got to reach Johnny." He could not face the thought yet that they might have snatched Johnny, too. Damn it, if that had happened then the whole thing had blown higher than a kite.

The police in Mexico City called in to report that DeGamez's shop had been thoroughly checked. The peculiar thing was that, although DeGamez had been murdered on the seventeenth, the Parrot Bookstore had been kept open until noon of August 19. They were checking out descriptions of the man who had continued selling books there.

There was still nothing from the Galeria de Artes. "Get me the police again," he told Bishop. "I want Johnny's apartment searched, too. Tell them he lives behind the Galeria."

More reports came in. The hotel detective had done a competent job at the Hotel Reforma Intercontinental. The chambermaid reported that on August 19, at her usual hour of eleven, she had arrived to clean the room that Mrs. Pollifax occupied. There had been a number of serapes hung over chairs, and there had been two books on the bureau that the maid remembered picking up to dust. The hotel detective, checking it today, found the books and the serapes gone. Clothes belonging to Mrs. Pollifax still hung in the closet but linings had been slit open in two coats and the clothes ruined. Her suitcase, the mattress of her bed and the pillow on it had also been slit with a knife and hurriedly searched.

At four o'clock the police reported again. They had searched Johnny's apartment behind the Galeria de Artes. Nothing had been touched except a small safe in the kitchen. This had been tidily blown open with nitroglycerine.

Carstairs swore savagely. "They've got Johnny then," he said. "Johnny and the code as well. More telegrams — take them down. REGRET TO INFORM YOU AUNT JOSEPHINE DIED . . ." He paused. "Bishop, Code Five is clear, isn't it? All right, REGRET TO INFORM YOU AUNT JOSEPHINE DIED 5 O'CLOCK KINDLY VERIFY ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THIS AT ONCE."

He now had to face the fact that they might have caught Tirpak, too. "Get Costa Rica," he told Bishop. "There must have been some kind of contact set up between Tirpak and our chap in San Jose. Someone's got to know where Tirpak is. We've got to break silence and locate him."

"Yes, sir."
The Mexico City Police were back on the wires at five o'clock to report that they now had descriptions of

the man who had been running DeGamez's shop for two days. He was short, of Spanish extraction, had receding black hair, was clean-shaven, well dressed, wore glasses, and showed a gold tooth on the left side of his jaw when he smiled. No one in the neighborhood had ever seen him before.

The description made Carstairs thoughtful. "I only hope I'm wrong. Get me File 6X." It arrived and Carstairs scowled at two pictures of the same man, one an enlargement showing him standing in a crowd next to Mao Tse-tung, and the other a candid snapshot taken secretly in Cuba. "We'll teletype these to Mexico City and have them shown for identification. Take away the glasses," he said, holding a picture up to Bishop, "and who do we have?"

Bishop whistled.

CARSTAIRS nodded. "Our brilliant and ruthless old friend General Perido. Mao's hand-picked man for his South American operations—the one person who's responsible for bringing Castro closer to Red China than to Red Russia." Now he knew they must have found Tirpak; he could feel it in his bones. "There's only one very feeble hope," he said at last. "General Perido was in Cuba last week, wasn't he?"

Bishop was glancing through innumerable reports. "Seen there on August 15."

Carstairs said slowly, "He just might take one of them — Johnny or Tirpak or Mrs. Pollifax — back to Cuba with him. General Perido has always enjoyed his little trophies. I'll shortwave descriptions to agents in Cuba."

The door closed behind Bishop and Carstairs lit a cigarette, relieved at being alone for a few moments. Tirpak . . . DeGamez . . .

Johnny . . . From the point of view of the department it meant failure, of course — a clean sweep for the other side an utter rout, eight months of invaluable work gone up in smoke, no microfilm and three top agents missing and presumed dead. But it was in the broader sense that it cut more deeply. He thought of the years that Tirpak, DeGamez, and Johnny had spent in carefully building up their respective reputations in Mexico City as cover for their real work.

They had been good, very good — he was already using the past tense, he realised — been seasoned agents. They were trained and knowledgeable; once in trouble they would weigh the odds against themselves and the odds in their favor; they knew the tricks of the enemy, they had their own tricks and if all else failed they knew how to kill themselves quickly and efficiently.

It was Mrs. Pollifax who must be on his conscience. She had not even been given a cyanide pill. She was an old woman, with neither the stamina nor the nerves to withstand these ruthless people.

Heaven help her, Carstairs thought devoutly.

"I'm wondering if they'll try to brainwash us," Mr. Pollifax was saying cheerfully. "Do you know anything about brainwashing, Mr. Farrell?"

"Uh, no," Farrell said. "It might prove rather interesting." She was remembering the lie detector test she had been given in Washington, and she wondered if there were similarities. Life was really very scientific these days. She had been alert for an hour now, and it was still night, and they were still flying through the air. There was at least one blinding in being airborne, however — her wrists were no longer bound. Instead there was a very medieval-looking shackle around each of her ankles with a chain that led to a ring set into the seat. It was not uncomfortable but it

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 23, 1960

did make her long to cross her legs now that she couldn't. "You didn't answer my question," Farrell said suddenly. "About that book-store you walked into."

"I don't believe I heard you," lied Mrs. Pollifax smoothly.

"I asked if it was El Papagayo."

"I'm afraid I didn't notice its name. It was a very little store. Very little."

"And what happened there?"

"I went in," said Mrs. Pollifax, "and I asked for a book and this man seemed very friendly. He invited me into his back room for tea, he said it was his breakfast and he often offered it to early customers. And I drank it and began to feel rather peculiar. That's when I saw the — I mean, I suddenly realised the tea had left a very strange taste in my mouth. The next thing I knew I was tied up with you back in that dirty little shack. How did you come to be here?"

He shrugged. "I, too, entered a bookshop."

"Are you a tourist then?"

He shook his head. "I've lived in Mexico since '45." He reached into his pocket, searched and swore. "I did have a card," he explained. "I run the Galeria de Artes in downtown Mexico City. John Sebastian Farrell's the name, Galeria de Artes."

MRS. POLLIFAX, relieved, said "Oh, I thought at first you might be a dope peddler, or — or . . ."

He grinned. "I've done some rum things in my life, and some of them outside the law, but I'll be damned if anybody's ever taken me for a dope peddler before."

Mrs. Pollifax at once apologised. "I've lived a very sheltered life," she explained, "and you look as if you'd done some rum things, you see."

"It's beginning to show? Well, at forty-one I daresay it's bound to — a pity."

"What are some of the rum things you've done?"

"Good heavens, should you be interested? I hope you're not planning to write a book on your travels."

"No, it had never occurred to me, although I'll be very interested in seeing Cuba. You still believe it's where they're taking us?"

"By all rights it's where we ought to land, but it's taking us a long time to get there. Sorry—what were you asking?"

"You were going to tell me what a rum life consists of."

He grinned. "You don't think I'd dare give you an un-bounded version, do you? After all, I've been around Mexico since '45, ever since I was discharged from the Marines, and that's a long time. I used to run a charter boat out of Acapulco — at least until I lost the boat in a poker game. I've given painting lessons to debutantes — you may not believe it but I do occasionally move in the best circles."

"As well as the worst?" asked Mrs. Pollifax.

"As well as the worst. For a year I smuggled guns in to Castro before he won his revolution. Rather a good friend of mine, although I've not seen him lately," he added with a roguish glint. "And I might add modestly that women constantly fall at my feet."

Mrs. Pollifax said very kindly, "Like the Chinese woman you were going to take to the theatre tonight?"

"Duchess — you interest and surprise me. I've decided you're not a member of the DAR after all."

"No, I've never joined that one," mused Mrs. Pollifax. "Do you think I should? But I am a member of the Garden Club, the Art Association, the

THE UNEXPECTED MRS. POLLIFAX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

Women's Hospital Auxiliary, the —"

"Spare me," he said. "If General Peridido knew these things he'd turn pale."

"General who?"

"Just someone I know. You do understand what you've got yourself into, don't you? You do know what the odds are?"

Mrs. Pollifax said very quietly, "Yes."

"Yes what?" he demanded.

"I am quite aware that I have been abducted by dangerous people, and that it's possible I may never see Mexico City again."

"Or your Garden Club or

your Hospital Auxiliary or your Art Association," he told her flatly. "It doesn't bother you?"

Mrs. Pollifax wanted to tell him that of course it bothered her. She had enjoyed herself very much in Mexico City and she had enjoyed being a secret agent and now she would like very much to be flying home to New Brunswick, New Jersey, to bandage her torn wrists and soak her bruises in a hot tub.

She did not want to die in a strange country and she did not labor under any illusions about Mr. Carstairs or her country coming to her

rescue. It was a lonely situation, but Mrs. Pollifax was well acquainted with loneliness and it did not frighten her. What did frighten her was the thought of losing her dignity. The limits of her endurance had never been tested, and she had never met with cruelty before. If her life had to end soon she only hoped that it could end with dignity.

But she saw no point in saying these things to the man who shared her predicament and who must also be thinking of these matters. He had

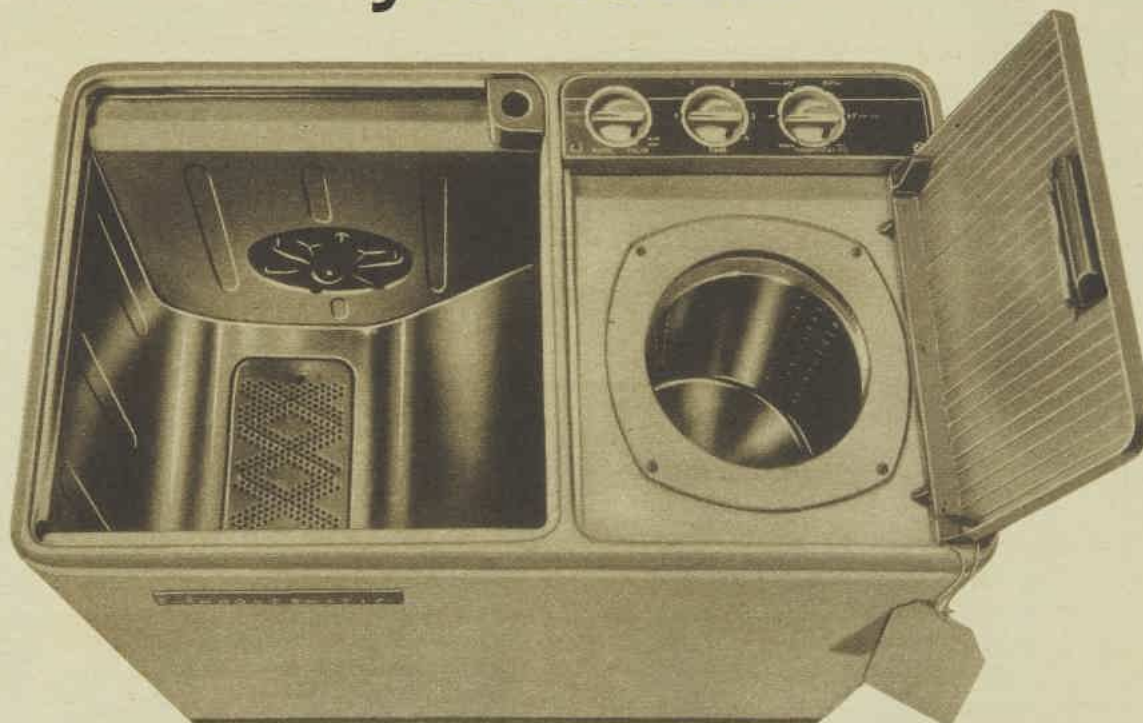
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Mrs. H. WIFE



"You don't expect me to use THAT, do you?"

How to do the family wash with one hand behind your back...



Get two tubs (instead of one)

Hoovermatic makes the whole thing simple. The two tubs work together — one washload is being rinsed and spindried while the next is being washed.

And Hoovermatic is fast — it washes, rinses and spindries a full 12 lb wash in just 12 minutes! Much faster than single-tub machines (including semi-automatics) — positive proof that you don't need a bulky, cumbersome machine to get big performance. And it's all so easy you could do the whole wash with one hand. With Hoovermatic there's no need even for laundry tubs. And no wringing. Ever.



No bulky agitator. Hoovermatic's recessed pulsator never touches your clothes. It sends out streams of water that surge through the wash, cleaning thoroughly yet gently.

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Top controls are out of children's reach! Linked heater-timer takes the guesswork out of washday — switches off automatically after use. (Standard non-heater model also available.)

Add world-famous Hoover dependability and it's easy to see why more than 350,000 Australians have bought twin-tub Hoovermatic.

HOOVERMATIC



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"Aren't you wearing Tweed (



)?"

THE UNEXPECTED MRS. POLLIFAX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

much more to lose than she; his life was only half completed.

"There's no point in your being angry at me," she said calmly. Her gaze fell to the seat beside Farrell and she gasped. "Look — my purse! They haven't taken it away, it's squashed down between your seat and the next."

"Thoroughly searched, of course," he said, handing it to her. "What's in it?"

"It's a good deal emptier," she agreed, peering inside. "Yes, they've taken things. Oh dear, my aspirin's gone. And they've taken Bobby's pocket knife — he's my eleven-year-old grandson," she explained.

"No, they wouldn't approve of that at all."

"But the sticking plaster is here, and my wallet and coin purse and lipsticks — oh, and look," she cried happily, "they've left me my playing cards!" She greeted them as old friends, slipping them tenderly out of their box. "Small comfort," growled Farrell.

"Oh, but you don't know how comforting they can be," she told him with the enthusiasm of a convert. "I already know twenty-two games. It's true there are fifty-five more to learn — I have a book on it, you see — but it's so relaxing and it will give me something to do."

SHE was already laying out cards in a circle on the seat beside her for a game of Clock Solitaire. "They left the chocolate bars, too," she said absently. "You can eat one if you'd like."

"You're not particularly hungry, either?" he asked. She shook her head, her eyes on the cards.

"He said in a funny voice, 'We ought to be hungry, you know. We ought to be terribly hungry.'"

Mrs. Pollifax put down a card and looked at him. "Why, yes, that's true, we should be," she said wonderingly. She frowned. "I had breakfast, and then that man's tea, and nothing until night, and then I had only a slice of bread and a stale tortilla — I ought to be ravenous."

He hesitated and then said quietly, rolling up his sleeve, "I'm wondering if you have needle marks on your arm, too."

"Marks?" faltered Mrs. Pollifax, and stared in dismay at the arm he showed her. There were several angry red dots there, and a faint outline of gum where adhesive tape had been affixed and then removed. It was all the more unnerving to Mrs. Pollifax because she had been idly scratching at her arm since she awoke. She slipped out of her jacket and stared at her arm. "What are they?" she asked at last.

"I think we've been fed intravenously!" she

gasped. "But why?"

"To keep us alive." He leaned forward and said in a low voice, "That's not all, there's something else. The plane I heard landing back there in Mexico was a propeller job. The plane we're travelling in now is a jet."

She stared at him with incredulous eyes. "Wh-what does it mean, do you think?"

He said quietly, "I think we've been unconscious for a longer time than we realised. I think we've been unconscious for a whole day instead of a few hours. I think this must be another night, and we met yesterday in that shack, not today, I think they must have landed us somewhere during the day where they switched planes and took the precaution of feeding us intravenously so that we wouldn't die on their hands."

Mrs. Pollifax put down her cards with finality. It was not difficult to follow his reasoning to its obvious conclusion.

"I don't think that you are going to see Cuba after all."

"Not see Cuba," she echoed, and then, "but where?"

It was still night when they began their descent through the clouds.

"Mountains," said Farrell, frowning. "High ones, some of them snow-covered." His gaze went from them to the stars, assessing, appraising, judging, his eyes narrowed.

A scattering of lights increased in density, the plane wheeled and began its approach to the runway — and suddenly the earth was rushing past with dizzying speed, they touched land and taxied to a very bumpy stop. Mrs. Pollifax gathered up her playing cards and put them in her purse. The door to the cockpit opened and two men they had not seen before walked in, one of them carrying a revolver. The other drew out keys and unshackled their ankles. Both were Chinese. The door was pulled away and by gestures it was indicated that Mrs. Pollifax and Farrell were to get out.

Mrs. Pollifax descended into an oppressively warm night. The two men waiting for them were not Orientals and she saw Farrell stare intently into their faces. She saw Farrell glance from them to the mountains behind the plane and then again at the stars in the sky. She said anxiously, "It's not Cuba, is it?"

He shook his head. "If my guess is right, Duchess — I should now turn to you and say, 'Welcome to Albania.'"

"But I don't want to be in Albania," Mrs. Pollifax told him despairingly. "I don't know anything about Albania."

"Nevertheless," said Farrell, "I think it's where we are."

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AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY:
Week starting Nov. 16

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, blue, green.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, green, brown.
* Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, black, green.
* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, white.
* Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
* Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

* An exciting week that's crowded all over and affects every part of your life. Weekend is exciting and good for visiting friends, but look out for a spot of woolly-mindedness.

* A crowded canvas this week, with bright splashes of color affecting romance and career. Status of many is greatly improved. Cupid's in expansive mood, but gets crotchety, 16th.

* A week to suit your versatile palate, filled with a motley collection of stars, mainly propitious. You could enjoy lottery luck, even a surprise legacy. The 16th, 19th, 21st have adverse spots.

* There's a lot of gloss, glamor, and glitter with romance in your life this week. Finance is under smiling stars, but 16th and 21st have dangerous moments. When Cancerian caution is needed!

* Married folk should enjoy happy times. It is fine for marrying and all matters marital. Although orange blossoms burgeon with spring vigor, finances could wilt, p.m. 16th and 21st.

* Your ruling star is kept busy doing a lot of visiting, so expect an exciting week. Influences are chiefly good, giving personal affairs a big assist. However, romance lags on the 21st.

LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, orange, tan.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, red, white.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, brown, green.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, lilac, red.
* Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

* If you treat the 16th and the 21st with kid gloves, or as though you are detouring a bomb, the rest of the week is crowded with happy aspects. You could make money—or, better, be given it.

* This is your get-up-and-go cycle still, and this could prove a most memorable week for you. So fall stream ahead, but keep your eyes open for reefs on the 16th and rocks on the 21st.

* The 16th is adverse for the new and the 21st is allergic to marriage. Otherwise, a week with scope, gaiety to keep busy at your favorite hobby of being on the ball. The sky's the limit.

* The 16th and 21st could adversely affect your usually sure judgment, and lead to mishaps, but your ruling star makes some fine contacts. Good for family and all to do with home, friendship.

* Conditions are ideal to begin anew, to take stock, and to jettison the outmoded. You could discover false friends, make exciting new ones, and perhaps quarrel with one.

* Legal matters, lotteries, and legacies are enjoying good aspects, and this crowded week also favors happy sea trips, inspired thinking, and investment luck. However, rate 16th and 21st as ill-starred.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



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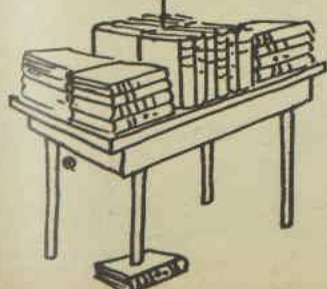
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DO-IT-
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Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamour of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

A long car, once black, but nearly white with dust now, drew into the periphery of the flashlights and they were ushered to its door and prodded into the rear. "A Rolls," Farrell said out of the corner of his mouth, and Mrs. Pollifax nodded politely. The two men with Grecian profiles climbed in and sat down on a drop seat facing them, guns in hand, and the car began to move at reckless speed over incredibly bumpy ground. Mrs. Pollifax clung to its sides and longed for an aspirin.

Their guards stared at them impassively and without curiosity. Mrs. Pollifax turned to Farrell and said, "But why Albania? Surely you're wrong!"

"No. I thought at first these mountains might be the Himalayas, but this isn't China. The mountains aren't high enough, there aren't enough of them and the whole topography is wrong."

"I shouldn't care at all for China," Mrs. Pollifax agreed.

"One has to think of the

few parts of the world where the Red Chinese are welcome. There aren't many, you know. That town we just passed through was definitely not Chinese, it was Balkan in flavor. These mountains must belong to the Albanian Alps, and certainly these men are Europeans."

Mrs. Pollifax nodded. "I thought they looked Greek. But why bring us here? Why go to such a great deal of trouble?"

Farrell gave her a quick glance and looked away. "Perhaps they feel we're worth the trouble," he pointed out gently.

"Oh," said Mrs. Pollifax in a small voice and was silent.

The car had been climbing steeply for the past twenty minutes on a road that appeared to be carved out of the side of the mountain. At last the car came to a stop and their two guards jumped

out. They spoke rapidly to the driver in a strange, oddly nasal language, and gestured to Farrell and Mrs. Pollifax to leave the car. Once outside they found themselves in a vast basin of desolate grey rock, and noting this, Mrs. Pollifax realised the darkness was dissolving and that dawn must be near.

One of the guards had disappeared behind a rock. Now he reappeared leading four donkeys, and to Mrs. Pollifax's consternation the man signalled that she mount one of them.

She eyed the animal with distaste and in turn it eyed her with suspicion. Farrell moved forward to help; it was only with his intercession that a truce was accomplished between the two, and this was mainly because, once upon its back, the donkey could no longer see Mrs. Pollifax. When Farrell and the guards had

also mounted donkeys they formed a procession and moved on.

The wilderness path along which they moved was desolate beyond belief. This was a country where all life had been extinguished, to be supplanted by rocks of every color, shape, and formation. The air was thin but only a little cooler than the valley. There was no shade of any kind. Slowly, as they travelled, the sunrise spread a golden light across the valley and Mrs. Pollifax could look down upon green slopes and occasional trees, but the rising of the sun brought warmth as well, followed by heat, and between this and the donkey Mrs. Pollifax was soon extremely uncomfortable. They had travelled for perhaps an hour when Farrell said suddenly, "Psst—look."

Mrs. Pollifax reluctantly lifted her eyes. They had left behind the bleak grey rocks and cliffs of the first leg of their journey and had come out upon a small plateau literally carpeted with stones. At the edge of the cliff overlooking the valley stood a square, fortresslike building made of stone piled upon stone, with only black slits for windows. It stood at the very edge of the precipice, and after a drop of a hundred or so feet the earth formed a rock-strewn terrace, and below this another, showing tentative signs of green, and then the earth flowed like a green river down to the floor of the valley.

As her donkey picked its way over the stones Mrs. Pollifax saw a second, smaller building at some distance from the first, also built of rocks and precisely like the other, except in size. If she were a tourist, thought Mrs. Pollifax wistfully, this would be a wild and romantic scene. And again she felt it was preposterous, her being in Albania. Why, she didn't even own a passport.

"Journey's end," commented Farrell drily, with a nod at the smaller building toward which they were heading.

She said crossly, "I really don't think you need put it in just that manner."

Someone must have noted their approach through the slits in the wall because the iron door of the building opened as they drew near. A man stepped out into the blazing sun with a rifle under his arm, but Mrs. Pollifax was too busy to pay him any attention; she was involved in separating herself from the animal to which she had become welded during the past hour. No sooner did she stand upright, all her bones protesting, when the guard grasped her arm and led her into the building.

In shape the building was a rectangle about thirty feet

long. The door through which they entered was set at one end of the long rectangle, and as they entered they faced a room that occupied the precipice end of the structure. On their left was a dark hall that ran across the front, and looking down it Mrs. Pollifax saw two iron cell doors opening from it. She quickly turned her gaze back to the room, which contained a desk, a chair, a water cooler, a well-stocked gun rack, a small switchboard, and a grey-haired man dressed in a uniform. He greeted them curtly in English.

"I am Major Vassovic." With this announcement he took a huge iron key from the wall and led them down the hall to the first door and opened it. "In, please," he said.

"I don't suppose you have an aspirin," Mrs. Pollifax told him, hopefully. "I've had the most ridiculous headache for hours. I don't often get them, you know, and I don't mean to complain, but I've been doped twice and apparently fed intravenously, and it's been a rather exhausting phase—"

THE major looked at her in astonishment, and then fully wiped all expression from his face. "I have no orders to give you anything," he told her stiffly.

Farrell gently pulled her into the room, the door clanged shut behind them and Mrs. Pollifax said, "I don't see how one aspirin could..." Her voice died away at sight of their prison. It was quite decent in size, but so dark — lighted only by the two slits in the wall — that it was twilight inside. There was to be no privacy for her or Farrell, she noted; none at all except for the dimness. There was an iron cot at each end of the room, with a night chamber under each; there were two small tables and that was all. No chairs, no screens, no lavatory, no clothespots, nothing else except the oppressive stone walls and floor.

"Well," said Farrell, and sat down on a cot.

"Well," said Mrs. Pollifax, and carried one of the tables to the cot, reaching into her purse and began spreading out her deck of playing cards.

She had played three games when the door was unlocked and opened and a guard gestured that she come with him. Farrell also stood up but the guard shook his head. Farrell said lightly, "Well—I do feel snubbed. Good luck, Duchess."

She was led out into the blazing sun to stumble over the stones to the other, larger building. The door was opened from inside and Mrs. Pollifax was led into a large, cool room of whitewashed stone.

There were two men in

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Christmas Cake

One 8" round cake tin
8 oz. Raisins
4 oz. Glace Cherries
4 oz. Blanched Almonds
8 oz. Sultanas
8 oz. Currants
4 oz. Chopped Mixed Peel
½ cup Brandy OR Orange Juice
10 oz. Plain Flour

2 oz. Self Raising Flour
½ teaspoon Salt
1 teaspoon Mixed Spice
8 oz. Butter
8 oz. Light Brown Sugar
4 Large Eggs
2 tablespoons Dark Jam (optional)
2 teaspoons Vanilla Essence

Step 1: Prepare the fruit the day before you make the cake by chopping the raisins, cherries and almonds and then tossing with the remaining fruit. Sprinkle half the brandy OR orange juice over; cover and place aside.

Step 2: Line the cake tin with two thicknesses each of brown paper and greaseproof paper, extending it 1" above the top of the tin.

Step 3: Sift the flour, salt and spice together.

Step 4: Cream the butter and sugar and add the eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Gradually stir in a little of the flour mixture then a little of the fruit until all are used. Lastly add the remainder of the brandy OR orange juice, jam and vanilla essence.

Step 5: Place the mixture in the prepared tin and bake in a slow oven (gas regulo ½, gas thermostat 300 deg. F., electric 325 deg. F.) for approximately 3½ hours. Test after 3 hours.



Plum Pudding

Two medium sized pudding basins about 6" OR one 8" basin.
12 oz. Raisins
12 oz. Sultanas
8 oz. Currants
6 oz. Chopped Mixed Peel
8 oz. Finely shredded Suet OR Copha OR Butter

4 oz. Soft White Breadcrumbs
8 oz. White Sugar
4 oz. Plain Flour
½ teaspoon Salt
1 teaspoon Mixed Spice
4 Large Eggs
½ Pint Milk
½ Cup Brandy
½ Cup Stout OR 1 Cup Orange Juice

Step 1: Grease the basins and place aside.

Step 2: Chop the raisins and mix with the other fruits.

Step 3: Add the suet OR copha OR butter, breadcrumbs and sugar.

Step 4: Sift the flour, salt and mixed spice together and add to the fruit mixture.

Step 5: Lightly beat the eggs, milk, brandy and stout (or orange juice) together and gradually add to the dry ingredients, mixing thoroughly.

Step 6: Place the mixture in the prepared basins. Cover with foil or greaseproof paper and tie securely with string.

Step 7: Place each pudding in a saucepan of boiling water, making sure the water reaches halfway up the sides of the basins. Replace the lids on the saucepans and boil gently for 4 hours.

As the water boils away, replace it with boiling water.

The day each pudding is to be served, boil it for a further 2 hours.



Mince Pies

6 oz. Raisins, 3 oz. Finely Shredded Suet, 4 oz. Sultanas, 4 oz. Currants, 2 oz. Chopped Mixed Peel, 4 oz. Castor Sugar, Grated Rind of 1 Lemon and 1 Orange, 1 Teaspoon Mixed Spice, 1 Large Cooking Apple, peeled and grated, ¾ Cup Crushed Pineapple, 2 Tablespoons Brandy OR Orange Juice, Quantity of Sweet Shortcrust Pastry.

Step 1: Chop the raisins and mix with the remaining ingredients. Allow the fruit mince to stand for 24 hours in a covered bowl, stirring occasionally to allow fruit to absorb moisture. Bottle.

Step 2: Thinly roll out the pastry and cut into rounds to line patty tins.

Step 3: Place a generous spoonful of the fruit mince in each. Cover with a round of pastry sealing the edges together with water, then gently pressing.

Step 4: Make a small hole in the top of each and glaze the pies with milk. Sprinkle with sugar.

Step 5: Bake the pies in a moderate oven for approximately 25 minutes. Dust each pie with castor sugar before serving.

SULTANAS RAISINS CURRANTS

Eat them for Food Value
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THE UNEXPECTED MRS. POLLIFAX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40



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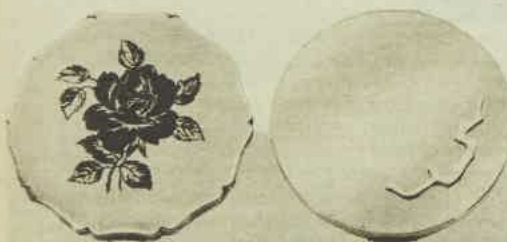
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the room, both in uniform, but Mrs. Pollifax's glance flew to the man seated at the desk.

"Why, Senor DeGamez," she gasped. "How did you get here?"

His gold tooth flashed in a brief smile. "In the same manner that you did, Mrs. Pollifax. Allow me to present General Hoong, who is in charge here."

"How do you do," Mrs. Pollifax said politely to the Chinese, and immediately forgot him. "Except that of course you're not the real Senor DeGamez. I know that now."

"Actually I am General Raoul Perdido," he said. "Do sit down, Mrs. Pollifax, we have a few things to discuss."

She sat down and faced him with growing indignation. Aroud she said, "May I ask, General Perdido, just why you had to abduct me like this?"

"I am in charge of the questioning," said General Perdido.

"Then you have been very extravagant," she told him coldly. "You have flown me thousands of miles across the world to ask questions that could have been very easily asked in Mexico."

"I see that you are going to deny you are an American spy."

"Spy?" said Mrs. Pollifax scornfully. "Is that what you take me for? This is one more grievance I must hold against you, General."

"Fool," spat the general. "You are not in the United States now, and you are not in Mexico, Mrs. Pollifax."

"Then I wish that you would tell me where I am," she said.

"Wherever it is, you are far from home and no one knows where you are. Let us try to be reasonable, Mrs. Pollifax. You visited the Parrot Bookstore a few days ago, and confided in me that you had visited the Parrot Bookstore on a previous day; is this not correct?"

Mrs. Pollifax nodded. "Also at this time you inquired of me where the other Senor DeGamez was."

"But of course," said Mrs. Pollifax warmly. "He was most enjoyable, a thoroughly charming man."

"You said he made you the gift of a book?"

"Yes, he did, it was very kind of him." In this matter Mrs. Pollifax could be completely frank. "We began talking, you see—about his parrot, and then about grandchildren and travelling alone. That's when he gave me the book. He told me that solitaire was something I would enjoy very much."

The general opened a drawer and brought out two books. "Then it is the book on solitaire that he gave you. For the moment it is sufficiently rewarding to learn that it is this particular book that he gave you. 77 Ways to Play Solitaire," he read with distaste. "We shall examine it more."

Mrs. Pollifax said stiffly, "Really, General, don't you think you can become too devious, too suspicious? The gift of a book a few weeks ago seems a very feeble reason for my abduction."

"If you are innocent you chose a most inauspicious morning to visit the Parrot Bookstore, Mrs. Pollifax. What is more, you behaved very suspiciously when the book you mentioned was not in the window. And why did you accept tea from me?" he demanded. "Just what were you expecting?"

"A chat," said Mrs. Pollifax firmly. "I was trying to know you better."

General Perdido exploded in what sounded like an oath.

"You may go back to your cell," he said.

Mrs. Pollifax nodded and arose. "There is one other matter," she said. "Please could I be given one aspirin?"

The guard opened the door for Mrs. Pollifax, slamming it shut behind her. Farrell sprang to his feet. "Are you all right?"

Mrs. Pollifax was deeply touched by his concern. "Yes, I really am," she told him. "I was asked questions by that man I met in a bookstore in Mexico City, except now he's here in Albania. Farrell, I must apologise to you for something quite dreadful. It seems the reason they brought us here is that they believe I'm a dangerous American spy."

"You?" The corners of his mouth twitched a little at this revelation. "You're not, are you?"

"In one sense, no," she admitted. "In another, yes. But certainly not dangerous."

"I don't like the way you say that, Duchess, you'd better be much more specific. Do you trust me?"

Mrs. Pollifax nodded.

"Good. Then for heaven's sake, are you or aren't you?"

WHISPERING, Mrs. Pollifax plunged into her confession, beginning with her visit to CIA headquarters, describing the simple courier work that she was to do and how this man with the gold tooth had totally ruined her assignment.

"And he's the same man who questioned me here, but now he calls himself General Raoul Perdido."

"Oh hell," said Farrell. "You mentioned his name once on the plane. Do you know him?"

"If I mentioned his name I ought to have my head examined. Yes, I've heard of him, and he's a cruel, vicious —," he added, and glancing at her face a smile lit up his eyes. "You've certainly outflanked the general for the moment at least." He frowned. "You've bought yourself more time, which is the most important concession, but — I'm very much afraid —"

"It's all right," she told him gently. "I know what you're thinking. Even if they believe everything I've told them they can't afford to let me go home again."

"You continue to surprise me, Duchess, but let's not be gloomy, they may save you for an international incident and trade you for one of their own." Glancing up he said, "Oh, oh, we have company again."

The door swung wide and a man walked in carrying a tray of food, followed by a guard who covered them with his rifle.

There was coffee, very strong, and cakes drenched in honey. When they had finished Farrell brought out a crumpled pack of cigarettes, extracted one, and lit it, saying drily, "The condemned man ate a hearty meal. And now, Duchess, there is something I believe I should tell you. You've been frank with me. I think it only politic to tell you what General Perdido already knows about me — namely, that I, too, work for Carstairs."

"I've been an agent since '47, when the CIA was formed," he went on. "You might say that I'm their man in Mexico City. Or one of them," he added absently. "A long time ago I did a job with DeGamez. I hadn't seen him for years, not that we had to avoid each other, we just didn't move in the same

circles. But on the nineteenth, just after I'd finished lunch, I received a crazy, garbled message from him and I went off at once to his bookstore. You see, the message had a code word inserted into it, a word meaning SOS. All the words in the message should have been in code."

"I realise now that Perdido must have pried just that one word out of DeGamez. By going to the bookstore — by reacting to that code word — I proved I was just who they'd been looking for since '47. The first thing they took from me was the cyanide pill I'm never without. The second thing they took from me was my identity, and then my freedom. So here I am, as full of information for them as Santa's knapsack."

Mrs. Pollifax stared at him in astonishment, understanding for the first time the hardness in him. She said simply, "You are very brave."

"Not at the moment, Duchess. You see, I can't allow General Perdido to question me."

"What do you mean?" "I mean that no one can hold out indefinitely against their methods of torture, and the general is considered an expert in the field. I mustn't be taken alive into that building, but I hate leaving you in the lurch, but under the circumstances —"

"You mustn't concern yourself with me at all. Please. But what do you intend to do?"

"Whatever presents itself. Try to break away between here and the other building and hope they'll shoot me. I must not enter that building and meet General Perdido."

She averted her eyes so that she need not embarrass him with her compassion.

"There's no possibility of your getting away or being rescued. I hate deserting you. If I just didn't know so much — but Carstairs would never approve of my staying alive, there's too much at stake." Hearing the guard at the door he stamped his cigarette out on the floor. "Take what's left of them," he said, handing her the flattened pack. "You never know who's bribable."

This time the two guards were heavily armed. Major Vassovic had come as well to superintend Farrell's removal.

Major Vassovic pointedly coughed. "The — uh — order has been received now. One aspirin for you, to be taken in my presence. Come."

Mrs. Pollifax realised that her headache had returned doublefold. She humbly followed the man into the guardroom and stood patiently while he brought her a cup of water and the pill. As she placed the tablet on her tongue her gaze came to rest on the collection of weapons on the wall, a number of

guns and knives beautifully decorated with carved-silver ornamentation. They were works of art belonging in a museum and she told the major so.

"The long guns are called pushkas," he said gruffly. "The sabres we call yataghans in this country."

There was also an assortment of undecorated and very lethal-looking pistols and revolvers but she ignored these, her glance falling to the three drawers set into the base of the gun rack. One of them held a key in its lock, a small brass key, really quite distinctive.

"I am admiring a brass key," she told herself. "I am in Albania and presently Farrell will be killed and I mustn't think about it." She did not have long to wait. Her concentration was interrupted by shouts from outside the building, and then by the sound of guns being fired.

At the sound of firing Major Vassovic uttered an explosive oath. After one glance from the window he said, "Back — back," and roughly pushed Mrs. Pollifax down the hall to her cell and slammed the door upon her. There was only silence now in the building. Mrs. Pollifax sat down on Farrell's cot and resolutely shuffled her deck of cards and laid them out for a game of Spider.

Mrs. Pollifax had played for several minutes, when slowly her thoughts became diverted by a small sound emanating from the wall behind her. She turned her head to hear it better. It was not a metallic noise, it was more like a clenched fist rhythmically striking the stone wall. Recalling the second iron door set into the hall outside, Mrs. Pollifax frowned. Kneeling on Farrell's cot she tapped with both hands. Immediately the sound stopped, as if in astonishment, and just when Mrs. Pollifax decided it must be someone repairing a drain, the fist beat an excited staccato reply.

She tapped again once more and received a reply, but her mind was on Farrell and she returned sadly to her game of solitaire.

A number of booted feet tramped down the hall and Mrs. Pollifax heard Major Vassovic issuing orders in an irritable voice. The door swung open. Mrs. Pollifax looked up and the cards slipped from her hand to the floor.

"Farrell!" she gasped. He was propped between two guards, one leg dangling uselessly, his clothes smeared with blood. At her cry he lifted his head and opened one eye. "Goofed again, Duchess," he said, and as the men lowered him none too gently to the cot he added peevishly, "Damn cliff. If you jumped from a hundred-foot cliff wouldn't you expect to be killed?" Having delivered himself of this diatribe, he fell back unconscious on the bed.

To be continued



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 23, 1966

GOING TO TOWN WITH TROUSERS



● Double-breasted jacket and slim, leg-hugging trousers with cuff bottoms are model Julie Wisdom's choice.



● Spotted scarf adds a dash of color to Yvonne Studdert's tailored trouser suit. Linen, drill, and pique are popular.

TODAY'S trend is toward trousers. In fact, slacks suits have become so popular that many models are wearing them to town.

"Trousers suits are so well tailored these days, they are dressed-up enough for the city," said Sydney teenage model Julie Wisdom. "While I'd never dream of wearing jeans, the suits are perfect for racing round town on assignments."

Julie plans to include two or three such suits in her summer wardrobe. "They're just as important as any other outfit now."

One model who was a pioneer of this fashion fad is Jackie Holme, who brought three slacks suits with her when she came from New Zealand two years ago.

"I'd like to see more girls wearing slacks suits to the city — even to the office," said Jackie. "If you've got a neat, slim figure they can look great."

"But, just like a good suit or dress, it's important that they're superbly cut."

The most popular trousers feature bell-bottoms long enough to rest on summer sandals or stark white sandals, and a slightly higher-than-hipster waistline.

"They're very French," said model Michele Fiquet, who came to Australia from France about 18 months ago. "Girls at home have always worn their slacks longer and slightly looser than those in Australia."

Teamed with today's trousers are jackets mostly in long-line blazer styles, and often double-breasted.

The smartest slacks suits often match up with kinky hats and bags — for a more dressy look.

— KERRY YATES



● Shopping at one of Sydney's teenage boutiques, Michele Fiquet, in a simple yet striking trouser suit. Michele has three slacks sets in her wardrobe.

● Fresh and feminine, Jackie Holme's slacks suit features bell-bottomed trousers and double-breasted jacket. She adds Granny glasses for fun.



For teenagers

SPARE US THE CORN



LETTERS

● I am disgusted at the words of some songs featured on the charts today. For example, "They're coming to take me away, ha, ha," are not only flippant and cruel but extremely offensive to those who have to deal with mental problems. Another example is, "Well, we didn't ask to be brought here, anyway." What a negative attitude toward life! It seems to me that songwriters underestimate the teenager's senses of values, taste, and responsibility.

—BARBARA HOOKS, East Brighton, Vic.

In the news...

SCHOOL newspapers need not be dull. Our senior English mistress organised a

WORD PLAY

● Some of the words teenagers are using today ("terrific," "fab," etc.) are becoming a bore. To find alternatives, my friends and I search through the dictionary during our free time and have come up with some wild and tongue-twisting words. This has not only increased our vocabulary but brings into use some uncommon words. If more people did this, conversation wouldn't be so dull. —"Intellect," Largs Bay, S.A.

School Paper Club, which was joined by any girls interested in organising a monthly news publication. Items include television and music reviews, social and sports columns, letters to the editor, and fashion notes. This has created considerable interest among students, and provides an opportunity for airing different views on school activities, as well as advertising sports matches and social events. —R. Jones, Bathurst, N.S.W.

"Voice" of Papua

I AM a Papuan schoolgirl of 14, and hope to go to high school next year. I want to learn good English so that I can teach children. It would be a good idea to have women in the House of Assembly to help the Gov-

ernment with housing and health.

In our village most of the houses are built on posts out over the sea, and we go backward and forward by canoes. We walk about half a mile to school. The school is on flat land with some coconut trees and pandanus. It's a windy place, so we have planted casuarina trees to give us shelter. —Vavine Pala Ravu, Boroko, Papua.

Count the cents

BY making an arrangement with Mother to increase my allowance, my budgeting ideas have taken a turn for the better. I now put aside money for weekly expenses, magazines, club funds, school fares, and bank. The cash left over goes toward outings such as pictures, roller-skating, dances, etc., dress material or any little extras I may want. This has strengthened my friendship with my mother, as we now discuss money matters and clothes, which, naturally, leads to talk of my schoolfriends, outings, and boyfriends. I hope other girls will try this idea and find it as rewarding. —Penny Stamford, Bardon, Qld.

FOR students interested in improving their French, I have a suggestion. Write to the Australian Embassy in Paris and ask them to get you a French correspondent. By doing this I have made two interesting male pen-pals. Their letters teach me a lot about France, and I am becoming familiar with the grammatical forms and translation. Also, my marks in French are improving. —Paula Moore, Ivanhoe, Vic.

Granny knew best

GIRLS who wonder why their grandmothers were treated better by boys, read on! Not only did the Edwardian miss conduct herself with greater decorum and work hard, she managed to retain her femininity and modesty. How is a boy expected to treat a female clad in men's skin-tight hipster jeans and leather boots, with a man's haircut (or no haircut at all — just long, droopy, styleless, shapeless fibres)? Or, alternatively, the summer version of a brazen, semi-naked specimen "modestly" attired in a bikini?

No, I didn't have an Edwardian upbringing. But one has to look a long way to find a girl to respect nowadays. In short, girls, if you want to be treated like ladies, you're going to have to stop physically tearing Normie to pieces, screaming for the Beatles, and wearing thigh-high skirts. —"Mike," Mandurah, W.A.

ROUND ROBIN



A Hard Day's Nightingale

■ Until recently I hadn't been in a hospital (as a patient) since I was a baby.

That time I didn't have much chance to notice the surroundings—my mother came to visit me early in the piece and stayed around. No one would talk to me sensibly, either. They all spoke baby-talk.

This second stay was different, however. Icy calm (I know I was icy calm—a doctor told me I had cold feet), I took everything in.

Patients, I found, seem to lose their normal identities in hospital and become labelled, even to themselves, by their complaints.

When I moved into my bed I introduced myself to the bloke alongside. "Morning," I said, "Robin Adair."

"Morning," he replied. "Hernia, strangulated."

Aha, I thought, a New Australian. What else, with a name like that? "Hungary?" I inquired.

"Yes," he said. "Devilishly. But I can't eat anything till I've had the op."

Even doctors take on this impersonal labelling. A bloke, clearly a doctor, came into the ward and all the nurses made a great fuss over him.

"Who's that?" I asked a lass.

"He's a very big Ear, Nose, and Throat," she whispered.

Come to think of it, he did have a very big nose, and ears. Not the throat, however. Very dainty.

There were complications about my operation. The theatre sister discovered I wasn't only Minor Excision (General Anaesthetic).

"You write all those horrible things about women," she said as they wheeled me in. "I'll have you at my mercy."

Now, my doctor swears he didn't put my funny-bone in plaster.

So I can only assume the sister found me rather too humerus.

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STAND-IN FOR LOVE

"MY boyfriend has been dating me irregularly for over a year, and only gives me a few hours' notice every time. Each date is casual, and, although he is very sweet to me, I know he is involved with someone overseas. He used to talk about her, but has not done so for several months, even though I know he writes to her every week. However, not being attractive, I have never had many boyfriends and count on these hastily arranged dates. Should I stop going out with him? I am extremely fond of him and hope he likes me a little in return."

"Libra," Vic.

• No wonder you have never had many boyfriends! Your defeatist attitude would be enough to dampen anyone's ardor. Snap out of it! Every girl can be attractive if she makes an effort. Obviously this boy enjoys your company or he wouldn't have dated you for so long. Find out just how involved he is with this girl overseas before you do anything about ending the friendship—and, for heaven's sake, don't always be available when he wants to take you out! If he is interested in you he'll soon give you more than just a "few hours' notice."

Why can't she forget?

"WHY is it that every time I go out with a boy I think of my former boyfriend on whom I was very keen? I try to imagine what he might be doing or where he is. Although I see him quite often, I do not feel anything for him. I went steady with him for eight months, and it is now two months since we parted."

"Puzzled," S.A.

• Why a girl clings on to memory of a dead romance is an age-old mystery no one has ever been able to solve. Perhaps it is a subconscious longing for the what-might-have-been if circumstances had been different. All you can do is to try to cancel out remembrance of how keen you were with memory of WHY you parted—it must have been for a good reason.

BEAUTY IN BRIEF

Fashionable feet

FEET are much on show this year, what with cut-out shoes and sandal shapes, and now is the time to do whatever lies within your power to show a well-groomed foot.

First, banish those bumps at the back of your heels with well-soaped pumice stone and lots of cream, even if you have to go to bed in socks to prevent marking the sheets.

Don't forget the soles of your feet — get rid of any hard skin with more pumice work.

Try an oil or cream rub before your bath and smooth in lots of hand cream at ankles and toes every night for general skin care.

A home pedicure once a week can be fitted in by most girls, and is well worth the effort and time.

For the young, wear a faint blush of cream rouge on your heels as well as your knees under one of the new short party dresses. It's a trick from the '20s and a proven success.

— Carolyn Earle

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

It's never too late

"I AM 16 and have an inferiority complex.

Although I am quite attractive, I never manage to click with a boy, because my personality isn't dynamic or sparkling. A few months ago I met a beaut boy from college at a dance and we got on quite well, although the conversation lagged a bit. Now when he passes me I pretend not to see him. Is it too late to begin to smile? I think he is interested in me, as I sometimes see him staring at me. Please help me."

"Sad Sixteen," Qld.

• Of course it's not too late to smile at this boy—the biggest, brightest one you can manage! This idea that your personality isn't "dynamic" enough to attract boys seems to have undermined your confidence so that you don't even try any more. Stop feeling sorry for yourself and knuckle down to the business of BUILDING UP your confidence. You can start by making the best of your good features, beauty-wise, and reading newspapers and magazines to improve your conversation.

Slap in the face

"I HAVE been going out with a boy for over a year. A few days ago we had an argument, and when I ran away from him he carried me back to his car. I slapped his face—it hurt me to do it, but I was so furious. He told me to forget what happened, but now I feel really ashamed of myself and get embarrassed when he looks at me. We were discussing an engagement, but now he won't even mention it. How can I make it up to him? This wasn't our first argument. I am 17 and he is 20."

"Desperate," S.A.

• Why should you and only you feel ashamed and embarrassed? I think the two of you are even-Steven in this one. I certainly can't see that you have to "make it up to him." When a boy tries the caveman caper he's lucky to get off with a slapped face. P.S.: Has it occurred to you that you may have "slapped" him into awareness that your romance is not all he thought it was!

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AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

● Our garden has rarely looked as good as it does at the moment. I have to boast about this, because all my friends are grumbling that their gardens have never looked so terrible. Mind you, their "terrible" gardens probably look a lot better than ours does, but it's all in the point of view.

THE present condition of our garden is entirely due to the long drought and the water restrictions. (Sydneyers for many months have been restricted to two brief watering periods a day by the mosquito-bitten-ankle method—you may not use a fixed hose, you must hold it in your hand.)

These very necessary restrictions mean frustration for dedicated gardeners and lots of under-watered, thirsty gardens. But not ours. Ours gets more water than usual.

Now wait a minute—don't run away with the idea that we've been cheating or that a single drop of out-of-hours water has been used here. Cross my heart, it hasn't. The (relatively) flourishing condition of our garden is due to a simple but twisted psychological effect that water restrictions have on me.

Normally I'm the most unmethodical gardener in the world. I get mad bursts of enthusiasm (usually lasting about one month) in which I cut things back and dig things up, empty out and distribute the contents of the compost pit, dig, prune, tie up, plant masses of seedlings, and even, much against my better judgment, do murderous things with sprays and snail-killer.

Then suddenly one morning I wake up and my enthusiasm has evaporated. It occurs to me that the world is full of a number of things, and that the time has come for me to start taking some notice of them.

In these periods (usually lasting about six months), everything riots again, the carefully planted seedlings disappear under the oxalis or into the digestive systems of the snails, and strange tree seedlings, from seeds donated by birds, get such a hold on life that they become permanent residents. (We've got a small oak, two 30ft. pine trees, some sort of rather hideous palm, a wattle, and a couple of erythras to prove this.)

During these long periods, under normal conditions when there are no water restrictions, the garden really does suffer from drought. I water on the "manana" system.

TOMORROW, I think, I really will start the hose frit thing in the morning and keep moving it round all day. But tomorrow hardly ever comes in my garden.

Fascinating cat-tracks on those unwashed cars

WATER restrictions present a sort of challenge to the half-hearted gardener, because they constantly draw your attention to the fact that you have only a little bit of water and you can only have it at certain rigidly defined times.

If you're a genuine half-heart, you don't use anything like the time you're allowed, but you feel compelled to do a bit of watering when the law says you may. The result has been that my July enthusiasm, instead of dying a normal death at the end of the month, has gone on and on in a most unnatural way.

My fuchsias have started to flower, my petunias are flourishing and still visible, and for the first time in history it looks as though we may actually see some cosmos instead of having to be content with the picture on the seed packet.

All this is not entirely my own work. I've got extremely cunning about that hose. Evening watering-time coincides with the time the family begin to trail in.

When they do, I am always firmly planted, hose in hand, somewhere along their homecoming track.

"Be an angel and hold it just for a couple of minutes," I say as each one appears. "Just while I get the clothes off the line, turn down the oven, put the peas on, answer the phone"—or any of the other dozen urgent things I can think of to be doing while someone does a few minutes' watering for me.

In this way, sternly ignoring the cries of "Oh, Mum, you are a pest," I can sometimes get as much as 20 minutes' watering done for nothing. Of course, the whole system breaks down and falls apart on evenings when members of the family are inconsiderate enough to walk home together and arrive at the same moment.

The one water restriction (now lifted) which didn't really bother members of this family much was the ban on using a hose to wash a car. I agree that it's perfectly possible to wash a car with a sponge and a bucket of

water—possible but not probable if you're talking about our car.

While that restriction was on, thoroughly dirty cars became quite the thing in Sydney, and they provided you with some fascinating bits of information about total strangers.

In dry weather, in a crowded parking lot, you could tell at a glance what proportion of the population were cat-lovers. Come to think of it, a lot of them may have been cat-haters whose hatred grew considerably during the

restrictions, but at least you knew they were members of a family in which there was at least one cat-lover and at least one cat.

Cats adore walking on cars. Our four find it entirely necessary, at least once in every 24 hours, to hop up on to the back of the car, inch their way along the side past the closed window (closed to stop them making it a communal dormitory), track backward and forward along the boot, circumnavigate by walking along the other side, hop up on the roof to have a look there, and then descend by way of the windscreen, leaving footprints on the glass.

By this method, on a dusty car, they can achieve a fascinating all-over pawprint pattern in no time at all. Our car is always marked like this. I thought it was just because our cats are mad.

But during the car-washing restrictions I was interested to see hundreds of cars round Sydney sporting the distinctive, all-over dust-and-cat pattern.



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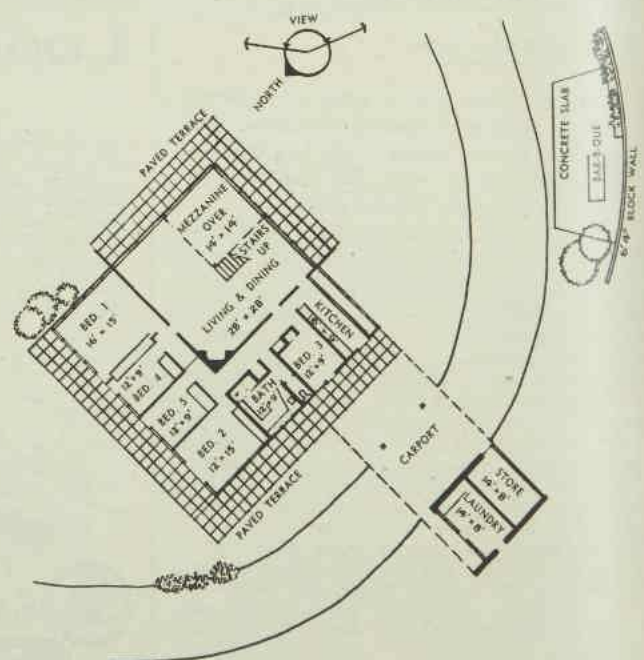
LINKS WITH THE



● Exterior of the Kenmore, Brisbane, home of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Petrie. The steeply sloping roof is formed by two triangular planes. The house, set on a high ridge, is well back from the road and is reached by a long driveway.

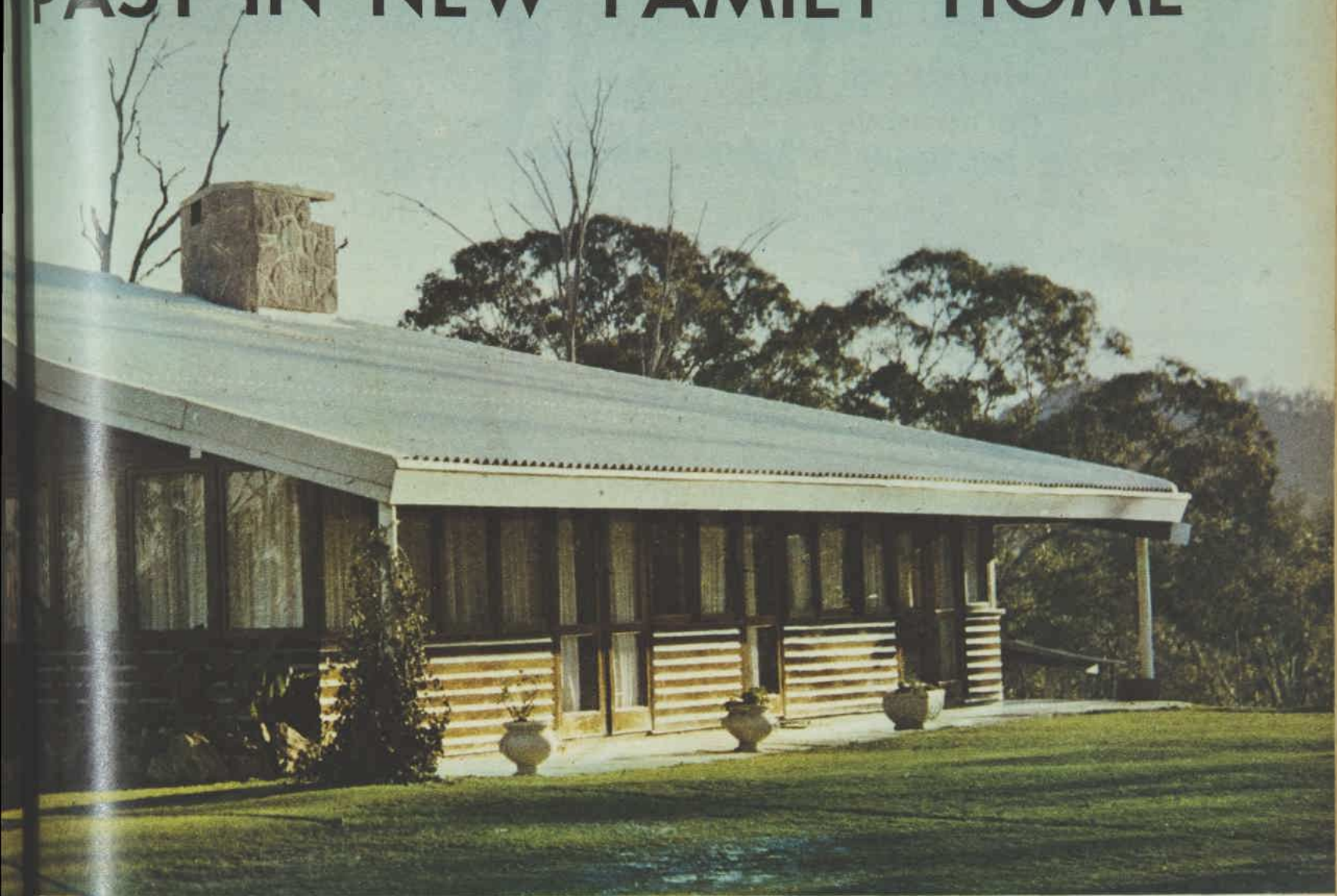


HOUSE of the WEEK



● The living-room, with its magnificent porphyry stone fireplace and different kinds of timbers, is a well-used, comfortable family room.

PAST IN NEW FAMILY HOME



● "Timbers," new home of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Petrie, in Kenmore, Brisbane, contains family souvenirs of an earlier age.

Continued on page 71

Photographs by Bob Millar



● Delightful covered barbecue, designed to accommodate a large number of people for informal entertaining, is especially popular with young family members.

● Comfortable timbered gallery, used as a television loft, is approached by a staircase from the living-room. Tall windows look out over the surrounding hills.



Page 69



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HOUSE of the WEEK . . . continued

IN the Kenmore home of the historic Petrie family in Brisbane are family reminders of bygone years. The present Petrie family at Kenmore comprises Mr. and Mrs. Donald Petrie, their daughter Jennifer, 21 (now on an overseas visit), son Hamish, 18, a science student at Queensland University, and twins Anthony and Melinda, aged 14.

Mrs. Donald Petrie is especially fond of a lovely old chair in the living-room, which is at least 120 years old and is now upholstered in a violet color. It was built by the firm of Petries in Brisbane's early days. The chair is of cedar, and no nails were used in its construction.

A handmade satinwood portable writing desk with brass inlays is another prized family possession. It belonged to Mr. Petrie's great-great-grandfather, Mr. Andrew Petrie, who used to take it with him on carriage journeys. It looks like a largish box and opens up into a desk.

Mr. Andrew Petrie was Brisbane's first Superintendent of Works. He came from Scotland to Sydney in 1831 and entered government service as Supervisor of Building. He went to Brisbane in 1837, when he was 32 years old, to direct the building work of convicts.

Later, when Brisbane was opened for settlement, he formed the engineering, architectural, and building firm of A. L. Petrie. One of the first firms registered in Queensland, it also made furniture and bricks.

City buildings

The firm built the present General Post Office in Queen Street, Brisbane, and the present Deanery in Ann Street, adjoining St. John's Anglican Cathedral.

Mr. Andrew Petrie's home was on a bank of the Brisbane River, where the city's Customs House now stands in Queen Street. Petrie Street, which starts at this point, was named after him.

One of Andrew's sons, Mr. John Petrie, became Brisbane's first Mayor (they didn't have Lord Mayors then). He lived at Albion Heights, and his original home is now included in the present St. Margaret's School. The street alongside it is called Petrie Street after Mr. John Petrie.

Another son, Tom Petrie, built a home and grazed cattle near the township now called Petrie.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Petrie bought their home, "Timbers," after it had been built two years.

The architect was Mr. J. van den Broek.

The house sits on a high ridge at Kenmore, on 3½ acres, with a pleasing view looking over open stretches of country toward the city.

Features wood

Timber is used throughout the house.

The walling in the living-room is 12in. wide horizontal oregon boarding, with the doors lined to match the walls.

In the roof structure, which is of an interesting architectural form, the rafters are dressed exposed clear finished blue gum. The ceiling is of blue gum boarding laid on top of the rafters and clear finished.

The external boarding and the internal walls of the passage, and also the bedroom linings, are of horizontal yellow stringy bark, with the exception of the main bedroom, which has oregon walling.

The built-in wardrobes in the bedrooms are of cedar.

The bathroom has ceramic tiled walls and floors, a sunken tiled bath, vanity benches, and a glass-partitioned shower-recess across the end of the room.

Flooring throughout the house is of concrete, with parquet in the living areas.

The barbecue area toward the back of the house is designed so it is sheltered from the main winds and can accommodate a large number of people for informal entertaining.

— Jean Bruce

Mrs. Donald Petrie is sitting in a chair made by a family firm in Brisbane 120 years ago. The handmade satinwood portable writing desk on the carpet near Melinda Petrie is also a family piece.



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Page 71

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COLES

SERVING THE PEOPLE OF A NATION!

WOMEN and

By **MERLE THORNTON**, philosophy teacher at the
University of Queensland.

● There is a good deal of confusion in this
country about what equality for women would be
like. The application of a few applicable but
limited criteria leads to unjustified complacency.

This complacency is
widespread and is
found even among people
with generally radical
and egalitarian ideas.

Far too much weight is
given to the unconcealed
legal and institutional dis-
criminations. The kind of
criteria I want to criticise
could be summed up by ask-
ing whether there are any
important things women
really want to do but are
prevented from doing by
legal or institutional obstacles.

This, however, only
scratches the surface in find-
ing out how far women are
from equality.

More fundamental ques-
tions are: "Do women
(averagely) perform much
less well than men in every
non-domestic field? Are
their rewards and status
much lower in every such
way?"

Further: "Is this a position
women choose under con-
ditions of informed and open
choice?"

The general assumption un-
derlying the first question is
that if formal barriers which
exclude women are removed,
women who are prepared to
compete "on an equal basis"
will be able to do so. And it
is further assumed that where
there are formal exclusions
felt by women to be dis-
criminatory, it is up to them
to express their disapproval.

Those whose sex egalitari-
anism is determined by
questions like the first
would feel bound to support
women actively protesting
against a specific res-
triction and this would be
about the limit of their
feminist activity.

People like the Attorney-
General of Queensland are
presumably in some such
position; he says he is pre-
pared to change the basis of
jury service in Queensland
(where a women-must-volun-
teer provision means that
women virtually never serve)
if women show that they
really want a change.

To use the second set of
questions to determine the
criteria for sex inequality
takes the emphasis off what
adult women say they want
and on to how they got to
be the way they are; how far
their present character is the
result of unequal treatment
and opportunities from birth.

To notice sex inequalities,
you need to be aware that
they cut right across all the
other inequalities. Without

this awareness, sex inequal-
ities tend to be passed off as,
or confused with, inequali-
ties to do with class origins,
individual abilities, and so
on.

In the case of any par-
ticular woman, it might be
impossible to decide which
have been the most import-
ant factors causing her in-
equality. What should be
looked at are the patterns
revealed by aggregate figures
for men and women in var-
ious fields of achievement and
status.

Once the issue of sex
inequalities is taken up in
these terms, it requires only
the most cursory examina-
tion to see that there is gross
sex inequality.

Patterns of education, em-
ployment, promotion, in-
come, status, and standing in
politics all point in the one
direction.

Education is critical. If a
girl's education has been very
much poorer than she would
have had as a boy, she can
hardly be said to have chosen
whether or not she was pre-
pared to spend a large part
of her mature energies com-
peting with men in the non-
domestic world.

Women's education is very
significantly poorer than
men's. Girl drop-outs from
school at leaving age and in
every year afterwards are

very of University of Sydney
married women graduates
found 72 percent came from
the top three of her seven
status groups, very largely
from professional families.

Then look at the kind of
education women get when
they get it. Women are
heavily concentrated in the
Arts faculties, where they
have parity of numbers.
Science is a very poor second.
Women predominate only in
the diploma courses of Social
Science and Physiotherapy,
where total numbers of
students are very small.

Arts, Social Studies, and
Physiotherapy are presu-
mably consonant with woman's
traditional roles of decoration
and nurture (Arts = accom-
plishments). School science
teaching facilities for girls
are notoriously poor; the
proportion of women in uni-
versity science faculties is
well down (20 percent).

Medicine fits the nurture
role and has been fairly hos-
pitable to women who get the
chance to attempt it. But it
requires a long and expen-
sive training for which the
community is, generally,
not prepared to back women.
So only a small proportion of
doctors are women.

Engineers graduating from
Australian universities from
1959 to 1963 inclusive

Parents less inclined to finance girls' studies

much more numerous, so
that there are twice as many
17-or-over boys as girls still
at school.

In tertiary education a girl
has less than half as much
chance of going to university
as a boy.

Last year, for example, less
than 28 percent of full-time
university students were
women; the inclusion of part-
time and external students
lowers the figure to 26 per-
cent. Wastage of women at
university level continues to
be higher than for men, so
that their relative chances of
graduating are even smaller.

Scholarships are less avail-
able but more critical for
women, since parents are less
prepared to finance their
studies. If a girl's father
is not of professional or upper
social status, her chances of
reaching university are
dramatically lower.

Madge Dawson, in a sur-

totalled 3335. Three were
women.

Thus, most university-
educated women are Arts-
educated, so that by and large
they are not destined for the
kinds of professional work
which offer higher status and
rewards.

Considerably more than
half become schoolteachers,
a profession which follows
the rule throughout the pro-
fessional and non-professional
work force: many women,
therefore low status and re-
wards.

Why are Australian women
so drastically under-educated
by the standards of Australia-
men? And why do those who
manage to get a higher edu-
cation get the sort of educa-
tion they do?

No doubt the reasons are
complex and imperfectly un-
derstood, even by those who
take the trouble to ask. In some cases there is

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 23, 1966

INEQUALITY

"Patterns of education, employment, promotion, income, status, and standing in politics all point in one direction."

not much complexity about it — brute discrimination is the answer.

One example is refusal of the Queensland Public Service Scholarship Scheme to consider girl applicants for bonded scholarships in all but a couple of university faculties.

In addition to such crude factors there is that great aggregation of differences in the way society treats girls; in what it expects from them from birth.

Some differences of treatment may not favor boys and some may be indifferent, but the overall result heavily favors them in developing intellect and nearly all non-domestic abilities.

There are some feminists whose sex egalitarianism has an apartheid flavor. ("We can be equal though different; feminists who think aping men means equality are mistaken.")

Such a view has to face up to the fact that the Australian way of bringing up boys does, by and large, result in the development of more able persons than the way of bringing up girls.

A girl is systematically — if not with complete consistency — encouraged to set her objectives low, and to doubt her abilities and the prudence of having too much ability. Her inferior training soon gives substance to her lack of confidence.

A girl is encouraged to expect adult satisfactions and responsibilities based on husband and children. Her style of life, status, and standard of living, she is taught, will come from those of the man she is able to attract.

The development of personal abilities, status, and income in activities lasting throughout mature life enter this projected picture of the girl's adulthood in a hazy way as the sort of lesser alternative she might consider if unsuccessful in the real business of her life.

Low motivation is surely women's most serious handicap, possessed as they are with formal political power more than sufficient to brush

away active discriminations with contempt.

It is an indispensable part of the conception of equality of opportunity that people who are to enjoy it must have the sort of education which enables them equally to be aware of the possibilities and potentialities it is formally open to them to develop.

A choice of adult endeavor — domesticity, sheet metal work, or veterinary science — must be a choice between genuine alternatives a person's education has enabled him or her to recognise.

The kind of upbringing and education given to girls is even more staggeringly effective than one might guess in pressing women into a uniform role. At the 1961 census, nearly one-fifth of

in the total work force has risen from 2.4 in 1933, through 4.4 at the 1947 census, to 9.6 at the 1961 census.

A Commonwealth Treasury projection indicates the percentage will reach 13.4 in 1976.

These figures show a lag even when compared with a comparable country like Canada, where married women made up 13.6 percent of the work force in 1962.

The acceptance or not of married women workers is highly important in influencing the picture the community has of a girl's future. The girl's own image of her future is also affected; hence the kind of education she is likely to seek or be offered.

Thus the retention of archaisms like the marriage

standard, this is a striking figure for comparison.

Soviet women's comparative share of more prestige work is roughly indicated by 1961 percentages of women in professions. The two million women professional workers with a higher education then made up 53 percent of all such professional people. Women were, for example, 74 percent of doctors (Australia 11 percent); 41 percent of agronomists, livestock experts, veterinarians (Australia eight percent); 31 percent of lawyers (Australia four percent); 31 percent of engineers (Australia 0.09 percent).

This level of work-force participation has been achieved in the Soviet Union only with full legal and institutional support of working women by, among other things, equal pay, fully paid maternity leave, and State-provided maternity homes, nurseries, kindergartens.

Despite the very rapid rate of building, there are not enough Soviet kindergartens to meet the demand. But then this is a comparison with Australia, where many people and most governments still regard kindergartens as a frill and where social attitudes to the working mother are such that many a one would rather say she is late for work because her nail varnish would not dry than because her child is ill.

What should be the general aims of someone who seeks equality of opportunity for men and women? Perhaps ideally a society so arranged that opportunities were kept as open as possible for any person to choose the life style and field of endeavor best suited to his individuality.

In such a society, for example, men would not be ashamed to cook, or to be kindergarteners; women would not be ashamed to be aggressive, or unmarried, or childless, or undomesticated, or intellectual. Perhaps one could call it the person-centred society.

Meantime, feminists of either sex who have an eye to current strategy will bear in mind that Australian women have more to gain from becoming more like men than men have to gain from becoming more like women.

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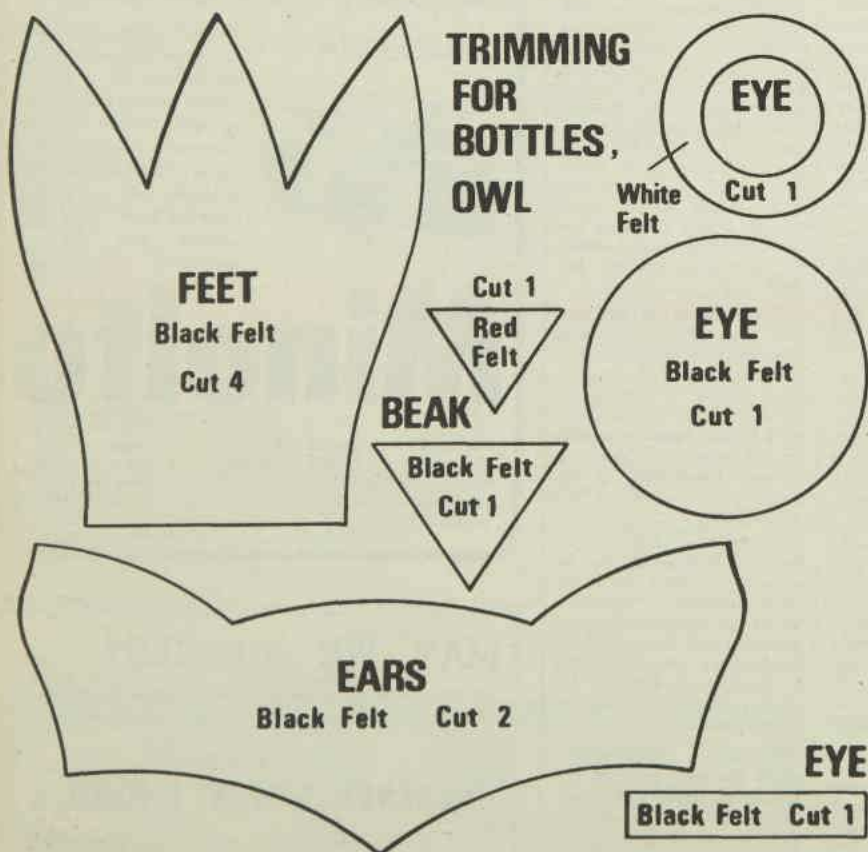
What do you think?

Do you agree or disagree with Merle Thornton's views on the inequality of women in Australia? Write and give us your comments on this article. We will publish the best letters.



PRESENTS TO PLEASE ALL AGES

TEACOSIES, striped or checked, and a poodle which can be a bottle cover or toy can all be made between now and Christmas. See directions on the opposite page for these lovely gifts.



TOY TIGER, coathangers, and two individual bottle covers cater for a wide range of gift age groups. Diagrams at left are for trimming owl cover above. Directions for making are on opposite page.

The gifts that give most pleasure are the ones you make yourself

PLEATED TEACOSIES

Note: The different sizes for these teacosies are obtained by using the wool and needles recommended below. Materials are the same for striped and checked cosies.

Pleats are made by drawing each color across the color just used and keeping all strands to wrong side of work throughout. Always twist wools when changing color.

Materials:
1st Size (for large pot): 4 balls main color (A), 4 balls contrast color (B) Emu Prettyquick; 1 pair No. 3 knitting needles.

2nd Size (for medium pot): 4 balls main color (A), 4 balls contrast color (B) Emu Magnum; 1 pair No. 6 knitting needles.

3rd Size (for small pot): 2 balls main color (A), 2 balls contrast color (B) Emu Sports, Scotch Double Knitting, Double Crepe or Bri-Nylon Double Knitting; 1 pair No. 8 needles.

STRIPED COSY (Make two pieces)

Using A, cast on 62 sts. and k 1 row. Join in B.

1st Row (right side): K 7A, * 6B, 6A, rep. from * to last 7 sts., 7B.

2nd Row: P 7B, * 6A, 6B, rep. from * to last 7 sts., 7A.

Rep. these 2 rows until work measures 6in. from beg. on Prettyquick and Magnum versions, 5in. from beg. on the Double Knitting version, ending with 2nd pattern row.

To Shape for Top—1st Row: K 1A, * k 2A tog., k 2A, k 2A tog., k 2B tog., k 2B, k 2B tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1B (42 sts.).

2nd Row: P 1B, * 4B, 4A, rep. from * to last st., 1A.

3rd Row: K 1A, * 4A, 4B, rep. from * to last st., 1B.

4th Row: As 2nd row.

5th Row: K 1A, * (k 2A tog.) twice, (k 2B tog.) twice, rep. from * to last st., k 1B (22 sts.).

6th Row: P 1B, * 2B, 2A, rep. from * to last st., 1A.

7th Row: K 1A, * k 2A tog., k 2B tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1B, (12 sts.).

8th Row: P 1B, * 1B, 1A, rep. from * to last st., 1A.

Break wool, thread through remaining sts., draw up and fasten off securely.

TO MAKE UP

Fold side edges to wrong side, slip-stitch down to make another pleat. Sew up side seams, leaving an opening either side to fit teapot. Make a pompon for top. To make pompon: cut two pieces of cardboard 2½in. in diameter, then cut hole ½in. in diameter in centre. Wind wool over rings until centre hole is filled. With sharp pair of scissors, cut through wool at outer edge. With double wool, bind round centre of pompon between the two pieces of cardboard. Knot and fasten off securely. Fluff out and trim.

CHECKED COSY (Make two pieces)

Using A, cast on 62 sts. and k 1 row. Join in B.

1st Row (right side): K 7A, * 6B, 6A, rep. from * to last 7 sts., 7B.

2nd Row: P 7B, * 6A, 6B, rep. from * to last 7 sts., 7A.

Rep. these 2 rows twice more.

7th Row: K 7B, * 6A, 6B, rep. from * to last 7 sts., 7A.

8th Row: P 7A, * 6B, 6A, rep. from * to last 7 sts., 7B.

Rep. these 2 rows twice more.

These 12 rows form pattern.

Continue in pattern until work measures 6in. from beg. on Prettyquick and Magnum versions and 5in. from beg. on Double Knitting version, ending with a wrong side row.

To Shape for Top: Keep continuity of check pattern. Work thus:

1st Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., k 2, (k 2 tog.) twice, k 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1 (42 sts.).

Pattern 3 rows.

5th Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1 (22 sts.).

6th Row: Pattern to end.

7th Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1 (12 sts.).

8th Row: Pattern to end.

Break wool, thread through remaining stitches, draw up and fasten off securely.

TO MAKE UP

Follow instructions for Striped Cosy.

POODLE TOY OR BOTTLE COVER

NOSE

Cast on 12 sts. and work 1½ inches in garter-st.

Next Row: * K 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end (8 sts.). Knit 1 row.

Next Row: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end (4 sts.).

Thread wool through remaining sts., draw up and fasten off securely.

Make 8 pompons 2½ inches in diameter; make 2 pompons 1½ inches in diameter (follow pompon directions for teacosy).

TO MAKE UP

Join back seams. Thread elastic through holes in bottle cover base and join securely. Sew 1 large pompon to back seam at bottom, then sew 4 large pompons on front for legs. Using small pieces of cotton wool, stuff nose and sew securely to centre front of head ½in. from holes. Embroider mouth. Sew on 2 buttons for eyes. Sew large pompon to each side of face and top of head. Sew 2 small pompons between these. Take 4 strands light colored wool, thread through holes at neck and knot each end. Tie in bow.

POODLE TOY

Work as Bottle Cover.

TO MAKE UP

Assemble as bottle cover. Insert circle of cardboard 3 inches in diameter into bottom of body. Make roll of cotton wool 3 inches in diameter and 13 inches long. Insert this into base firmly, leaving excess free for head. Run a strong thread through the holes at top of base and pull up tightly. Tie securely. Thin the cotton wool out slightly. Place head over this, pull down, and stitch over body.

Materials: 4 balls Emu Sports, Scotch Double Knitting, Double Crepe or Bri-Nylon Double Knitting; 1 pair knitting needles, No. 8; 2 buttons; short length of contrast color wool; 6 inches narrow elastic; cardboard for base of toy; cotton wool for stuffing (toy only).

BOTTLE COVER BODY

Cast on 49 sts. K 2 rows.

Next Row: * K 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st. K 1.

Continue in garter-st. (every row k) until work measures 7½ inches from beg.

** Next Row: * K 5, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end (42 sts.). Knit 3 rows.

Next Row: * K 4, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end (35 sts.). Knit 3 rows.

Next Row: * K 3, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end (28 sts.). ** Knit 3 rows.

Next Row: * K 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end (21 sts.). Knit 1 row.

Next Row: K 1, * k 2 tog., rep. from * to end. (11 sts.).

Thread wool through remaining sts., draw up and fasten securely.

HEAD

Cast on 49 sts. K 3 rows.

Follow instructions for body from ** to **.

Next Row: * K 1, w.fwd., k 2 tog., rep. from * to last st., k 1.

Continue without shaping for 3 inches.

Next Row: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end. (14 sts.). Knit 1 row.

Next Row: * K 2 tog., rep. from * to end. (7 sts.).

Thread wool through remaining sts., draw up and fasten off securely.

TOY TIGER IN COTTON

Materials: Strutt's Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4, 2oz. main color, m.c., 2oz. 1st contrast (c.c. 1), 2oz. 2nd contrast (c.c. 2); 1 pair Aero knitting needles No. 10; kapok for stuffing.

Note: Cotton is used double throughout. Join seams on right side.

BODY

With m.c., cast on 39 sts. K 4 rows. Change to c.c. 1 and k 2 rows. Rep. last 6 rows 9 times. Change to m.c., k 4 rows, then cast off.

Fold in half lengthwise and seam, leaving one end open for filling. Fill with kapok and sew up opening.

LEGS

With m.c., cast on 14 sts. and k 1 row. Inc. each end of next row. K 4 rows.

Dec. at beg. of next row. Dec. at end of next row. Rep. last 2 rows.

Dec. each end of next row. Dec. at end of next row.

* Change to c.c. 1 and k 2 rows. Change to m.c. and k 4 rows. Rep. last 6 rows.

K 2 rows c.c. 1, inc. each end of 2nd row. K 4 rows m.c. Rep. last 6 rows.

Change to c.c. 1 and k 2 rows. Change to m.c., dec. each end of next 3 rows. * Cast off.

Cast on 14 sts. and k 1 row. Inc. each end of next row. K 4 rows.

Dec. at end of next row. Dec. at beg. of next row. Rep. last 2 rows.

Dec. each end of next row. Dec. beg. of next row.

Rep. from * to * of first part of leg. Cast off.

Join two halves tog., leaving opening for filling. Fill firmly and sew up opening. Embroider claws as shown in picture opposite. Make three more legs in same way and sew to body.

HEAD

With m.c., cast on 14 sts. and k 4 rows. Inc. at beg. of next row. Inc. at beg. and end of next row.

* Cast on 3 sts. K 1 row. Inc. at end of next row. Rep. from * once. K 10 rows.

Dec. at beg. of next row. Dec. at end of next row. Rep. last 2 rows.

Dec. at beg. of next row.

K 7 sts., turn and k back. K 8 sts., turn and k back. K 9 sts., turn and k back. K 2 tog., k 8, turn and k back. Dec. each end of next 3 rows. Cast off.

Work another piece the same. Join halves tog., leaving cast-on edges open. Fill well, gather, and draw up opening.

NECK

With m.c., cast on 28 sts. and k 2 rows. Change to c.c. 1 and k 2 rows. Change to m.c. and k 2 rows. Cast off.

Join short edges tog. and fill. Sew long edge to head and other long edge to body, put in extra filling as you sew to make neck firm.

EARS

With m.c., cast on 11 sts. and k 3 rows. Inc. at each end of next row. K 5 rows. Dec. each end of next 4 rows. Cast off.

Make three more pieces in the same way. Join two pieces tog., twice. Sew ears in place. Embroider features as shown in photograph.

TAIL

With c.c. 1, cast on 9 sts. and k 2 rows. Change to m.c. and k 4 rows. Rep. last 6 rows once.

Change to c.c. 1 and k 2 rows, inc. each end of 2nd row.

Change to m.c. and k 4 rows.

Change to c.c. 1 and k 2 rows.

Change to m.c. and k 4 rows.

Change to c.c. 1 and k 2 rows, inc. each end of 2nd row.

Cont. in striped pattern as established until there are 10 m.c. stripes altogether.

Change to c.c. 1 and k 1 row, inc. at each end. K 1 row.

Change to m.c. and k 1 row. Cast off.

Fold in half lengthwise and stitch, leaving cast-off end open. Stuff firmly and sew tail in place. Cut whiskers from string and sew in place.

TIE

With c.c. 2, cast on 6 sts. and k 158 rows. Cast off. Tie in bow round neck.

BOTTLE POPOVERS

DOG

Materials: 4oz. Strutt's Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4; 1 pair Aero knitting needles No. 9; small pieces black and red felt.

Measurements: Completed cover measures 11in. long.

Tension: 6 sts. to 1in.

BODY

Cast on 65 sts. and work in moss-st. (k 1, p 1 to end of every row) for 10in.

To Shape Top: K 2 tog., moss-st. 29 sts., work 3 sts. tog., moss-st. 29 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., moss-st. 27 sts., work 1 tog., moss-st. 27 sts., k 2 tog.

Next Row: K 2 tog., moss-st. 25 sts., work 1 tog., moss-st. 25 sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. in this way until there are 15 sts. between dec. Cast off, still dec. on cast off row.

EARS

Cast on 5 sts. and work in moss-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 2nd and 3rd rows. Cont. straight until work measures 6in. from beg. Cast off. Work another ear the same.

TOP KNOT

Wind cotton about 200 times over a 1½in.-wide piece of cardboard; slip off cardboard and tie in centre. Trim and sew in position.

FEET

Wind cotton about 80 times over a 1in.-wide piece of cardboard, finish as top knot.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side seam and across top. Stitch top knot in position and sew feet at front edge. Cut eye as shown in picture from black felt and sew in position. For nose, cut a 2in. circle of red felt; work row of running sts. round edge and draw up, stiffening with a little cottonwool. Sew on as illustrated.

OWL

Materials: 3oz. Strutt's Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4; 1 pair No. 9 Aero knitting needles; small pieces black, red, and white felt.

Measurements: Completed length, 11in.

Tension: 6 sts. to 1in.

BODY

Work as for dog, see above.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side seam and across top. Trace shapes for felt pieces through greaseproof paper from diagram on opposite page and cut out. Sew round outer edges of ears and feet, stuff with a little cottonwool, sew in position. Glue eyes and beak in position as illustrated with red piece on top of beak.

KNITTED COATHANGERS

Materials: 1oz. Strutt's Milford Knitting Cotton No. 4 for each hanger; 1 pair Aero knitting needles No. 9.

Tension: 6 sts. to 1in.

DESIGN No. 1

Cast on 13 sts. Work in garter-st. for 16½in. Cast off.

DESIGN No. 2

Cast on 13 sts. Work in st-st. for 16½in. Cast off.

DESIGN No. 3

Cast on 13 sts. Work moss-st. (k 1, p 1 to end on every row) for 16½in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side ends and turn inside out. Place hanger hook through centre of knitted strip and sew long edges tog. Wind cotton round hook as closely as possible and glue end to secure.



'Oh! 'darkly, deeply,
beautifully blue,'

BYRON

LUCAS
Vanity Fair

LUC10.HP

Style HC 692. Graceful ankle length house coat, cool and comfortable in easy going nylon tricot. As brilliantly patterned as a Persian mosaic. Here in Lagoon; also in Marine (green, yellow) and Tropicana (pink, red). Sizes 12-18. \$18.

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

Summer-flowering trees

- **Jacarandas**
- **Flame trees**
- **Silky oaks**
- **Cape chestnut**



● Flowers of *Grevillea robusta*, the tall-growing silky oak.

By Allan Seale

● Many beautiful summer-flowering trees are among the most adaptable and easy to grow. Even if there isn't room for them in the garden, they may be acceptable for planting as street trees.

JACARANDA

MOST of the gay summer trees come from the Southern Hemisphere. The Jacaranda, originally from Brazil and Argentina, has greatly enhanced our summer landscape. The blue carpet it spreads beneath the tree is as picturesque as its bell-clustered branches.

Then, in winter, in most climates the leaves gradually turn deep gold, until from a distance the tree resembles a huge wattle. The foliage holds this color until it is shed in early spring.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 52

The tree remains dormant for a few months, then flower buds appear. New foliage follows the flower. On some trees, flowers and foliage come together.

During the dormant spring period the trees may be pruned, but only when growth must be kept within limits. After heavy pruning an excess of new shoots will break away, usually a foot or two below each cut. All but a few of these should be rubbed off while young and sappy. Remaining new growths tending to shoot skyward may be checked by pinching out the growing tip when the desired height is reached.

Climate: Jacarandas grow best in warm to mild coastal climates. They also survive in inland districts where frosts are severe, but in these areas their growth is usually slow and inclined to be stunted.

Planting time: If the trees are grown in containers and the roots won't be disturbed, they can be planted at any time. The exception would be in cool districts, where spring or early summer planting would be preferable so the trees would have plenty of time to establish before winter.

Comparatively large trees can be dug and transplanted fairly safely during the spring dormant period, but in a few years these are likely to be bypassed by young seedling trees planted out at the same time.

Jacarandas rarely grow more than 25 to 50ft. high, but old trees often develop a spread of about 20ft., and shouldn't be planted closer than 15 to 20ft. apart.

They are spectacular when alternated with flame trees or silky oaks, which flower at the same time. *Jacaranda mimosaeifolia* is the fine-leaved species

so well known in Australia, and the most attractive member of the genus.

FLAME TREES

Flame-red bells

The Illawarra Flame is known botanically as *Sterculia acerifolia* (or *Brachychiton acerifolia*). The common name, flame tree, often causes confusion, as it is sometimes also linked with *Erythrina indica*, or coral tree, which flowers in winter.

This *Sterculia*, or flame tree, a native of Australia's coastal rain-forest regions, is a comparatively tall, column-shaped tree, and during November-December is brilliant with showers of waxy flame-red bells. The branchlets carrying them are the same rich color. A tree from a distance can look like a huge tongue of flame.

The flame tree doesn't bloom regularly each year. Sometimes only one side of the tree will flower, or it may miss a flowering season entirely. It is deciduous during late winter if it is going to flower the following summer, and a tree may be carrying foliage on one side and be deciduous on the other. In my observation, only the deciduous section will flower during summer.

Flame trees are suited to any but cool climates and frosty inland areas. Like the Kurrajong, another well-known member of the genus, they withstand dryness well. There is an interesting hybrid derived by crossing the Illawarra flame and Kurrajong — *Sterculia hybrida*, with handsome, glossy foliage similar to the flame, and masses of pink bells in early summer.

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 53

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK



● Perfect combination of summer color — glowing red *Brachychiton acerifolia*, the flame tree, and the blue *Jacaranda mimosaeifolia*. *Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 54*

Under cultivation, the average height of a flame tree would be 20 to 30ft., and width about 10ft.

From containers, they may be planted at any time of the year, but spring-summer would be preferable in cooler areas. Having a long taproot, they don't transplant well from the ground. I have known them survive—and sulk for about 25 years without making any further growth.

SILKY OAK

A potplant in Europe

The Silky Oak (*Grevillea robusta*) is described in Bailey's Encyclopedia of Horticulture as "One of the finest of the fern-leaved plants," and in Britain it is known as Florists' Fern. It is grown there, as a potplant, for its fern-like foliage.

The Royal Horticultural Society recently featured it as a spotting plant for annuals, grown under glass during winter, and bedded here and there among the flower-beds in summer to give a soft, fernlike effect.

We know this tree in its native North Coastal regions as a forest giant growing to 150ft. Its growth seems relative to warmth and humidity. In Ceylon they are reported to grow rapidly, making a trunk 8ft. around in five years.

They grow well in frosty inland areas, provided there is plenty of warmth in summer.

The *Grevillea* belongs to the Proteaceae family along with *Banksia*, *Hakea*, *Stenocarpus*, and *Waratah*. Its

Gardening Book, Vol. 3—page 55

spidery flowers of brilliant orange are arranged in a long, brushlike formation and often cover the upper parts of the tree at this time of the year.

For large-scale planting they combine delightfully with the jacaranda. Usually the flowers are out at the same time, and the tall spire of the silky oak pleasantly relieves the broad-domed jacaranda. Trees don't flower until well established. Silky oak is also valued for its attractive timber, used for furniture and interior panelling.

CAPE CHESTNUT

Orchid-like flowers

The Cape Chestnut (*Calodendron capensis*) is another handsome and adaptable summer-flowering tree which grows in all but the coldest areas of Australia.

It has the same spreading form as the jacaranda, with bold and handsome evergreen foliage. The flowering period, more variable than the other trees mentioned, may range from early November to February. The individual flowers are not unlike small orchids—pale pink, usually with deeper spots, clustered in large heads above the glossy foliage.

In most climates the Cape Chestnut rarely exceeds 15-20ft. in height, but often develops an umbrella-like spread of about 20ft. Trees only flower well after they reach maturity, rarely before seven to ten years, but are worth waiting for. The growth is also attractive in the early stages.

A word to the man who wants to get fresh



TANG

Freshness that

stays with a man



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with a gift of
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for Christmas

Choose from the
full range of
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Page 77

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Why your modern foods need the 2 kinds of cold you'll find only in

Behind the new Kelvinator "Pretty Face" look you'll find the best of all refrigerator-freezer systems. No other refrigerator can do so many things, so well, as 'Foodarama'. 1966 is a vintage year to buy one!



This is the new
**Pretty
Face
Look**

DRY COLD IN THE FREEZER dry sub-zero air for frozen food

The "NO FROST" fan circulates a dry sub-zero breeze in your freezer, and just won't let frost form. That means no chipping, scraping or defrosting, ever! Frozen food packets never stick together and their labels can always be clearly read. And having 2 doors, 'Foodarama's' freezer temperatures are never affected by your visits to the refrigerator. In fact, correct balance is *automatically* maintained, even in sudden weather changes.

MOIST COLD IN THE REFRIGERATOR so fresh food can't dry out!

No fan here, because that would dry out meats, greens and salads. Instead, "MOIST COLD" with cyclic automatic defrost keeps food fresh in varying temperature zones from top to bottom. Best of all, there's no chance of food flavours from refrigerator tainting freezer foods, and vice versa. (There's no fan to circulate them). 2 kinds of cold, 2 separate sealed-off cabinets keep flavours tastefully apart.

NO DEFROSTING ANYWHERE

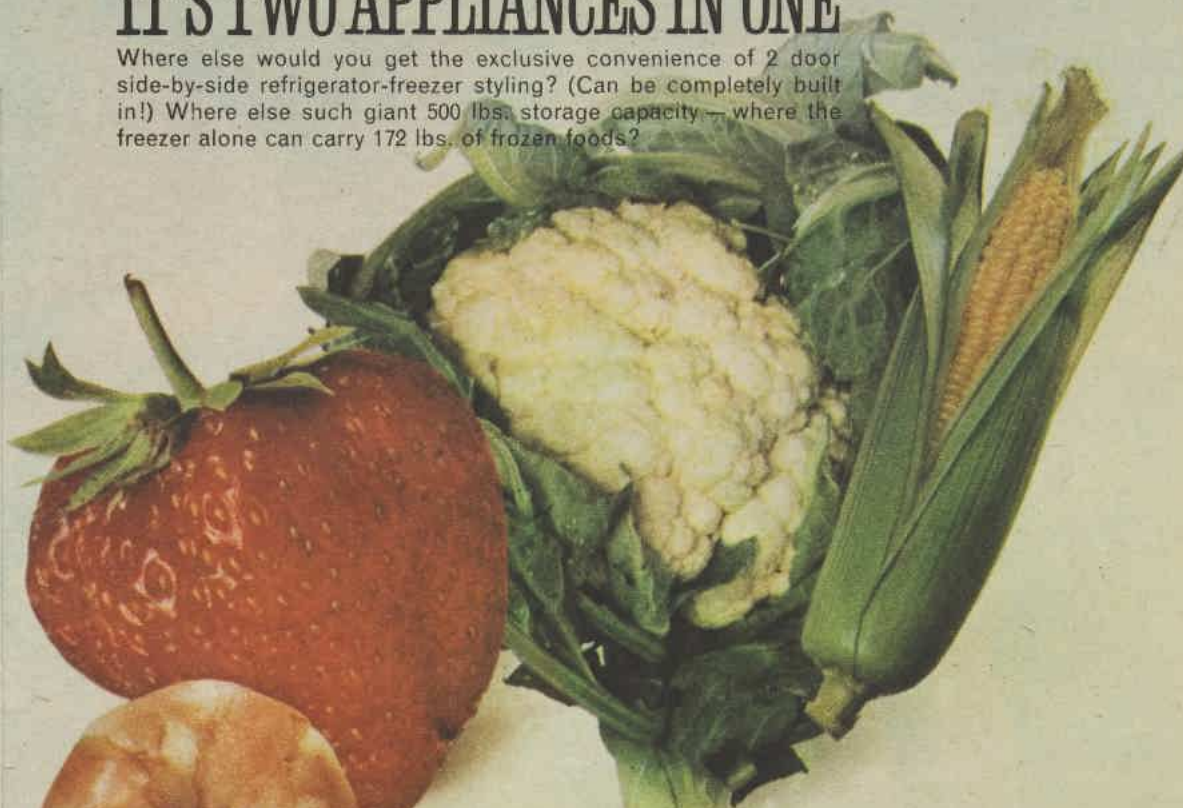
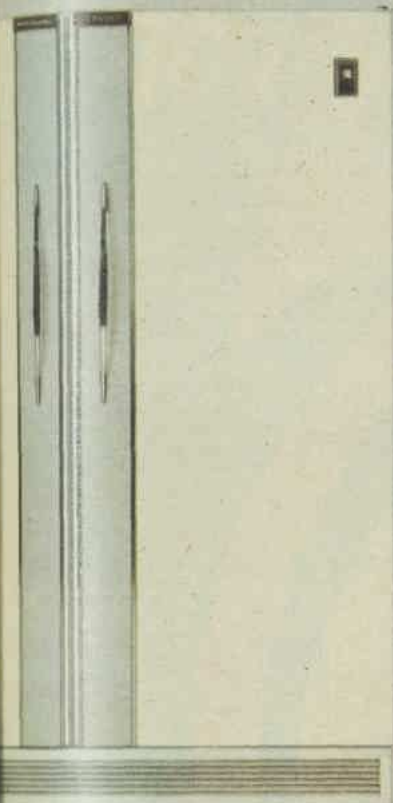
Frost is a thing of the past, in both cabinets.



Kelvinator **NO-FROST** FOODARAMA

IT'S TWO APPLIANCES IN ONE

Where else would you get the exclusive convenience of 2 door side-by-side refrigerator-freezer styling? (Can be completely built in!) Where else such giant 500 lbs. storage capacity — where the freezer alone can carry 172 lbs. of frozen foods?



Buy big. Buy in bulk. Cut down on your shopping expeditions. Buy fruit, vegetables and other favourites in season, and enjoy them months later when they cost twice as much.

More fresh thinking by Kelvinator. The look that will lead refrigerator styling for many years to come. Sleeker, beautiful exteriors. Sculptured handles. The touch of textured silver.

Inside, white is excitingly in

distancing white that goes with any and every kitchen decor. Combined with silver shelving, removable in both freezer and refrigerator, this is the great white look that's always right.

When you entertain it's heavenly to be able to prepare the meal a day or so in advance. Just keep it fresh and ready in your 'Foodarama'.

Yes, even cakes, too! Butter fillings stay moist and iced cakes really set beautifully.



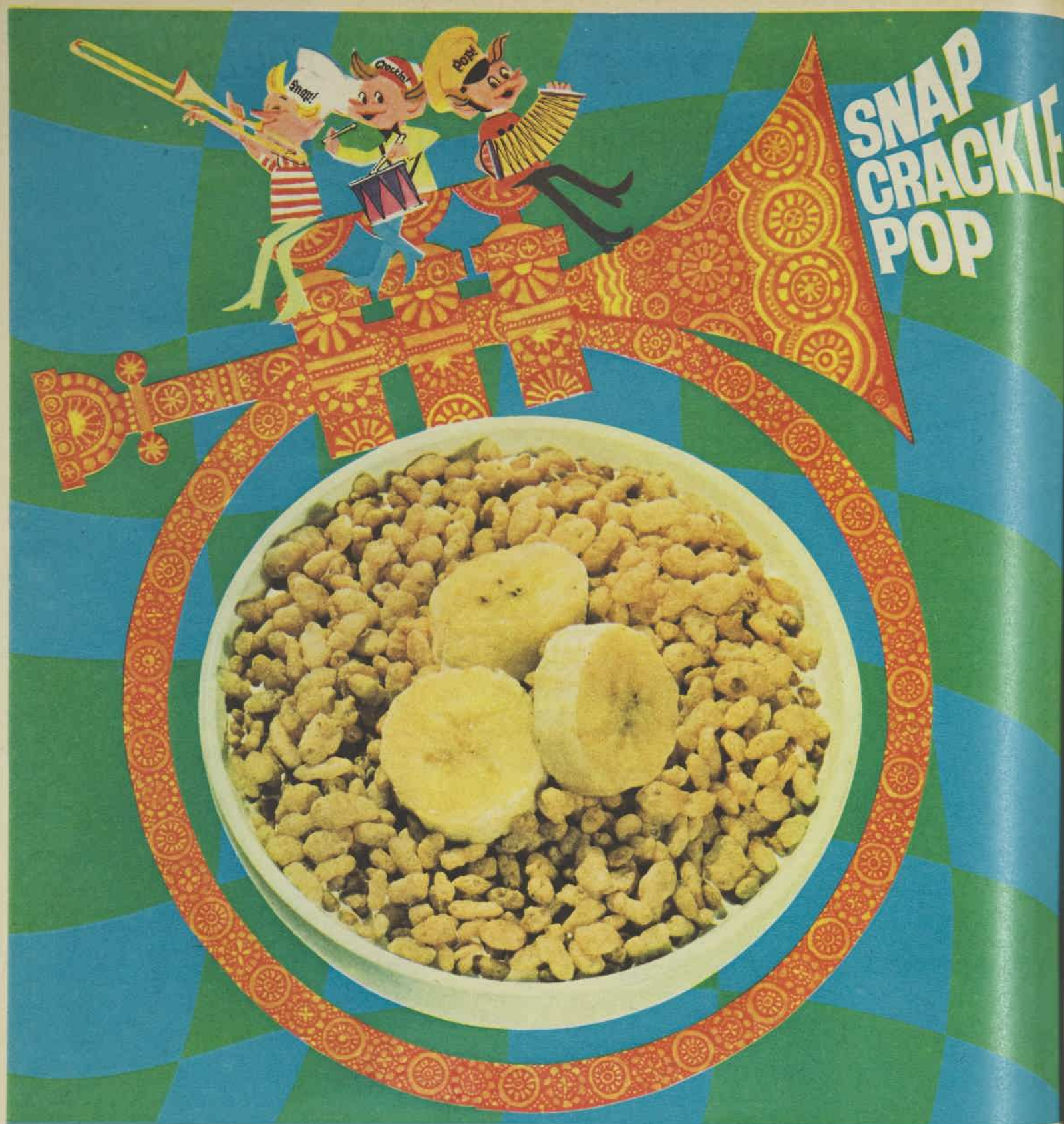
Kelvinator **NO-FROST** REFRIGERATORS

Choose from 15, 14 and 12 cu. ft. model 'Foodaramas'. Remember, only Kelvinator has "NO FROST" and "MOIST COLD". For the care and feeding of your family, it has to be Kelvinator!

By Kelvinator, makers of Kelvinator Washers. * (Registration pending).



KL 859



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Every Snap! Crackle! Pop!^{*} you hear, is a grain of nourishing rice bursting with hearty goodness and fun and crisp, delicious flavour!



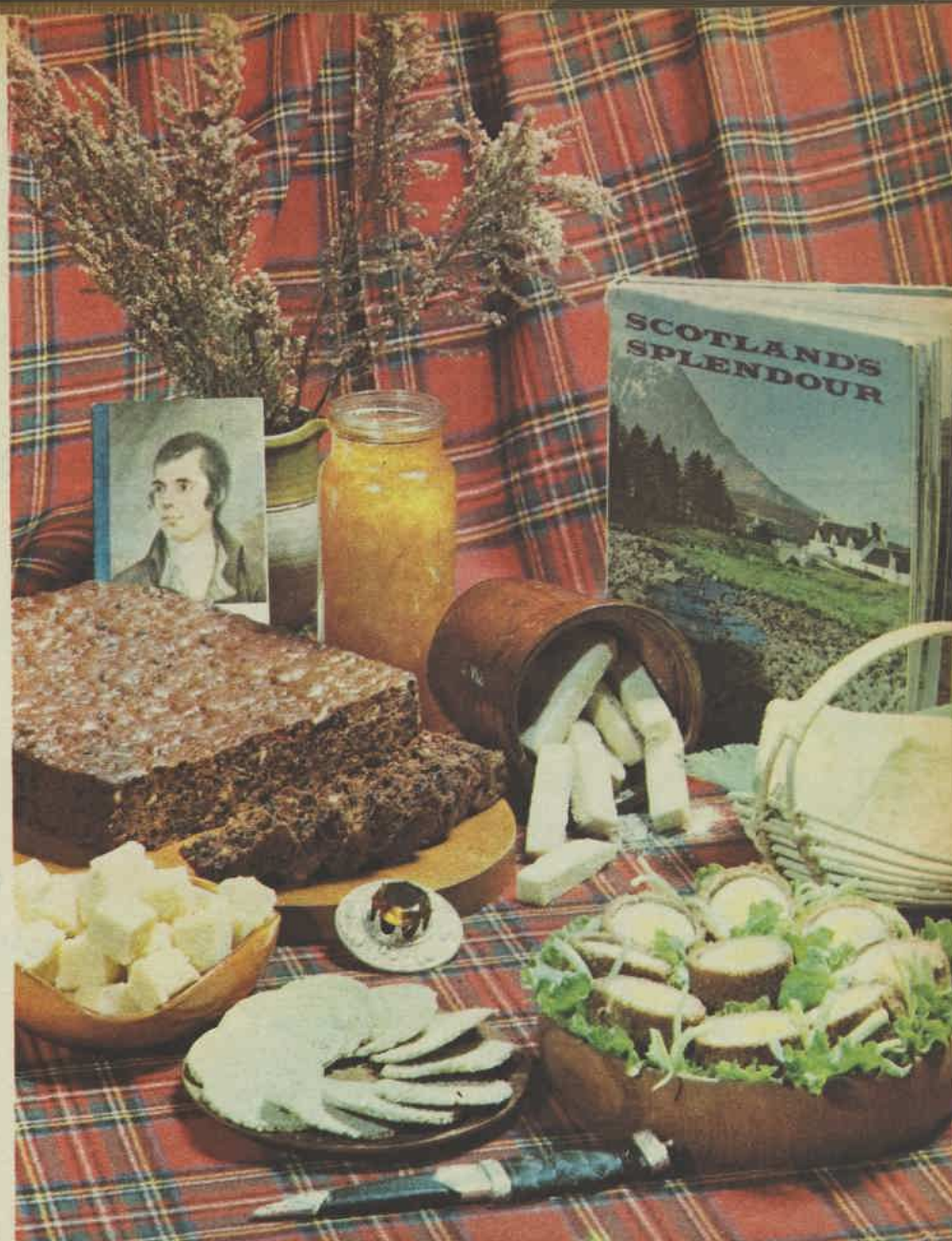
YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO KNOW THAT KELLOGG'S® RICE BUBBLES[†] GIVE YOU THE RICH RICE GOODNESS OF VITAMINS AND MINERALS: CALCIUM, THIAMIN, RIBOFLAVIN, NIACIN AND IRON.

*REGISTERED TRADE MARKS. †RICE BUBBLES IS A REGISTERED TRADE MARK OF KELLOGG (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD. FOR ITS DELICIOUS BRAND OF OVEN-POPPED RICE.



FINE FOOD FROM SCOTLAND

● St. Andrew's Day, the national day of Scotland, is on November 30. Scots in all countries of the world will be celebrating with many of Scotland's fine dishes.



THE FINE FOODS OF SCOTLAND—from left, Christmas Cake, Helensburgh Toffee, Oatcakes, Shortbread, Scots Eggs, Soda Scones. Recipes begin at left.

SCOTTISH food is usually considered to be hearty, practical fare with more thought to substance than subtle flavor. Yet in many traditional dishes there is an unexpected touch of French cuisine—a piece of dried orange peel to add flavor to a stew is as natural in Scotland as it is in France.

This French influence is the legacy of Mary Queen of Scots, who brought her French chefs with her when she returned to Scotland from France in the 16th century.

The Scottish recipes in this feature are drawn from the Highlands and the Lowlands. They're dishes you'll enjoy making for your family.

SHORTBREAD

The large, round cake of rich, crisp shortbread is descended from the ancient yule-bannock, which is notched around the edge to symbolise the sun's rays.

It is invariably provided for the "first-footers," those who go visiting from house to house in the early hours of New Year's morning.

2 cups plain flour, sifted
4oz. butter

2oz. castor sugar
extra castor sugar

Cream butter and sugar. Retain 1oz. flour for rolling out shortbread. Gradually add remaining flour, kneading with the hands. Continue until all flour is added and dough is smooth and pliable. Roll out on a board, using retained flour, to form a rectangle of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Place on greased, lightly floured baking tray. Prick well with fork, mark into finger lengths with sharp knife. Bake in slow oven 35 to 40 minutes or until lightly colored. Remove from oven and sprinkle while still hot with extra castor sugar. Cut into fingers while warm, or break when cold.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

1lb. seedless raisins
1lb. sultanas
1lb. currants
4oz. chopped blanched almonds
6oz. chopped mixed peel
4oz. quartered glace cherries
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup rum or brandy

grated rind 1 lemon
12oz. self-raising flour
1 tablespoon cocoa
good pinch salt
1 dessertspoon mixed spice
10oz. butter or substitute
10oz. castor sugar
2 tablespoons treacle
7 or 8 eggs, depending on size

Prepare fruit, sprinkle with rum or brandy, cover and let stand overnight.

Sieve dry ingredients together. Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in treacle and lemon rind. Beat in eggs alternately with half of dry ingredients, beating well after addition of each egg. Stir in remaining dry ingredients and finally fruit and nuts. Mix well. Place mixture in a greased and double-lined 12in. square or 10in. x 13in. cake tin.

Bake in moderate oven 30 minutes, then reduce heat to moderately slow for further 3 to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, or until skewer comes out clean when inserted. Cool 30 minutes in tin, then cool thoroughly on wire rack. Sprinkle with extra rum or brandy and store in an airtight container.

OATCAKES

$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fine oatmeal
1 tablespoon melted bacon dripping

1 teaspoon salt
pinch baking soda
boiling water

Place all ingredients in bowl with sufficient boiling water, about 3 to 4 tablespoons, to make soft consistency. Knead well, shape into round on board sprinkled with little flour

and oatmeal. Roll out as thinly as possible in round shape, cut into four (or cut into rounds with 2in. cutter), and rub tops with dry oatmeal to whiten cakes. Place on lightly greased fairly hot griddle or frypan until cooked on one side, approximately 8 to 10 minutes.

Turn, place on lightly greased oven slide, and complete cooking in a moderate oven about 8 to 10 minutes, or until crisp through and well curled.

(Traditionally, the second side of the oatcake is toasted in front of the fire.)

HELENSBURGH TOFFEE

The original recipe for Helensburgh Toffee is still a closely guarded secret. However, the following recipe makes a soft, creamy sweet, very much like the original.

1 cup water
4oz. butter or substitute
2lb. sugar

14oz. can sweetened condensed milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Place water and butter in large saucepan. Add sugar and stir continuously over low heat until butter has melted and sugar dissolved; do not allow mixture to boil.

Then blend in condensed milk and bring to boil. Allow to boil gently, stirring occasionally, until mixture reaches 240deg. F. or when a small amount dropped into cold water forms a soft ball when rolled between finger and thumb.

Remove from heat, allow to settle, add 1 teaspoon vanilla, or to taste. Beat with a wooden spoon until mixture begins to grain and set. Pour immediately into greased 8in. square sandwich tin. Cut into squares when cold.

Continued overleaf

Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen



FINE FOOD FROM SCOTLAND . . . continued

DUNDEE MARMALADE

Marmalade is one of Scotland's chief gifts to the breakfast tables of the English-speaking world.

4lb. bitter oranges
4 lemons
4 quarts water
8lb. sugar

Wash fruit, place in large saucepan with water. Bring to boil, simmer uncovered 1½ hours. Remove fruit, cool, and slice thinly. Pick out pips, add to pan and boil steadily for 10 minutes. Strain. Replace liquid and sliced fruit in pan with sugar, bring to

boil and boil rapidly without stirring, about 20 to 25 minutes or until marmalade jells when tested. Cool slightly and bottle while still warm.

BAPS

1lb. plain flour
½ teaspoon salt
2oz. butter or substitute
1oz. yeast
1 teaspoon sugar
½ pint milk
½ pint water

Sift flour and salt into bowl, rub in butter. In another bowl,

cream yeast with sugar, add combined milk and water warmed to tepid heat. Mix into flour to make soft dough. Cover, leave to rise in warm place 1 hour. Knead lightly, divide into pieces of equal size to form oval shapes about 3in. long and 2in. wide. Brush with milk or water.

Place on a greased, lightly floured tin, set aside in warm place for 15 minutes. To prevent blisters in dough, press finger into centre of each piece before placing in oven. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

SODA SCONES

1lb. plain flour
2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda
2 teaspoons cream of tartar
2 teaspoons salt
2oz. butter or substitute
½ pint buttermilk or sour milk

Sift dry ingredients, rub in butter, mix in buttermilk to make soft dough. Turn out on to floured board and divide into four. Flatten each piece into round scone, about ¼in. thickness. Cut in quarters, flour lightly, place on a hot, lightly greased griddle or frypan. Cook steadily until well risen and light brown underneath, about 5 minutes. Turn, cook on other side about same time. When edges are dry they are ready. Serve hot with butter.

SCOTCH EGGS

6 hard-boiled eggs
4oz. sausage meat
1 teaspoon anchovy paste
salt
pepper
1 beaten egg
breadcrumbs
flour
oil for frying

Shell eggs, dry well, roll in flour. Blend together sausage meat, anchovy, and seasoning. Cover eggs with a thin, even layer of this mixture, form into balls. Coat in beaten egg and breadcrumbs. Fry in hot, deep oil about 8 to 10 minutes or until golden brown. Serve hot with gravy and a garnish of parsley, or cold with salad.

TIPSY CAKE

CAKE

4 eggs
½ cup castor sugar
1 cup plain flour
1 tablespoon warm water
½ cup Scotch whisky

CUSTARD

2 eggs
1 dessertspoon castor sugar
small pinch salt
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon Scotch whisky

CREAM

½ pint cream
1 teaspoon castor sugar
1 dessertspoon Scotch whisky

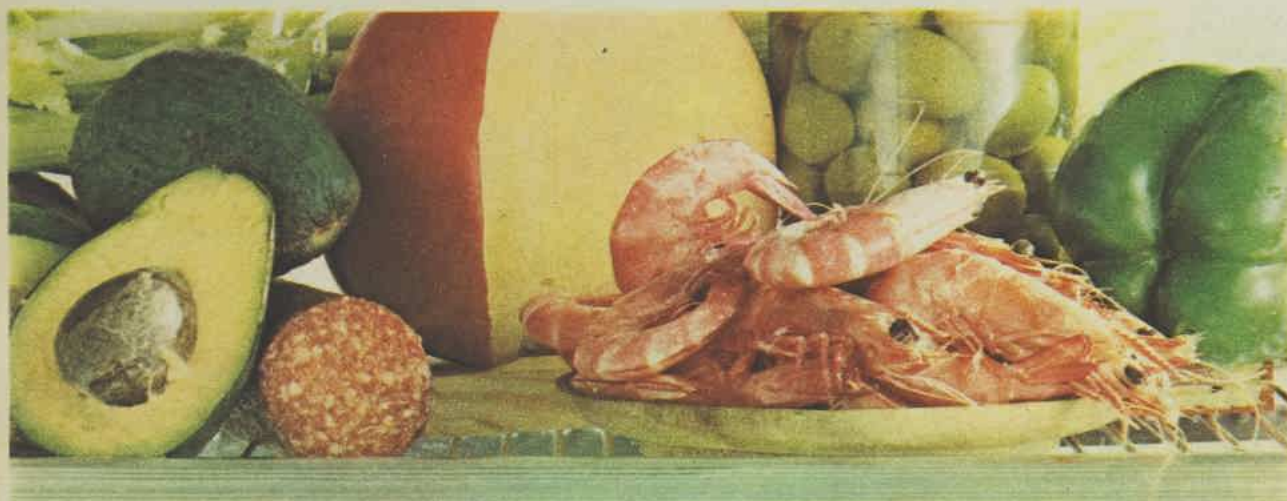
DECORATION

few toasted almonds
glace cherries
strips of angelica

Beat eggs and sugar until thick and lemon-colored. Fold in sifted flour alternately with warm water and 1 dessertspoonful of whisky. Mix well. Pour into a well-greased and floured 8in. recess tin. Bake in a hot oven for 10 minutes, then reduce temperature to moderately hot for a further 15 to 20 minutes. Cool on wire rack. Place on a serving dish and pour the remaining whisky into the hole in the centre of the cake to make it moist.

Custard: Combine beaten eggs, sugar, salt, and milk in the top of a double boiler. Cook over hot water, stirring continuously, until mixture thickens and coats the back of the spoon. Add the whisky and pour over the cake. Decorate with whipped cream sweetened with the sugar and flavored with the whisky, toasted almonds, glace cherries, and strips of angelica.

Recipes in this feature will serve 4 to 6; Christmas Cake and Black Bun, in big, generous size, will, of course, give many more servings. Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in all recipes.



Drop everything and run to your frig.
It's time for a (any-time-you-feel-like-it)
Vita-lunch. Crunch!



Peek Frean Vita-Weat . . . helps you slim and enjoy it

VW 7.6

COFFEE CAKE WINS PRIZE

A DELICIOUS coffee cake, with sour cream, walnuts, and apple combined to give rich flavor, wins \$10 in our weekly recipe contest.

APPLE CREAM COFFEE CAKE

2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup chopped walnuts
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 cup extra sugar
4oz. butter or substitute
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups self-raising flour

1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
1 cup sour cream
1 medium cooking apple

Mix 2 tablespoons sugar, walnuts, and cinnamon in small bowl. Peel, core, and slice apple thinly.

Cream butter and extra sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla. Sift flour and salt. Stir bicarbonate of soda into cream. Fold flour into creamed mixture alternately with sour cream.

Spread half cake mixture evenly over base of lightly greased 8in. cake tin with greased paper at base. Cover with sliced apple, then sprinkle half walnut mixture over. Cover with remaining cake mixture and top with walnut mixture.

Bake in moderate oven approximately 1 hour. Test with skewer, which should come out clean. Leave in tin 10 minutes to cool before turning out on to cooling rack.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. S. Wade, c/o Rosanna East P.O., Vic.



FINE FOOD FROM SCOTLAND

... concluded

BLACK BUN PASTRY

1/2 lb. plain flour
pinch salt
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
4oz. butter or substitute
water
beaten egg to glaze

FILLING

1/2 lb. plain flour
1/2 teaspoon allspice
1 tablespoon ground ginger
1 tablespoon ground cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda
1/2 teaspoon black pepper
1/2 lb. brown sugar
2oz. well-chilled butter
1 lb. seedless raisins
1 lb. currants
1/2 lb. blanched almonds
2oz. mixed peel
1 tablespoon brandy
1 beaten egg
cherry to moisten

Pastry: Sift dry ingredients into bowl; rub in butter until mixture resembles fine breadcrumbs. Mix to stiff dough with cold water. Roll out 2-3rd dough, line 9in. x 12in. loaf tin, reserving the 1-3rd pastry for top.

Filling: Sift flour, spices, bicarbonate of soda, pepper, and sugar into a large bowl. Add shredded butter.

Finely chop fruit, almonds, and mixed peel. Add to sifted ingredients with brandy and beaten egg. Mix well, using hands. If not sufficiently moist, add a little cherry. Place mixture in pastry-lined tin, cover with greaseproof paper, and place heavy object on top to compress. Let stand several hours; remove paper.

Roll out reserved pastry and cover top. Seal edges with water, brush top with beaten egg, prick 4 times with skewer almost down to bottom. Prick all over surface with fork. Bake in moderate oven 2 to 2 1/2 hours or until skewer inserted in centre comes out clean. Cover top with paper if it becomes brown too quickly. Keep at least 10 days before eating, to mature flavors.

REAL SCOTS PORRIDGE

Manners were often judged by the way porridge was eaten. It was considered bad manners to take sugar with porridge or to sit down to eat it. Good manners dictated that one stood while eating porridge, or walked about the room with bowl in one hand and spoon in the other.

1 pint cold water
2 teaspoons salt or to taste
1/2 lb. coarse oatmeal
cream or milk

Combine water and salt in medium saucepan. When almost boiling sprinkle in oatmeal, stirring continuously. Simmer 10 to 15 minutes, cover and set aside in warm place 4 to 5 hours or overnight, if possible. Gently reheat and serve with cream or milk.

Pure Irish Linen is for Country-style kitchens. Contemporary kitchens. Gay gifts. Endless use. Pure Irish Linen is for life.
Pure Irish Linen is for giving.

The colour and charm of bright design — yours in the wide range of Irish Linen tea towels.



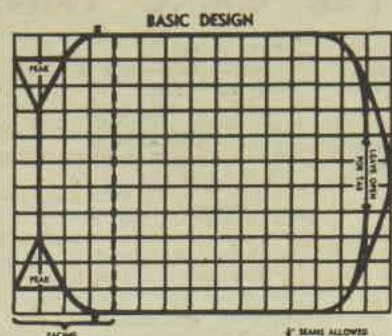
Look for this seal — it's the sign of a famous brand!





HOT WATER BOTTLE COVERS

At left are shown three of the completed hot water bottle covers — kitten, fish, and clown. Diagrams for making these are shown on this page, and the directions are given overleaf. These hot water bottle covers can also make decorative pyjama cases.



● This three-page feature shows a variety of delightful hot water bottle covers, all of which can double as pyjama cases. All of them are based on one of two patterns:

● A basic design (see diagram at left) with a choice of covering exposing the hanging tab at the base of the hot water bottle and with or without peaks at the top. Material required: 1-3rd yd. of 36in. material for outer cover and 2-3rds yd. of 36in. material for double flannelette lining.

● A coverall design (see diagram opposite) which completely covers the hot water bottle and has a placket in the back. Material required: 1 yd. of 36in. material (3 pieces of pattern side by side) or 1-3rd yd. of 54in. material (pattern pieces end to end).

Each square in diagrams represents 1in. Check size with your hot water bottle, allowing at least 1in. for seams all round.

Directions for making

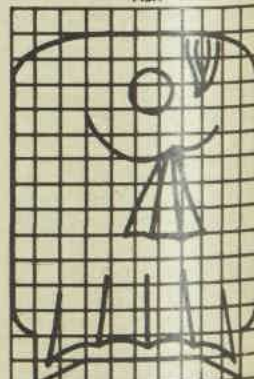
1. Basic pattern with top peaks and with hanging tab exposed, made from headcloth (outer cover) and flannelette (double-thickness inner lining).

Headcloth cover: With right sides together, machine round side and base seams from * to * leaving 2½in. opening at centre of base. Face top opening. Trim seams, snip where necessary, turn right side out and press.

KITTEN



FISH



CLOWN



Dawn... the softest one...

because it's softly textured

There's no other toilet tissue like Dawn... softly textured all over for gentlest comfort, softest absorbency. Pick from yellow, aqua, pink, lilac, purest white, in pretty, softly-textured Dawn.



*Registered Trade Mark

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 23, 1960

... can double as pyjama cases

Lining: Cut double lining (4 pieces) 1/4 in. smaller all round than pattern, omitting peaks. With right sides together, machine two pieces together across top from * to *. Repeat with other two pieces. Trim and snip seams and turn. Machine side seams, leaving 2 1/2 in. opening at centre of base. Do not turn, but place inside headcloth cover so inside appears neat. Turn back peaks down under front cover and sew on snap-fasteners, reinforcing single thickness of front peak with scrap of material. Do not allow stitches to show on front cover.

2. Basic pattern with top peaks and hanging tab covered; from thick material lined with lawn.

Cut lining same size as cover. With right sides together, machine round side and base seams from * to *. Repeat with lining, but leave about 3 in. open along one side seam. With right sides together, machine round top of lining and cover. Trim and snip seams, turn right side out through opening in lining. Slip-stitch opening, push lining inside cover, press. Sew snap-fasteners on edge of top opening where peak commences so stitches will be placed into extra thickness and not show on right side.

3. Basic pattern without top peaks and with hanging tab covered; made from thick material with top opening bound.

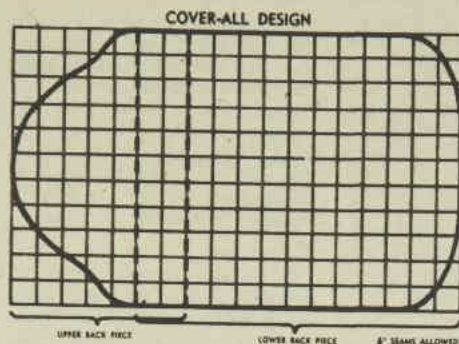
Bind top edges. Right sides together, machine side and base seams from * to *. Trim seams, turn, press. Sew on snap-fasteners 2 1/2 in. from side seams.

4. Cover-all design; made from thick material.

There are 3 pattern pieces to this design, one front piece, and an upper and lower back piece which overlap.

Bind or face overlapping back edges. Place upper back piece on

continued overleaf



At right are three more of the completed covers — one is patterned with roses, one trimmed with lace, and the third is a bow-trimmed 'Purr Puss.' Shown on this page are diagrams for making Purr Puss cover and the rose motifs.

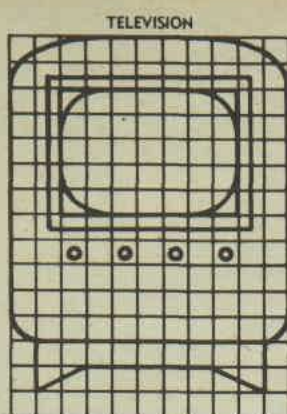
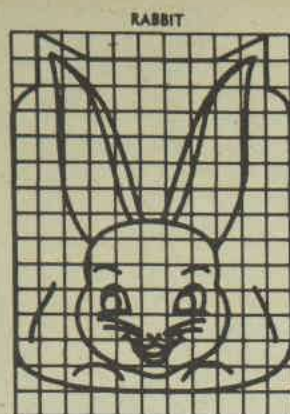


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HOT WATER BOTTLE COVERS . . . continued

front piece, right sides together, then lower back piece. Machine round outside edges, trim seams, turn and press. Fasten back placket with 2 snap-fasteners.

Kitten

Materials required: Headcloth, flannelette, 1/2yd. 1in. ribbon, 2 buttons 3/4in. diameter, 2 snap-fasteners.

Trace design on front of cover. Machine on design lines, pull ends of cotton to wrong side and knot to prevent stitches coming undone. Sew button eyes and bow. Making Direction 1.

Fish

Materials required: Headcloth, flannelette, bias binding, rick-rack

braid, 1 button 3/4in. diameter, 2 snap-fasteners.

Trace design on front of cover. Machine design lines of tail, fin, eye. Sew rick-rack braid for gills, bias binding folded in half for mouth. Sew on button eye, pull ends of cotton to wrong side, knot. If straight lines of tail and fin are sewn double, scallops single, there will be just 2 ends to finish off. Making Direction 1.

Clown

Materials required: Thick material such as molleton cloth, small button for nose, white headcloth for face and hands, bias binding and braid for trimming,

2yds. thick wool for hair, 2 snap-fasteners, 1/2yd. pleated frilling. Reverse side of molleton cloth was used for clown's hat and shoes, but this is optional. Material could be applied on to provide this contrast. Hands and face are zigzagged on, but could be cut double and turned after being machined round. Both hands are the same, but one is higher to make clown look more natural. Face is asymmetrical.

Trace face design on headcloth, embroider, sew on nose button. Machine face on to cover. Machine hands in position, covering wrists with bias binding.

Hair: Using approx. 36in. of thick wool, make six 3in. loose curls by giving wool an extra twist. Secure in position, with bias binding outlining hat. Repeat curls for other side of face. Make double ruff from pleated frilling, machine in place with decorative rick-rack braid. Outline shoulders, hat, and shoes with narrow braid. Making Direction 4.

Roses

Materials required: Quilted nylon, sheer nylon, narrow braid, 2 snap-fasteners.

To make 1 small rose and bud, cut 5 circles the size of cap (3in.) from sheer nylon.

To make buds, fold a circle in half, then in 3 (Figs. 1 and 2 on page 85). Gather by hand along curved edge, draw up firmly to bud shape (Fig. 3). Make 4 buds, 2 for centres of small roses.

For side petals of small roses, fold a circle in half, gather by hand along curved edge (Fig. 4). Draw up firmly and turn back folded edge (Fig. 5). Make 4 petals. Make front petals as side petals, but draw up loosely.

To make up, sew a side petal on either side of centre bud, lapping petals a little in front and keeping lower edges a little higher than lower edge of bud. Sew front petal in position, catch petals where necessary. Ease from petal fullness down to cover stitching (Fig. 6).

To make one large rose, repeat as for small rose, using 5 saucer-sized circles (5 1/2in.). Make 1 centre bud, 3 side petals, and 1 front petal. Place the third "side" petal at back of centre bud shape.

To finish design, place roses and buds where desired, sew in position by hand. Using narrow braid, make 3 loops (Fig. 7) to cover base of bud; continue with braid to make stems and leaves. Catch in position by hand. Making Direction 3.

Lace-trimmed coverall

Materials required: Quilted nylon, approx. 1 1/2yds. lace, narrow ribbon for bow, 2 snap-fasteners.

Machine lace on front cover, keeping parallel with edge and 1in. (or distance desired) in from edge. Machine lace in 4in. diamond shape in centre of cover. Tie small bow, sew by hand. Making Direction 4.

Purr Puss

Materials required: Thick material such as brushed rayon or nylon, lightweight material for lining, such as lawn, 2 buttons 3/4in. diameter, 1/2yd. 1 1/2in. ribbon, diamantes or beads for earrings, 2 snap-fasteners.

Trace design on front cover. Machine on design lines, using narrow zigzag if material is type which stretches. Pull ends of cotton to wrong side and knot. Sew button eyes and bow under chin. Attach diamantes. Making Direction 2.

Two more designs which can also be made by following Making Direction 1 are a rabbit and a television (see diagrams above).

And, of course, you can make up your own designs, using one of the basic patterns as a guide.

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rigid
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boiling water!

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COLLECTORS' CORNER

• Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their interesting antiques.

I HAVE been sent a 6½ in. pottery vase—deep greeny-grey—which is reputed to have been my great-grandmother's. It is marked No. 19 with an "x" to the left and "m" to the right. It has been suggested that it is early Wedgwood, but I wondered whether it was Minton. It has three adult figures on one side and three children (one on a donkey) on the other side. I find it most attractive, with its raised figures, grapes, and vines.—M. Russell-Smith, Highgate Hill, Qld.

Your interesting jug is a good example of Minton Ware, and dates about 1845 to 1855.

WE have a small pottery jar which we understand was brought to South Australia in 1856 by the Oliver family, who migrated from Scotland. We believe it was used as a snuff jar.—Mrs. L. A. Roberts, Kybolite, S.A.

Your snuffer pomade jar is mid-nineteenth century. I doubt whether it dates before 1850. The

Pratt pottery of Fenton specialised in the manufacture of similar jars during the 1850s.

I WONDER if you could tell me the origin of my vase (pictured)? It is milk-white glass lined with pink and edged with green. The vein of the leaves is ruby-red and it forms the legs.—Mrs. Louisa Penn, Warrimoo, N.S.W.

This attractive but somewhat rustic cottage vase of opaque or "milk" glass, embellished with

naturalistic fern leaf in relief, is a typical example of late Victorian glass made between 1880 and 1900. It is most likely of English origin. Some Continental and American specimens are seen. However, I presume that underneath the base of your vase—in the centre—a rough section "scar-like" is discernible. Occasionally a smooth, concave depression is noticeable. Technically this is known as a pontil mark, and generally indicates that the vase is hand-blown.



• Victorian vase.

HOME HINTS

• These home hints sent in by readers win a prize of \$2 each.

WHEN taking children to the theatre use a carry-bag to hold caps, gloves, scarves, etc., during the performance. This avoids groping in the dark for dropped items, and makes it easier to get children ready to go home after the show.—Mrs. P. Burdett, 506 Mair St. West, Ballarat, Vic.

A cake-shower is a change from the usual shower tea for the bride-to-be. Gifts would include anything useful for cake-making, tins and pans in various shapes and sizes, flour sifter, mixing spoons, and so on. Ask each guest to include her favorite cake recipe with her gift.—Mrs. P. Fleming, 376 Hamilton Rd., Chermside, Qld.

Now that winter is over, don't discard that leaky hot-water bottle. Place a round, flat plate on bottle, pencil round it, cut out, and you have two mats for hot dishes.—Mrs. C. Rudd, 158 Karana Rd., Miranda, N.S.W.

Ice small cakes, especially for children's parties, with icing sugar mixed with liquid jelly. This not only gives delicious flavors, but also pretty colors.—Mrs. J. M. Connell, 13 Korana St., Sth. Plympton, S.A.

Before weighing flour, place a piece of paper on scales; then, when tipping flour into sifter, fold sides of paper together. This avoids spilling and the need to wash scales after use.—Mrs. M. C. Munday, 243 Mt. Pleasant Rd., Highton, Vic.

Place woollen garments on old plastic shower curtain or tablecloth when drying out of doors. Put an old plastic raincoat between armholes and use for same purpose. Woollies dry quicker when spread on towels.—Mrs. D. Cowperthwaite, 143 Hamersley Rd., Subiaco, W.A.

When crumpets lose their firmness, soak in beaten egg and milk for a few minutes, drain well, and fry in butter until crisp. Sprinkle with grated cheese and serve hot.—Mrs. J. Pugliese, 19 Hill St., Nth. Innaloo, W.A.

An easy way to prepare rissoles: Place meat, onion, egg, and seasoning in wide bowl and mix well with a knife. Dredge top with flour, then take up an ice-cream scoopful of mixture. Turn open side up and flour again. Place on greased griddle or pan. Hands stay clean, no flour is wasted, and rissoles are of uniform size.—Mrs. M. Young, 3 Walker Ave., Hampton, Vic.

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She would always remember
this night when she danced and
dined in the glittering
world of the sophisticated

WHERE RAVELLA'S WAS

BY DOROTHY M. ROSE

Great news from a great international tea merchant

GREAT NEW PACK!

GREAT



NEW TEA TASTE!

Want to taste the best thing that's happened to
popular priced tea since 'Old Tommy Lipton' first
put tea in a packet? One packet will convince you.

Give Lipton's new yellow pack a try!



THERE'S a supermarket there now, its interior colossal, its lighting fluorescently bright. Sound effects: clashing carts and ringing cash registers. But Andrea, trudging behind a cart, sometimes grows wistful. She pauses, sighs, and seems to strain for something beyond the surface clatter. For on this very spot used to stand Ravella's. How she'd always longed to go to Ravella's!

Five years ago, before the suburban area tripled in population, Ravella's stood alone, physically and symbolically. On Saturday nights, cars swung into its circular drive, braked beneath its porte-cochere.

Gay couples spilled out of cars, ran up the steps of the side porch, entered the subdued, shadowy half light of the miniature bar. Sipping drinks, they hummed to soft music drifting through the archway and waved at friends already dancing in this special domain of the popular, this inner sanctum of the sophisticated.

Graduating from high school, Andrea knew Ravella's only from the outside. It seemed unlikely she would ever get inside.

The very night she was handed her diploma, she sensed, in an intuitive flash, that two divergent paths now opened before her and her classmates. Although together all through grade and high school, they would be together no more. They would be divided into two groups: special things would happen to some; others would live ordinary lives.

By circumstances, she followed the latter path. She had younger brothers and sisters at home. The boys would simply have to go to college. She wanted to help Mum and Dad with that.

Two years passed before she met Ronnie Evers again.

She'd been standing with other commuters, waiting for the morning train, when she'd seen Ronnie . . . tall, handsome, assured . . . strolling along the platform one morning. Ronnie went to college, of course, an Ivy League one, she thought. Not certain if he'd remember her as a classmate from school, Andrea had averted her glance. But he had approached her directly.

"Hi . . .!" he'd said, raising his eyebrows at her. It had been a minute before he'd added . . . "Andrea."

She had thought her name had escaped him for that minute. But, having spoken it, he continued to study her with unconcealed surprise. "Well, well!" he'd said, grinning. "You've bloomed, Andrea. You're awake . . .!"

Flustered, she'd answered the words, not the obvious implication that she was somehow changed, improved. "I should hope I'm awake. It's morning . . ."

Ronnie had chuckled. "That's not what I mean . . ." His glance perused the individual features of her face, engaged her eyes. "And you know it . . ."

He sat beside her in the train and talked in the same vein all the way to New York. Yes, he was home on spring vacation, he said in answer to her question. He had shopping to do in New York. And at Penn station he had asked her for a date for the following Saturday night. "We'll go to Ravella's," he'd called casually over his shoulder.

The rest of that week had been a mixture of breathless anticipation and trembling anxiety. Ronnie was so smooth, so charming, so poised. She hadn't travelled in his crowd in high

school. And she'd never been to Ravella's. Once inside it, would she know how to act? Would she, could she be the dreamy, glamorous, self-assured kind of girl a Ronnie Evers rated?

Mum lent her a brooch and declined to take any board that week. And Andrea bought a new dress, green, to go with her eyes.

Ronnie arrived on Saturday evening in his sports car. Once introduced to him, Mum rolled her eyes at Andrea in an easily interpreted signal of approbation, and even Dad, usually so grudging in his opinion of the boys who took her out, seemed to give his stamp of approval.

Then Ronnie held the door of the house and Andrea swished through. He held the door of the car. And finally they swung into the circular drive, braked under the porte-cochere. They ran up the steps together, and into the miniature jewel of a bar. And Ravella's was all and more than Andrea had ever visualised!

A drink first, Ronnie said, before they danced. Sipping, they hummed to the soft music. He waved through the archway at his friends. Andrea, enchanted, inspected the bottles and bottles on the back bar, all shapes, all sizes, all colors.

"What's in that bottle?" she asked Ronnie, pointing at a decanter of amber-green liquid.

"Which . . . ?" he asked. "Oh, Chartreuse . . ." He fingered her chin, turned her face to his. "That liqueur is the color of your eyes . . ."

Not really. Maybe her eyes looked amber-green: fluid and mysterious, in the half-light. Andrea hoped so.

They joined a big table of Ronnie's friends inside. Some of them Andrea knew, some she didn't. But they all accepted her immediately.

The evening was half over when she noticed the boy in a white serving jacket by the sideboard, near their table. She wouldn't have explained the quick bit of dismay that shot through her. Jim Blakeley! He'd been in school with them, too! Andrea hoped he wouldn't come to their table. It might be embarrassing.

Then, before she could examine her feeling, evaluate it, Jim did approach their table. He reached between her and Ronnie to clear away dishes. Jim wasn't going to speak. Perhaps he thought it would not be proper of him to do so under these circumstances. Andrea glanced quickly at Ronnie, who was watching Jim, too. He had recognised Jim. Then he looked away.

"Hello, there, Jim . . .!" Andrea heard her self saying, loud and clear. "Ronnie! You remember Jim Blakeley . . .?"

Ronnie just had to look back and speak. "Oh, yes. Hi. You work here . . .?"

"Part-time," Jim said. "College in the day . . ."

"The hard way, eh?" Ronnie said.

Andrea colored at the bluntness of it. She went on talking to him deliberately. After a minute Ronnie jumped up and asked a girl across the table to dance. Part of Andrea's mind dismissed his behaviour as less than snobbish, simply an absentminded indication that Jim was outside the realm of his interest. All the time, Andrea's pleasure in the evening drained away.

Perhaps she showed her disapproval. Perhaps that was why Ronnie danced with so many other girls, left her unattended, and drank so much.

She only knew that by one

o'clock one of his buddies offered to carry him out and drive his car. And that Jim Blakeley was instantly, solidly, at her elbow. "I'll take you home, Andrea," he said. It hadn't been an offer or a suggestion or a question but a statement: positive, definite, and masculine. And she guessed, even that night, that Jim Blakeley belonged to that group of people who, born to it or not, made special things happen.

Nowadays, when Andrea pushes the cart at the supermarket, there's a toddler in the

push-down seat. Andrea pauses regularly at a certain spot where she estimates the bar of Ravella's used to be. Ah, to be in Ravella's again! That was where she had really, you might say, met Jim.

Baby food is shelved on that spot now. And after Andrea has sighed she picks up a jar of strained green beans and waggles it at Jim's son. "You know what color this is, honey?" she laughs. "Chartreuse . . .!" And, when held to the fluorescent light, it really sort of looks it.

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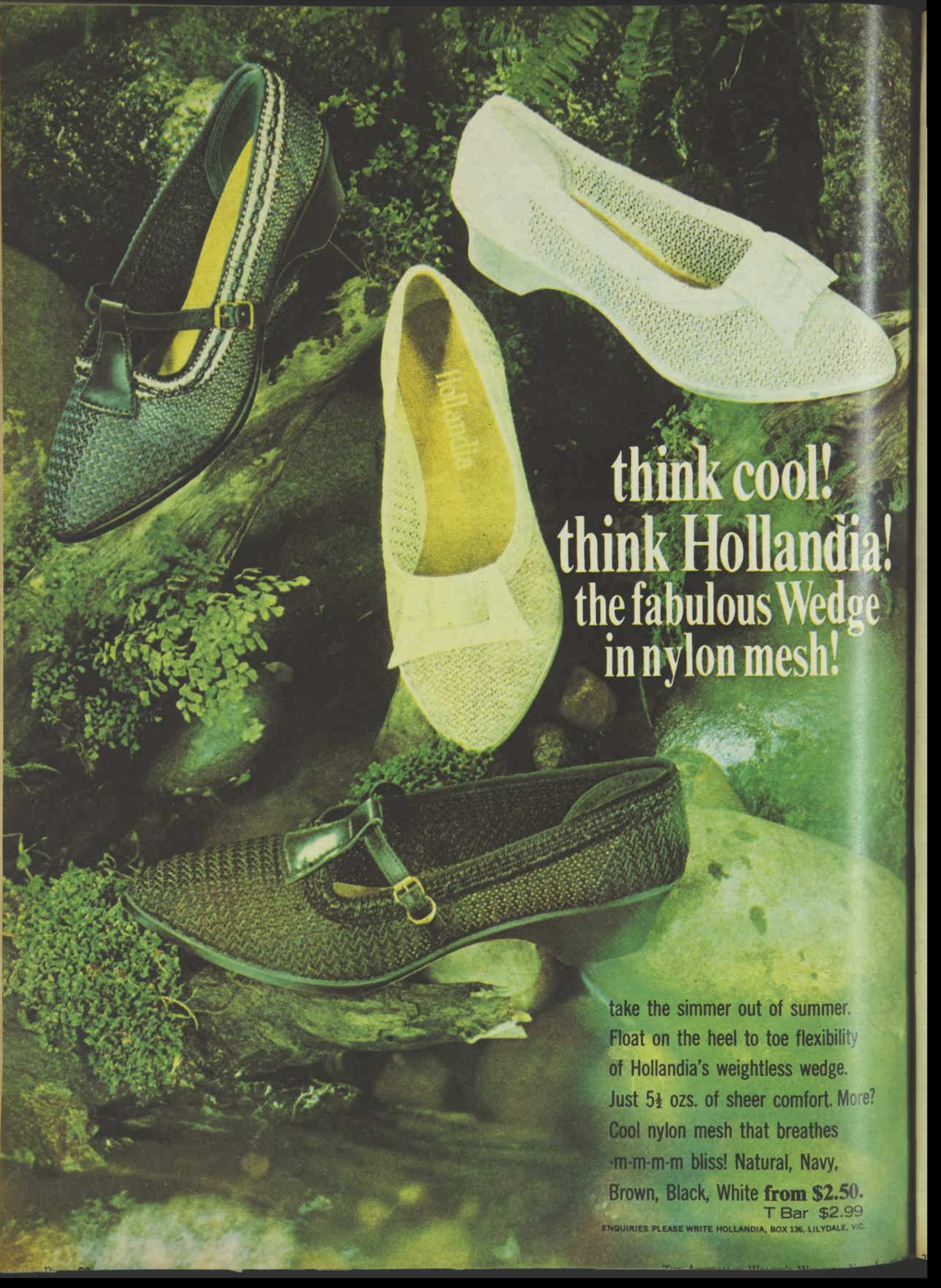
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A GIFT OF DOLPHINS

By BARBARA HOLLAND

NEW YORK had disappeared. The sea was flat, with an oily, sullen look to it, and her lifejacket was stiff and bulky around her. Jenny was a good swimmer, and her first impulse, she decided, if something did happen to the ship and she were dumped at night into cold, stormy salt water, would be to take it off.

Tear off the lifejacket and her dress and shoes, and swim light and naked through the black waves until she was exhausted and drifted slowly down under them. It was almost pleasant to think about. Pleasanter than being half strangled by a lot of orange canvas.

Ten or fifteen people, mostly young Americans, stood in a huddle. The loudspeaker was broadcasting instructions to them in Norwegian, English, French, and German. There was no lifeboat in sight.

"I thought there would be a lifeboat," said the girl next to her.

"It's up there." A young man pointed. "They lower them over the side."

The girl looked disappointed.

Jenny leaned against the railing and stared down at the grey-green sea. It had been hot in New York, hot enough to melt the asphalt, and now she was frozen. She began to shiver. "Ach-tung, Ach-tung," said the loudspeaker, bored and precise.

Suddenly she knew she was going to be sick. She looked around wildly for the way she had come, broke away from her group, ran across the sports deck, and clattered down the iron staircase. The passage echoed with her footsteps. She found a door marked "Damer" and rushed in blindly.

Afterward she found her way back to her cabin and lay down. She was still wearing the canvas jacket.

Her room-mate sat on the other bunk, painting her nails very carefully, her wrist braced against the ship's throb and shudder. Her name was Lola something. The tiny room reeked of nail-varnish remover.

Lola waved her hands and blew on them. "Aren't you coming to the lounge? They're having a get-acquainted party."

"No, thanks."

"Feeling seasick?"

Her voice was sweet with easy sympathy, and Jenny clenched her teeth against it. "Just tired," she said, and closed her eyes. She wondered if she was going to be sick again. It was better with her eyes open. She lay staring at the underside of the upper bunk. You could dash your brains out if you sat up suddenly, she thought.

Lola put on eyeshadow with an expert finger and rustled out.

Alone, Jenny managed to struggle out of the lifejacket and drop it on the floor. She lay back on the cool pillow. Was she seasick, really, or was it something else? The sea was flat and no one else was sick. The passages rang with laughter and the sound of doors banging.

It was all so old-fashioned. In the first place, she hadn't known that girls were jilted any more. Even the word jilt had an archaic ring to it, like something that would happen in a horse-drawn carriage to a girl in lace mittens. It should be done by a shifty young man with patent-leather hair and gambling debts, not by gentle, easy-going Jay, whose only decisive action ever had been.

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As the happy fish leapt playfully in the water they were a symbol of joy to Jenny

to say, "Jenny, I can't go through with it." Jilting was out of character for Jay.

In the second place who, any more, was sent to Europe to recover from a broken heart? It used to be the thing; girls' mothers took them, enormously burdened with trunks and hatboxes, and they stayed at spas. But now college students went instead, for their junior year abroad. Ambitious young couples with knapsacks tried to make it on five dollars a day. They did not go to spas and their hearts were whole.

My parents read too many books, thought Jenny. They had never been abroad, but they saw it as good medicine for the sad.

On the other hand, what else could they have done with her? She had taken the blow standing up, as she took all things. But it

A GIFT OF DOLPHINS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

splintered her as it wouldn't have if she had been able to bend a little, like grass. Stunned, remote and silent, she moved through the house like a patient in a hospital corridor who, bundled in a bathrobe, carefully places one foot in front of the other.

She did not weep, and she ate her meals and answered when spoken to. Her parents had been prepared to deal with storms of grief, but they were helpless in the face of her polite despair.

So they took the money that would have been her wedding present and went to a travel agent, and now, on the Osterfjord, Jenny lay in her bunk, listening to the throb of the engines and the delicate creaks and groans of the ship's

motion. Her handbag bulged with itineraries and reservations zig-zagging south and west from Copenhagen.

She would go to all the places and sleep in all the hotels and eat at all the restaurants recommended. She would see the monuments and museums and go home again. It made her tired to think about it, and she wished it were over.

Her seasickness was slowly passing, like a tide ebbing. She had the first sitting for dinner, and when the boy went chiming through the corridors, announcing it, she washed her face and emerged from the cabin. She was not hungry, but eating regular meals was one of the duties she

imposed on herself, one of the rules.

The dining-room glittered and jingled with silverware and glasses. A plump Danish woman was already sitting at her table. She spoke heavily accented English and ate with gusto. After a few minutes two young men sat down and began to talk to each other in German. The waiter prattled to her in a blend of English and Norwegian, waving his hands and smiling.

Jenny felt isolated in her monolingual ignorance. It was rather comfortable. She nodded and smiled and said nothing.

The Danish woman said to Jenny, "You go to Oslo?"

"No. Copenhagen."

"Ah, good! Taler de dansk?"

"What?"

"That means, 'Do you speak

Danish?' And you say 'Nej. English'."

"Nej. English." The woman clapped her hands delighted. "You will speak very well Danish."

"I don't think so," Jenny looked away, through a porthole at the grey Atlantic. It seemed rougher.

"Ja, ja. How long do you stay in Denmark?"

"Four days."

"In Copenhagen only? Or do you go to Fyn? Many visitors go to Fyn, to the home of Hans Christian Andersen."

I ought to talk to her, thought Jenny. Ask her questions. What's the point of going anywhere if you don't want to know anything or see anything or talk to anyone? She looked into the woman's homely, fresh-skinned face, but her mind remained private, clenched shut like an oyster. "Just Copenhagen."

Rain dashed suddenly against the round glass of the porthole, like a handful of pebbles. Someone turned on more lights.

"You will go to the Tivoli," said the woman. "Everyone goes to the Tivoli, even the Danes." And she laughed at her joke.

JENNY felt suddenly as if her privacy had been invaded by this friendliness. No one would leave her alone. "Excuse me," she said, and put down her napkin. As she worked her way, swaying, among the tables, standing herself now and then against a chair, she looked back and saw the woman explaining to the two Germans, with signs, that Jenny was seasick.

She went up the stairs to the tourist-class lounge. A sudden deep roll made her lurch and clutch at the railing. In the bar people were snatching up their drinks, mopping at tables and laughing nervously. In a far corner a woman was playing solitaire, and three cards slipped off her table on to the floor.

Jenny ordered a drink, and the bartender poured it and handed it to her casually, paying no attention to the ship's tilt. The tables were taken up with cards and conversation, so she stood at the bar, braced against the motion of the floor. There was a man standing next to her. She noticed briefly his curly hair and sharp look of interest and then turned her shoulder to him.

"It might be a little storm, tonight later," said the bartender.

"Really?" said the man, who was holding on to the edge of the bar. "How can you tell?"

"I just think it might."

"You should drink champagne," said the man in Jenny's direction. "It's supposed to be soothing for seasickness."

Jenny looked away from him, across the room. People were leaving.

"You. In the grey sweater. Ahoy. I said, you should drink champagne."

She tried to think of something withering to say, but nothing came to her. She looked at her drink. There were empty tables now and she could sit down, but she felt obstinate. She had a right to stand here and be left alone. She had a right not to be bothered.

"I'm drinking champagne," said the man. "My name is Walt Kelton. Won't you join me?"

Jenny looked to the bartender for help, but he was polishing glasses. "No, thank you," she said coldly.

"People on boats are expected to be friendly," said the man. "I read the ads. Usually I fly — zip, you're there. But I thought I'd take a ship this time because they always look so peaceful and cheery in the ads. But this isn't very peaceful, or cheery either. People seem to be leaving in droves."

Like a trick in a cartoon, the man's champagne glass slid swiftly and silently across the bar, hit the edge and toppled over.

The bartender filled another glass. "It is better to hold it in your hand," he said.

"Thank you," said Walt Kelton. To Jenny he said, "I don't

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FEATURE FOR FEATURE

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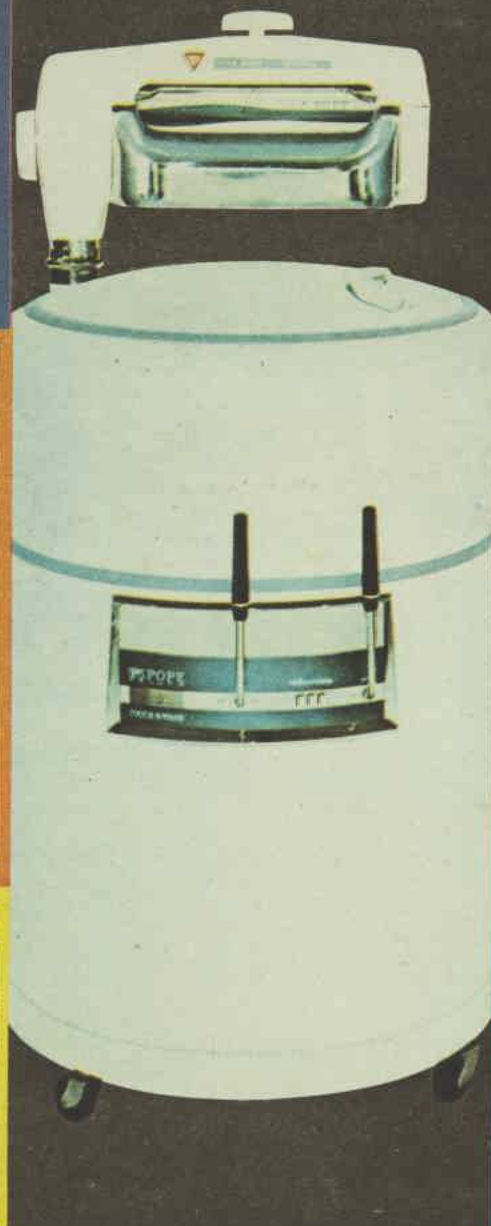
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POPE

Touch'n'Wash

mean to be rude, but I do wish you'd talk to me."

Jenny, without looking at him, said, "I don't know you. Why should I talk to you?"

"Because I'm scared," he said simply.

She turned and looked at him. It seemed an unthinkable thing for a man — for anyone — to admit. And somehow still worse to ask a stranger for help as calmly as if he had a right to it. Embarrassed for him, she said stiffly, "Scared? Of what?"

"Of what? Of drowning, naturally. Of the ocean. Of the sickening, thunderous, crunching crack that will mean this ship has broken in half and will sink before I can even remember where my lifeboat station is. I can't swim. I hate water. Talk to me. What's your name?"

She hesitated. "Jenny Hall."

"Thank you. Now may I buy you a glass of champagne?"

"No I'm not seasick. Or scared."

Behind them a chair slid away from its table, caught on the edge of the rug, and fell over on its back. There was no one left in the lounge but the lady playing solitaire. Walt Kelton looked respectfully at Jenny.

"You old salts," he said. "I suppose you've been sloshing back and forth across the Atlantic since you were a baby. Strolling the decks in hurricanes, shouting cheery greetings to the sailors while they lowered all boats. But this is my first ship, except for a rowing-boat my cousin used to have."

"But I've never even been on a rowing-boat," said Jenny. "This is the first time I've been anywhere."

"And you're not scared?"

SHE tried to imagine it — the ship sinking, the lights going out, people running, darkness, the water. Her parents would be upset, of course, and blame themselves. But she was not scared.

"You're very brave," said Walt, but he looked thoughtful.

"Thank you," said Jenny, and finished her drink with decision.

"I think I'll go down to my cabin now."

"Was it a man?" asked Walt.

"What do you mean?"

"Am I being rude again?"

Sorry.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Oh. Well, when you meet a pretty girl on her way to Europe for the first time and she doesn't care if she drowns, the chances are twelve to seven she's carrying a broken heart. Like the bits of a broken dinner plate carefully wrapped up in a napkin."

"Do you always talk like that?"

She was furious at having given herself away.

"Only when I'm nervous. It's like biting your fingernails. Believe me, Jenny, if you weren't kind enough to stand here talking to me, I'd be climbing the walls. Why don't you tell me about your boyfriend?"

"No." For one stinging minute the face of Jay Bradley, that smooth and gentle face, and the heat of his presence, rose inside her, and the pain of loss ran along her veins.

She remembered the first months they had had together, before the travelling began. He would kiss her goodnight on the porch, with snow falling around them, shining in the porch light; it seemed always to be snowing. Before he called her compulsive and she called him irresponsible. Before he said she was a stiff-necked puritan.

Before she told him he needed someone to manage his life. All the damaging words that she had thought would be smoothed over and whed somehow in marriage.

Jay apparently had thought not.

She loved him. The love flared strongly in her memory, and as she began to dim she saw that this pain was quite different from the stubborn despair she had lived for two months now. Her grief had grown inward and become a personal thing, more involved with herself than with Jay.

"It might make you feel better to talk about it," said Walt.

"It's been pleasant talking to you. Goodnight." And she left

A GIFT OF DOLPHINS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

abruptly, crossing the empty lounge with as much dignity as she could wrest from its swaying floor.

She made her way back to the cabin. The smell of polish remover lingered, and the tiny basin was a litter of curlers and potions. One of Lola's many blue suitcases lay open on her bunk, its contents ruffled by a frantic search. Jenny kicked disgustedly at a pair of sandals and a single stocking on the floor.

From habit she checked herself in the mirror over the basin. She was tidy, composed, and pale. Her face had a curious stillness about it, especially her eyes. They were grey, with dark lashes, and seemed frozen, like the eyes in a newspaper photograph.

She crawled into her bunk and pulled up the comforter in its clean white case. It was heavy and anchored her against the ocean's rolling.

Lola came back late, singing. Jenny watched her while she creamed her face and wound her hair up on rollers. Jenny remembered that she had forgotten to brush her own hair. Every night she brushed it a hundred strokes. It was one of her rules.

It bothered her not to have brushed her hair. Suppose Jay had been right. Suppose he had been as right as she was, and she was as rigid and compulsive as he was childish and irresponsible. Or suppose she had been entirely wrong, and what she saw as child-

ishness was only an easygoing nature. Suppose Jay was right.

But it was too hard a thing to think. She had very little left now to hang on to, and if Jay had been sensible not to marry her, she would have nothing left at all, not even a right to her pain. She would sink down into blankness and disappear.

The storm blew itself out in the night, and the morning was blue and cool. Jenny leaned on the railing and watched the water, choppy, bright and reflecting needles of sunlight. She stared, dazzled, until her head danced and spots bobbed in front of her eyes. Under the hot light the water would be fiercely cold.

Suddenly someone grabbed her dress from behind. Jenny whirled around.

To page 94



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Dana 93

"Don't do it." It was Walt.
"Don't do what? You can't possibly think I'd be stupid enough to—"

"You were thinking about it. Oh, I know, you wouldn't actually scramble up on the railing and plunge over. Too undignified. But suppose you fell. Would you yell for help?"

"Of course I would."

"Are you sure? Or would you just close your eyes and drown? Come away from that railing. Come for a walk."

"Why?"

"Well, because you talked to me last night when I needed it. Now I'm going to talk to you. Is that a good reason? If it isn't, I'll just say that you're a pretty girl and, even if I don't know you, I know you better than anyone else on the boat. OK?"

A GIFT OF DOLPHINS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 93

Slowly, reluctantly, she turned away and followed him.

She glanced at him sideways, grateful against her will. He wanted to help. She had always thought that there was a small, sharp core of insult, of condescension, wrapped up tightly inside anyone's sympathy. But Walt's concern seemed clear as light.

"Are you going to Copenhagen?" she asked.

"No, Stockholm. Hah! She takes an interest. She asked me a question. I bet you haven't asked a question in months."

She shrugged. "What are you going to do in Stockholm?"

"Business. I'm in the—Look!" He grabbed her arm and dragged her to the railing. "Dolphins!"

A school of dolphins—twenty, forty, it was impossible to count—swam and leaped beside the ship. They sprang from the water in long, racing arcs, their smooth, smiling faces turned toward the ship. They leaped alternately. One dolphin would be down while the two on either side were up.

They sprang up out of pure joy, from water to air and back again, spreading out their pleasure for the people crowded at the ship's railing. They rose and fell, splashing, smiling, as if they were calling up, "See how easy it is! See what a lovely day!"

"Look at them," said Walt urgently. "Look!"

He seemed to be offering her the dolphins as a kind of mag-

nificent gift. She felt as if she had only to reach out her hand and accept them.

She watched, and suddenly their largeness of heart made her feel mean-spirited in her despair. It takes some courage to be happy, she thought, ashamed. Perhaps it was unworthy, and a wretched, cowardly thing to have clung so hard to her mourning.

"Can we throw them something?" she asked. She felt as if she ought to pay them. "What do they eat?"

"They're not begging," said Walt. "They came to visit."

The dolphins sprang up, smiling, and Jenny blinked and smiled back in a daze.

Forcing herself forward, she turned to Walt and touched his sleeve. "You didn't tell me," she said, "what you were going to do in Stockholm."

The Osterfjord was a small ship, friendly and easy, where the crew played ping-pong in the lounge and tried to teach Norwegian to the girls. Walt and Jenny sat on deck chairs, wrapped up against the freshening breeze, and leaned on the railings to watch the last orange shreds of sunset in the sky. The ship moved farther north.

They saw an iceberg far away to starboard. They made friends with the first officer and were allowed to go up on the bridge and watch the circling radar screen and look down at the narrow bow rising and dipping in the sea. Jenny no longer braced against the roll but moved with it.

Walt kissed her. The first time she was shocked at herself, and then gradually she stopped being shocked. They saw no more dolphins, but the splash and glimmer of their leaping stayed with her and ran through her sleep.



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ON the last night the ship made its first stop, at a small coastal resort on the southern tip of Norway. It was late, and the low sun flooded the harbor with orange. Half the town was out in tiny boats, pattering about on the golden water among great, black, clifflike rocks. The other half was dancing in the little parlors at the end of the harbor.

At the edge of the water a narrow, covered platform with tables and benches ran in a long curve, and Walt and Jenny sat holding hands and drinking beer.

"Jenny, suppose I never see you again?" Walt held her hand, frowning.

"Where are you going from Stockholm?"

"Home. Seattle. I'm not a tourist; I'm on business."

"Maybe I'll be in Seattle some day. Maybe you'll be in Pittsburgh."

"Not likely. Unless I come to see you. Shall I come just to see you, Jenny?"

He looked up anxiously at her face, and she realised that she had never before believed that Jay, or anyone, loved her; had never really understood it in her bones. Now she could feel the last of her stiffness dissolving. Walt had brought her through a sea change and she had come out on the other side.

But if Walt came to Pittsburgh from the Far Northwest, he would come for a reason, an answer. She considered it, and turned away to look at the harbor.

"Thank you, Walt. Thank you more than you can possibly imagine. If you come to Pittsburgh"—she spoke slowly, choosing her words—"I'll be very glad to see you. But don't come specially."

"I see. Let's go, Jenny. We'd better get back to the ship."

He took her arm. She could see the lights of their ship. Beside her, Walt was talking again, and she heard his soft, rueful voice without hearing the words. Poor Walt; Walt was hurt; but Walt would get over it. A man is not a dolphin, and he cannot give you happiness for nothing. It costs him something. What stunned her was that she had taken it. She had taken something for nothing, free, without paying, just because he offered it and she needed it.

Forgetting his hurt, she turned to smile at him in dazzled gratitude, because she had been able to reach out and accept it, love and dolphins—and say thank you and come away.

Puzzled, he smiled back. "What is it?"

"Nothing. I only wish . . . I only wish I had some dolphins to give you, Walt."

"If I ever need any, I'll come and find you."

"Is that a promise?"

"Yes."

And they walked on toward the lighted ship. Tomorrow she would be in Copenhagen, and next week in Munich. Ahead of her, Europe lay waiting to unroll strange streets and the quick patter of other languages, new food and wine, the look of different faces and houses. Anything could happen. She walked faster, listening not to Walt but to the sound of her own footsteps on a Norwegian street.

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MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

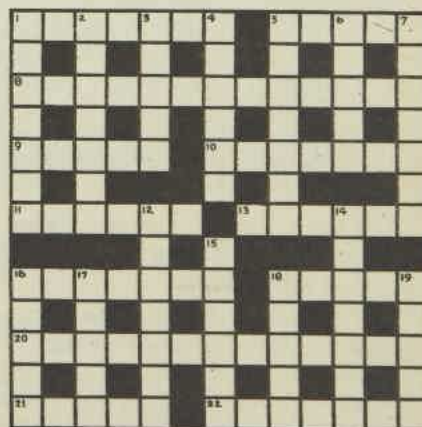
MANDRAKE'S magic saves Skinny and his family from the thieves, Muggs and his gang are put into jail, and the secrets of Intel are safe. Now what? READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Something big and heavy on disguised Lamb for a flowering garden plant (7).
5. Nothing with a blemish for an award (5).
8. Adventurers, mostly political, carrying a travelling case (13).
9. Rub out, mainly with ears (5).
10. Pertaining to ecclesiastical council (7).
11. Surgical instrument with head of a cavalry weapon (6).
13. Tricky fellows with temporary quarters in a steamer (6).
16. Relating to healing with acid turned inside (7).
18. Charlotte Corday killed him (5).
20. They are no memoranda from Australian Federal Minister Mr. McMahon (8, 5).
21. Domesticated (5).
22. Places of worship for a Member of Parliament covered with sleet (7).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Tall ace conveying chyle (7).
2. Drinking place to win an advantageous purchase (7).
3. A vassal in a Belgian city (5).
4. Lamb ushered in this attack by surprise (6).
5. Derived from or belonging to the animal and vegetable kingdom (7).
6. A system of belief (5).
7. Rustles (anagr., 7).
12. Cad seen when surrounded (7).
14. Pertaining to a husband including a broken tiara inside (7).
15. A red wine (6).
16. Polyphonic choral composition on a sacred text (5).
17. May be preceded by day, but the real one comes at night (5).
18. It is worth two crotchets (5).
19. Sporting or chemical events (5).

BLASTFURNACES
AGREEMENT
CONTACT NETS
OCEANIC
NAMES CAMEL
LIL
AGNATE SKATED
S
COSTARD REACT
OWLEADRI
TWILL RECLUSE
NABECK
ENGINE DRIVERS
Solution of last week's crossword.



WHICH PICTURE FITS YOU?

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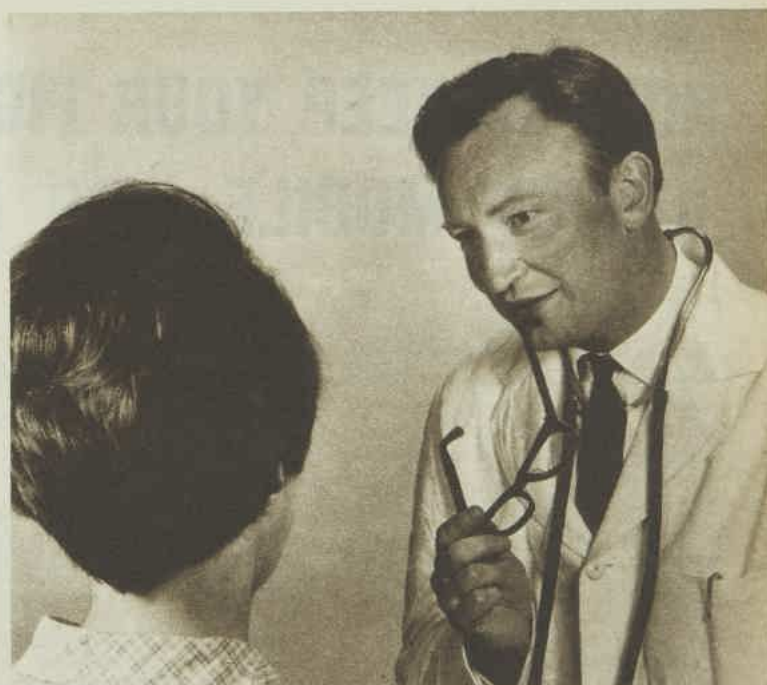
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WOMEN'S WEEKLY presents this Medical booklet of the

FIRST A.M.A. SEMINAR FOR WOMEN

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● This booklet contains a series of lectures given by eight doctors at the Seminar for Women, held in Sydney by the N.S.W. Branch of the Australian Medical Association, on September 15, 1966. The Seminar, first of its kind in Australia, was attended by 200 members from women's organisations. The lectures were published in book form for distribution to all members of the organisations. They relate to medical matters of special interest to women, and to make them available to women all over Australia the N.S.W. Branch gave us permission to publish them for general distribution.

Sponsored by the N.S.W. Branch of the Australian Medical Association.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR FIGURE AND REMAIN MOBILE INTO OLD AGE

MOST of us have grown up with the idea that posture is a natural and not particularly important aspect of life, needing little consideration.

Unfortunately, this has led to far-reaching problems and a great deal of unnecessary pain and suffering.

To begin at the beginning!

Our early ancestors swam in the water, where they had no problems with the force of gravity, which influences every body, human or otherwise, on the earth. Gradually these creatures came on land and became four-footed, with the force of gravity acting fairly evenly between their four corners.

As the skeleton developed, and the four supports were exchanged for two feet, many difficulties were imposed.

Today, posture has become a constant adjustment to the force of gravity.

Though I am attempting to make this lecture very simple, one technical term I must mention is the "centre of gravity" and its position in the body, because all our movements are adjusted to maintaining equilibrium round this point.

The skeleton has a spine, consisting of a set of bony boxes, tied together with strong ligaments and sitting on fashionable little cushions called "intervertebral discs." This term has become so popular that even children use it, but few people really understand the discs' significance.

The spine is attached to a bony basin called the pelvis, which contains many important internal organs. Together, these structures are supported by the lower extremities.

By M. Naomi Wing, M.B., B.S.

Sitting on top of the spine are the skull and its brain, which has given man an advantage over the apes. It is a considerable weight to be borne, whether its contents denote intelligence or otherwise.

Hanging from the neck are the upper extremities, which are designed for mobility; originally to allow the ape to grab coconuts from the trees, but growing longer in human beings, permitting them to reach and grip and carry out fine, co-ordinated movements with their terminal appendages, the hands.

The force of gravity constantly tries to pull this mass through the earth. While the centre of gravity remains in the middle of the pelvis, the forces are equally distributed down both lower extremities, to the outer borders of the feet, like a gothic arch—and the rest of the body remains in equilibrium. When the weight shifts forward or backward or to the sides, the trouble begins.

The object of these movements is to retain an active, alerted posture, rather than the ugly slumping posture adopted by the vast majority. (See sketches at right.)

If animals walked the way most humans do, they would become incapable, because they would be unable to maintain their equilibrium against the force of gravity.



ACTIVE ALERTED



INACTIVE SLUMPING

● Mobility depends on good posture, and it is becoming increasingly important to understand the principles of good posture, to prevent our aging population from imposing an overwhelming burden on the national economy.



...HOW FUNNY ANIMALS WOULD LOOK IF THEY WALKED LIKE MAN



HOW MAN WOULD LOOK IF HE WALKED LIKE ANIMALS

On the other hand, if humans walked like the animals, all would be well. (See sketches on page 2.)

Why is a slumping posture so common and so disastrous?

It can be maintained simply by the ligaments that hold the bony structures of the body together. As this requires no conscious effort, it is what appeals to most people.

To train the muscles to act automatically, as they do in swimmers, athletes, golfers, and other sportsmen and sports-women, the routine must begin in childhood.

This is where we have failed. To make old age successful, training must begin in early life.

Unfortunately, we have not been cast in the same mould, so there is no standard posture.



There are four common types: (1) Those of average height, average weight; (2) those who are short, stocky, and muscular; (3) those above-average height, slightly overweight; (4) those who are tall, lean, and stooped. (See sketches top left.)

The first, the most advantageous, has good possibilities for the future; the others have certain problems to overcome.

These types are produced by genetic peculiarities, race, climate, customs, and a variety of factors over which the human individual has no control.

The angle which the pelvis bears to the spine determines whether there is a flat back, sway back, or round back. It can interfere considerably with the line of weight and the position of the centre of gravity. (See sketches below left.)

As soon as a child begins to walk, such peculiarities can be assessed. So planning for the future should begin at that stage, with training to make muscle control automatic in the prevention of slumping.

This is especially important during the first ten years of life, when rapid growth is taking place. Every aspect of the child's life and future should be considered with this in mind; but it is not done in Australia. In the Scandinavian countries, as well as in Japan, there is much more emphasis on this.

What happens when this early approach has been neglected? Many things!

Let me simplify the understanding of active, alerted posture by dividing the body into a series of mobile sections articulating at five main levels. (See sketch at right.)

1. The ankle joint level.
2. The hip joint level.
3. The lumbo-sacral joint level.
4. The neck level.
5. The shoulder girdle level.

Other important levels exist at the knee and elbow. Each section supports the level above it, as in a multi-storey building from foundations to top storey.

LEVEL 1

The ankles and feet support the whole weight of the body. Upon their integrity depends the future alignment of all other structures. (Just think how you have ill-used them over the years, and you will marvel that you are able to walk at all.)

LEVEL 2

It bears the weight of all structures above this area and transmits them to the lower extremities, like the gothic arch.

LEVEL 3

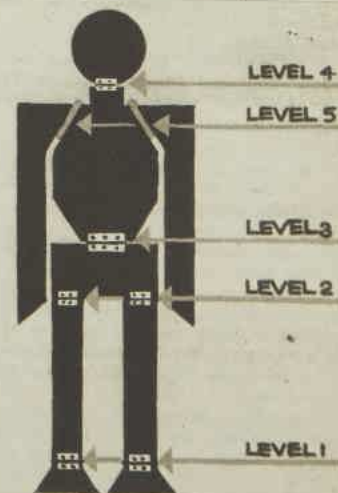
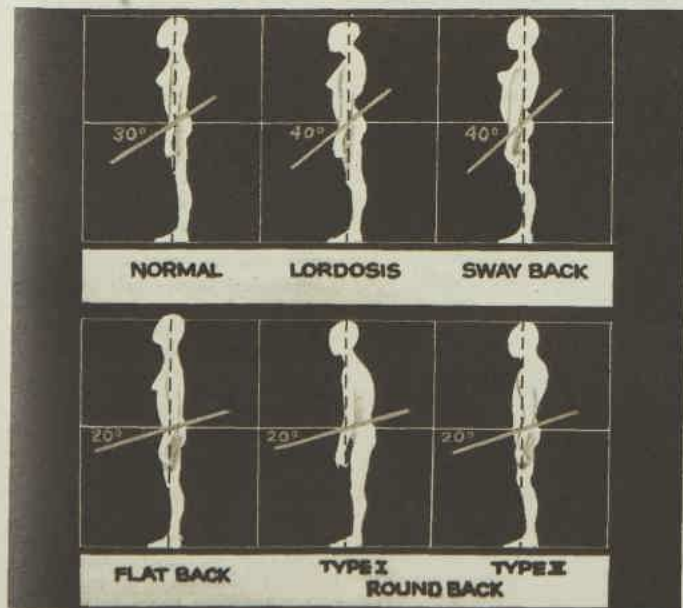
This is a very vulnerable area, one poorly designed to bear the weight imposed upon it in the change from four to two feet. The centre of gravity lies just below it, and here the weight of the trunk is transmitted to the pelvis and lower extremities. This is a very important area in household chores, in sitting, carrying heavy weights, and doing heavy work.

LEVEL 4

This portion of the spine is very mobile. Nodding takes place at the base of the skull, and other movements at the junction of the fifth and sixth vertebrae, where the signs of wear and tear become apparent early in life.

LEVEL 5

The attachments of the upper limbs to the trunk by the shoulder girdle. The



THE FIVE
MAIN PRIME FIXING
LEVELS OF THE BODY

upper extremities are very heavy. In a ten-stone person each weighs about 10lb., and is entirely supported by the clavicle and scapula, assisted by muscles which extend from the skull and chest wall, even to the pelvis.

In the whole of this mechanism designed specially for mobility there is only one fixed point (i.e., at the sterno-clavicular joint). It is little wonder that poor muscles lead to painful shoulders.

What happens when the feet subside, allowing the levels to collapse? And what can be done to prevent these happenings?

It is obvious that loss of stability in the feet begins a train of events that is far-reaching, gradually imposing stress and strain on all the levels above it. This is followed by muscle spasm and pain in the structures attempting to assume responsibility for maintenance of posture, i.e., the ligaments, which leads still further to pressure on nerves and large blood vessels, and gradually to those stresses and tensions that are so well known today.

The feet, being the vital foundations, merit special mention.

Shoe fashions are the commonest cause of their breakdown. Where people were barefoot they had fewer problems. The stiletto heel and pointed toe have been the most disastrous fashion of all time.

As the heel rises above six-eighths of an inch, the long arch of the foot becomes more and more flexed, causing the weight to be thrown on top of the foot's transverse arch; crowding together of the other structures causes shortened painful ligaments. Resulting from this strain, the ligaments of the long arch collapse; the foundations sink in the middle, and instead of standing firmly on a dome, as they do when the arch is all intact, they move inward breaking the dome, as the weight crushes the upturned basin.

This produces aching feet, and aching gradually spreads upwards to legs, knees, thighs, hips, and back—which makes the housewife so irritable when she returns from a day in the city.

Don't wear high-heeled shoes to town when you have been wearing scuffs or slippers in the house. No one sees them—people even tread on them—and they do incalculable damage, causing the feet

eventually to become the orthopaedic surgeon's playground.

At Level 2:

Damaged feet lead to inward rotation of the knee, and eventually of the hip, causing that painful immobilising condition known as osteo-arthritis of the hip, as well as many other complications.

At Level 3:

The disabilities that occur at this area are terrifying. To prevent these, revision of each person's total daily activities is necessary. (See sketches below.) To enumerate a few:

1. SITTING

Chairs are not always scientifically designed, and do much harm. The sketches show the dimensions and principles of a good chair. They also emphasise the evils of large soft chairs (the status symbol of the opulent executive).

2. LIFTING AND HANDLING

There is a wrong and a right way to do this. If you automatically assume the correct grip in lifting the baby, or a packing case, the vacuum-cleaner, or the garbage tin, you will avoid many aching

backs and displaced discs. Always take the weight on the thighs, not level 3 of the spine. Keep the knees bent and the weight evenly distributed between the feet, with one foot slightly forward—head up and eyes front so that you won't fall over obstacles or bump into doors.

3. POSTURE (at Level 4)

Adjust your chair, your workplace, typing position, or television viewing to prevent cervical spondylitis and having to wear one of those shocking, unsightly collars that float around on people's necks.

At Level 5:

Adjust your position in domestic chores, especially in carrying shopping baskets; also in driving the car. Faulty positioning of the arms causes many disabling maladies. Clothing must be carefully considered in posture generally, but especially in this area where ill-fitting brassieres depress the clavicles, causing severe pressure on the underlying blood vessels and nerves, promoting numbness and tingling in the hands, and pains in the shoulders, elbows, and muscles.

Last, but not least, a simple program of exercises!

Commence now and do them daily, encouraging use of your muscles in substitution for the ligaments which over the years you have overstrained and frayed.

PRINCIPLES OF POSTURE

- Simple breathing exercises are necessary. They should be done in front of an open window, to increase the oxygen supply to the muscles before commencing the other program of exercises.
- Place the weight on the outer sides of the feet, grip the ground with the toes, bend the knees slightly, tighten the buttocks, tighten the abdominal muscles. Lift the shoulders and let them come slightly forward; pull the chin in, and direct the crown of the head toward the ceiling. The rhythm is: tighten . . . hold . . . relax; repeat this ten times. Having mastered this technique, move every joint in the body through a full range of movement ten times at each session; also exercise the feet, doing each movement ten times.
- If you have not done exercises for years, begin with two movements each time, increasing the number daily as you have more breath. (You will be surprised how fatigued you feel in the early stages.)
- Eat a balanced diet, with adequate protein and vitamins, avoiding starchy and fatty foods. Avoid, too, fads and crash diets that would upset your general metabolism. Don't nibble between meals, and never have a second helping; always leave the table slightly hungry.

In summary, remember that active, alerted posture should replace slumping inefficiency. Great attention should be paid to the feet (i.e., foot care, exercises, shoes, and walking). These are the foundations of the building. They have many thousands of miles to walk in 70 years, our allotted span, and therefore deserve consideration.

If you cannot improve your own posture, maybe you can help by concentrating on your grandchildren, so making them posture-conscious and therefore mobile for many more years.



WHAT ARE THE PROBLEMS OF THE MENOPAUSE?

● Since ancient times, the physical and emotional disturbances to which woman is subject throughout her life have been well known, but are still only partly understood.

IN the Bible, menstrual phenomena were regarded as a kind of "sickness." (Lev. 20, 18.) The ancient Egyptians thought that the uterus exerted a paramount rule over all other systems, governing them with a potent, if capricious, sway; it created or modified disease in every portion of the body.

Since the time of Hippocrates, the association of guilt and fear with menstruation and the menopause has been known to result sometimes in mental disturbances. It was also believed that the moon had a great influence on women's behaviour.

The melancholies of menstruation and the menopause, or the "Witch Syndrome," have been described by poets, philosophers, and historians. The important role these syndromes have played, and still play, in the rise and fall of men and nations, is as evident today as it was, say, in the time of Antony and Cleopatra.

The suggested therapies over the years have included votive offerings to deities, potions of ingenious combinations, stews, and brews enhanced in strength by secret incantations, mesmerism, herbs, and fermented spirits. In the Middle Ages alcoholic drinking was thought to drive away evil spirits from the womb.

Premenstrual Tension Syndrome

Before considering the menopause, I would like to mention the syndrome of

"premenstrual tension," which occurs most commonly in women of 30 to 45 years. They seek advice because they fear it is an early menopause, which it is not—having nothing to do with the menopause.

Most women have vague symptoms of headache, backache, irritability, and fatigue a week prior to menstruation, but it is when symptoms become so severe as to cause "cyclic recurrent impairment of health" that they really are perturbed.

In addition to the above, the main symptoms are a sense of insecurity, depression, insomnia, lassitude; unreasonable emotional outbursts; soreness and discomfort of the breasts; increase of weight (which may be up to 10lb.); swelling of the feet and abdomen.

The patient is conscious of her nervous tension, her inability to concentrate; crying spells and bad temper make her feel ashamed. Her husband and children are nagged at and pushed around. She has clear insight into her condition and realises she must seek advice from her doctor—before her husband seeks a separation!

All symptoms are not present in the one patient, but the pattern is fairly constant for each patient, though the severity may vary from cycle to cycle. The change of personality may be so marked that it impairs moral judgment.

By Margaret Mulvey, M.B., B.S., M.R.C.O.G.

In France, the temporary "insanity" or incompetence often felt during that week is accorded legal recognition. In the United States, a prison survey showed that 62 percent of the offences by women had been committed in the premenstrual week.

In my opinion, the syndrome is not primarily psychogenic in origin, as the sufferer is usually a sane, well-adjusted, sensible person, happy at home, and with insight into her condition.

Treatment is, first, reassurance that she is not "going mad," as some women think they are; and an explanation that symptoms are due to fluid retention and a hormonal imbalance (not completely understood).

Fluid elimination seven to ten days before the period is the most important part of the therapy. Fluid intake should be restricted—no salt to be taken at all, and diuretics to be given to eliminate fluids. Mild sedatives may be necessary. For painful, tender breasts, testosterone in very small doses or oral progestogens, before the period, give dramatic relief.

THE MENOPAUSE

THE menopause, or change of life, is the cessation of menstrual function, and is accompanied by various symptoms and physical changes. It usually occurs between the ages of 45 and 52 years.

In the absence of general or pelvic disease, the only known factors governing age are familial and racial. In the islands to the north of Scotland, for example, menstruation continuing to the age of 55-60 years is common among isolated and inbred communities. It is not proved that the mean age of the menopause is rising. If it is rising, it may reflect increased vigor and health in the community.

Usually the menopause is heralded by a gradual decrease in the amount or frequency of the periods, during several months or years. Rarely the periods suddenly cease without warning. Excessive and prolonged bleeding is never a feature of the approaching or normal menopause, and if it occurs medical advice should always be sought.

It is difficult to be certain when conception is no longer possible; but this probably is no later than 12-18 months after complete cessation of the periods.

The menstrual cycle ceases because the ovaries cease to react to the stimulus of the anterior pituitary gland. This is related to the disappearance of all primordial ova in the ovaries, which is an aging effect.

The pituitary gland continues to pour out follicle-stimulating hormone (FSH), and indeed, being released from inhibition, produces it in very large amounts. It is thought that excessive amounts of this hormone produce "flushes."

On present knowledge we do not know the nature and biological meaning of the aging process. We have not yet found the "elixir of youth," so that we cannot

eliminate the menopause. But the patient can be helped through the period of menopausal adjustments.

The late menopause

Beyond the age of 53, regular or irregular menstruation should be regarded with grave suspicion, and specialist medical advice should be sought.

Associated conditions or causes of the late menopause are:

- (a) Constitutional (a familial or racial tendency).
- (b) Cancer of the body of the uterus.
- (c) Diabetes mellitus (usually called "diabetes").
- (d) Uterine fibroids.
- (e) Malignant tumor of the ovary.

With the exception of the human female, there is no species which significantly outlives its reproductive years.

It is felt by some that a male "change of life" exists between 50 and 70 years. Symptoms expressed include depression, apathy, irritability, lack of concentration, palpitations, weakness, loss of libido (sexual desire), apprehensions about work and security, and even "flushes."

Most male authors consider, however, that a male menopause does not exist, and that the above symptoms are part of a psychiatric illness. Chemical evidence of altered steroids in the male can, however, be quoted.

Psychological Background:

Adaptation to the psychological reactions of organic decline is a difficult task for both men and women.

In women, the menopause represents the loss of ability to reproduce. This means something to all women, particularly to the childless or unmarried woman who previously lived in hope, and suddenly feels that "old age is round the corner."

In the well-adjusted, balanced woman, psychological changes are few and insignificant if a period of slight emotional instability is followed by dignity, tolerance, and understanding. By repeated intelligent self-analysis, she adapts herself to be useful in the autumn of life. Such a person develops heightened interests and activities outside the home. She may display then long-suppressed abilities in artistic or intellectual creation.

Unfortunately, many women approach the menopause with anxiety, dread, and horror. Symptoms are exaggerated by "old wives' tales." They fear insanity, loss of femininity, of their figure, loss of their husband's affection; they may develop a cancer phobia — which is not always expressed at conscious level.

There are other factors making for stress at this time. Children are at an age when they may cause their parents unnecessary anxiety and expense; the mother may not feel physically fit to cope with all the household duties; there may be the economic insecurity of increasing age, and death of lifelong friends.

If the above anxieties, whether justified or exaggerated, are superimposed on a lifetime of maladjustment and psychoneurosis, the psychogenic manifestations of the menopause may take the form of a reactive depression. The woman then withdraws from activity and becomes preoccupied with her inner feelings and bodily sensations, and needs psychiatric help; or she may react by becoming the middle-aged flirt and behaving as an immature adolescent.

It must be remembered that the menopause is not the only period of psychological stress in the emotional development of a woman, and if she has withstood the stress and strain of 40 years she will have no difficulty in passing through her menopause philosophically and with confidence.

"The Menopausal Syndrome"

As already mentioned, the incidence and severity of symptoms depend a great deal on the presence of emotional instability before the menopause.

The most important symptom is "hot flushes," due to a vasomotor instability which results in flushing especially around the face or neck, often associated with profuse sweating. Flushes occur by night or day, and may be precipitated by nervousness, excitement, or a hot atmosphere. Vaso-dilatation is followed by vaso-constriction, so the flush is followed by a cold shiver.

Nervous and Emotional Symptoms:

These include depression, lack of drive or interest, excitability, inability to concentrate, moodiness, inexplicable crying fits, and unwarranted suspiciousness about the most helpful persons. Headaches are common, and there may be giddiness and head noises.

There may be palpitations, appetite can be increased or decreased, and there may be dyspepsia and constipation associated with spasm of the bowel.

Many other symptoms which may occur at this time of life are ascribed to the menopause — for example, joint pains, fibrositis, pigmentation of the skin, osteoporosis, and menopausal hypertension (raised blood pressure).

After the menopause, the incidence of coronary thrombosis rises, approaching that for men of similar age, and there is evidence to support the fact that oestrogens may protect women from coronary disease.

Physical Changes:

Oestrogen lack causes atrophy and inactivity of the genital tract. The breasts become flat, as there is atrophy of glandular tissue, except in obese women, in whom they remain large. The woman may become coarser in build and appearance, with loss of waistline and slight growth of hair on the face, due to functional changes in the anterior pituitary, thyroid, and adrenal glands. Body hair becomes sparse later in life; this is part of a senile change affecting all organs. Axillary (armpit) and pubic hair are not altered, as these depend on the adrenal rather than the ovary.

Increase in weight is common, but can be avoided by dieting and taking exercise. Many women overeat when emotionally upset, and it would appear that tolerance to carbohydrates is lessened with oestrogen lack.

The Management of the Menopause

It is essential to report any abnormal symptoms at this age to your doctor, any irregular or abnormal bleeding, or "periods" after 53 years, and to have a routine full physical check-up in any

case. This includes examination of the breasts for lumps, Papanicolaou smear, heart and blood pressure checks, and examination of urine. Any organic disease must first be excluded before symptoms are regarded as "menopausal."

There is no reason to fear the menopause.

Sedatives at night and mild tranquilisers may be necessary for a time.

I firmly believe that oestrogen therapy is most beneficial and should be given:

1. To relieve menopausal symptoms, especially flushes.
2. To alleviate atrophic changes in the vulva and vagina.
3. To retard, if possible, the development of coronary disease.
4. To retard osteoporosis and other skeletal changes.

Oestrogen is just as effective by mouth as by injection, and it is cheaper. It can be given continuously to those who have had a hysterectomy, and intermittently to those who have not, as it can cause withdrawal bleeding from the uterus.

So far there is no evidence at all to suggest that oestrogen therapy causes cancer.

Every patient should be under the care of her doctor when taking oestrogens, as they should not be taken in a haphazard manner.

Dosage and duration of treatment depend on the individual. I have never found it necessary to give androgens (i.e., male hormone), and I feel there is no logic in giving progestogen therapy (i.e., the pill) with oestrogen, as the latter on its own will alleviate all menopausal symptoms.

The doctor must explain the reason for the changing phase of life, and encourage the patient to accept it philosophically. She must appreciate that the autumn of life has compensations of its own, and that it is a challenge to keep fit in mind and body. She must be reassured that libido usually remains as it was before, and that her weight can be controlled by diet and exercise.

The woman whose children have left home should be encouraged to take up new and useful interests. With reassurance, insight, and knowledge, she will accept her new role gracefully and with dignity.

THE PILL

By Rodney P. Shearman, M.D., D.G.O., M.R.C.O.G.

- Through all of recorded history there have been people who are willing, indeed anxious, to forecast the end of the world. The Old Testament has many such references, and when Halley's comet became visible, this was taken by many as a harbinger of inevitable doom.

IN our own time, many support, probably with some reason, a nuclear holocaust to finish the world as we know it.

A suggested cause of world extinction that recurs frequently is over-population. One of the first people to draw attention to this was Malthus, and lately proponents of this idea have been increasingly vocal. Without doubt there is much evidence to support them.

As Dr. F. L. Hisaw said recently in America: "The destiny of mankind certainly depends more on control of the

world's population than it does on the curious international competition now ranging over such comparatively trivial things and who is to enjoy the dubious distinction of being the first to get a peek at the sea's bottom or the moon's backside."

Whether one agrees with this or not, there can be no doubt that methods capable of mass application to the field of fertility control have been receiving, and continue to receive, a great deal of attention.

Problems in population control are already being given official governmental

support in many countries. In our own society, although over-population cannot be excluded from our thinking, practice in limiting the numbers of children born is on a much more personal level, where one is dealing with the individual patient rather than with a national problem.

The ideal contraceptive would be one that was 100 percent effective, that caused no aesthetic objections, had no effect on the libido (sexual desire) of either male or female, which produced no undesirable side effects, and which on withdrawal would be followed by restoration of normal prospects of conception. I think it is reasonable to say that no such method exists at this moment.

Two quite certain methods of achieving control of conception would be either to stop ovulation or to inhibit spermatogenesis in the male. No ovum, or no sperm, obviously means no pregnancy.

As yet there is still no adequate but reversible method that will abolish spermatogenesis in the male without, at the same time, causing impotence or other equally undesirable side effects.

In the female there has been very rapid progress in the field of ovulation control during the past 14 years, and this method of contraception is now very widely employed throughout the world, with one of the highest rates of usage in Australia.

There is no doubt that when used properly the oral control of conception offers the most effective reversible form of contraception that exists today. The widespread use of these compounds has met with much opposition, some of it rational and some quite irrational.

On the last count, there were about 20 different brand names of oral contraceptives commercially available in Australia. The names of these do not matter, and basically they are all of two types. The first to be released were the combined preparations that contain a mixture of synthetic hormones, both an oestrogen and progestin, which are given for 20 or 21 days of each month. More recently introduced are the sequential tablets, where an oestrogen alone is given for the first 15

or 16 days of the cycle, and an oestrogen-and-progestin combined is given for the last five or six.

Whichever of these basic types of preparation is used, the object of the exercise is still the same — to control conception with the minimum incidence of side effects.

In this context there are several questions to answer. First, how do they work? Secondly, are they effective? Thirdly, what side effects may be expected from them? And fourthly, what dangers are there in their use?

Although there was some dispute about the precise mechanism of action of these preparations when they were first introduced, there can no longer be any doubt that the dominant mechanism of action is to inhibit ovulation. All evidence suggests that in a woman taking these preparations the function of the ovary, which is normally twofold, that is, to produce a cyclic release of ovarian hormones and produce cyclically an ovum, is completely inhibited.

Are these compounds effective? As I mentioned above, there is no doubt that this approach to contraception represents the most effective reversible method that exists. Where failures do occur it has been customary to try to attribute these either to the patient or to the tablet in individual cases; in other words, patient failure or tablet failure. In practice it is often difficult, if not impossible, to decide, in retrospect, whether the patient did take every tablet as directed, or whether she forgot them and forgot that she forgot them, or whether there was a genuine failure of the method.

Because of this, in large studies, the term "use effectiveness" has now been applied, the term meaning the pregnancy rate that will occur in an unselected group of women. Unselected in this context means women unselected apart from the fact that they are taking one or other of the oral contraceptives, who are taking them with no more and no less supervision than you would expect in ordinary practice, and with no more and no less intelligence and motivation than God gave them.

THE PILL (cont.)

Under these circumstances there is no such thing as a 100 percent reliability. Even allowing for the vagaries of human nature and the variabilities of individual preparations, the failures that do occur in use effectiveness studies are still far less than those found with any other reversible method of contraception.

Most people when they think of side effects think not unnaturally of undesirable or unpleasant side effects. Only rarely does one consider favorable or beneficial side effects. But this is something that does need discussion.

These preparations have a very wide place in the field of gynaecological treatment, quite apart from their role as oral contraceptives. For instance, they are used in the treatment of severe dysmenorrhoea, and in the management of some types of abnormal menstruation unassociated with specific lesion in the uterus.

For the woman who is taking them purely as a contraceptive there are often beneficial side effects that follow. For example, the incidence of painful periods is significantly reduced in users of this method as compared with non-users; women who have previously suffered fairly heavy bleeding that is not due to a local cause, like fibroids or a polyp within the uterus, usually notice a significant improvement in the amount of blood loss; many women who suffer from premenstrual tension are significantly freer of this complaint while taking oral contraceptives; and of considerable theoretical and practical interest is the fact that many younger women who were plagued previously by acne notice a considerable improvement after some months of ovarian inhibition. These then are the favorable side effects.

What of the unfavorable side effects?

Those that are seen most frequently are nausea and disturbances of menstrual function. The incidence of these side effects, particularly nausea, has varied tremendously in the publications of different

observers using the same preparation. It is reasonable to say that between one-quarter and one-third of all women taking any of these preparations will experience some nausea, and much less commonly vomiting, in the first treated cycle; and that by the third cycle this incidence will almost have reached zero. There appears to be no doubt at all that this is a reaction to the oestrogen in the tablet, whether this be a combined or a sequential type preparation and it is something to which the body develops tolerance.

Disturbances of menstrual function may take the form of intermenstrual bleeding or amenorrhoea, that is, missed periods. Intermenstrual bleeding, either spotting or heavier breakthrough bleeding, occurs in between four percent and twenty-four percent of patients.

This incidence again varies tremendously from one observer to another, and to a lesser extent with the preparation used. Like nausea, the incidence of breakthrough bleeding diminishes as treatment becomes more prolonged. The patient who breaks through consistently on one preparation may not necessarily do so on another, and it is worth while under these circumstances changing to another compound.

Cycles of amenorrhoea are a good deal less common than cycles of breakthrough bleeding. The incidence here varies from between one and four percent of all cycles, and while in some women this will mean just an occasional missed period, in others the amenorrhoea will persist. With virtually all of the combined preparations there is good evidence that the incidence of this type of amenorrhoea rises the longer they are used. With the sequential tablets, current evidence would suggest the incidence is much the same in later cycles as in early cycles, that is, about two percent.

Nearly all women will notice a change in the amount of menstrual loss, and in the majority using combined preparations there will be less bleeding than had been seen previously, and only very rarely is there any increase. With sequential tablets the degree of change is usually somewhat less pronounced than with the combined tablets.

Breast discomfort is something that some women will complain of during the early months of treatment. When it occurs it is similar to that which is seen in many women as a normal change in the week or so before menstruation, or in the first month or two of pregnancy.

Excessive weight gain is an occasional irritating side effect which has been the subject of much loose thinking both by the medical and the lay Press. Generally speaking, adults who gain weight can do so for only one of two reasons. They can gain weight because they are retaining fluid, or they can gain weight because they are becoming fat.

Fluid retention is a common feature in many normal women in the premenstrual week, and this manifests itself by bloating of the abdomen and breasts and some degree of premenstrual tension. Some women will have significant fluid retention in the early cycles of the use of oral contraceptives.

This is manifest by abdominal bloating and sometimes even frank oedema (accumulation of fluid), but this, like most of the other side effects that I have discussed, very rarely persists.

Some women, however, do become genuinely fat while taking these tablets, and one needs to look at this fairly clearly. Obviously you cannot create something out of nothing, and there are no calories in these tablets. The woman who is getting fat can only do so because she is eating more, or because her energy production is reduced, or because she is using the previous amount of food intake more efficiently.

Despite statements that have appeared, I think it necessary to emphasise that there is no valid evidence that any of these tablets have a genuine anabolic effect, that is, that they make the person capable of more effective utilisation of food intake. There is suggestive evidence that some of these compounds may stimulate appetite in a small number of individuals.

This problem of weight gain that is seen occasionally is one of the difficulties of oral contraceptives that remain at the

moment unresolved, and need more careful attention.

Apart from the side effects that have been mentioned already, which are capable of fairly precise documentation, it is not uncommon for side effects to occur which are almost entirely subjective, and therefore very difficult for the observer to assess accurately.

Sometimes a patient taking any of these tablets will volunteer the information that since she has been taking them she has become lethargic, perhaps depressed, and does not feel completely well. Subjective symptoms such as these are incapable of precise categorisation, and there seems to be some evidence that the frequency with which these symptoms are volunteered varies to some extent with the motivation of the patient.

Because of the difficulty in assessing these symptoms, and because they occur so commonly in women who are untreated, it is difficult to be certain that there is a causal relationship between any of the preparations and these symptoms.

It cannot be disputed, however, that a significant number of women who complain of these symptoms while being treated lose them after cessation of treatment. For this small minority in whom these unpleasant subjective disturbances occur, there does not appear to be any doubt that some other method of contraception should be employed.

Another factor that is notoriously difficult to assess is the effect on libido. Some women experience a severe diminution in libido while taking oral contraceptives, others experience an increase, while for the majority there is no significant change. For those who do have a change, it cannot be said with any degree of certainty whether this represents a genuine pharmacological effect of the treatment, or whether it is due to associated emotional changes.

Whatever the reason may be, if the patient complains of diminished libido which is causing her inconvenience, then she should be advised to stop this type of treatment.

Periodically there are waves of unrest.

THE PILL (cont.)

which are given wide publicity in the newspapers, about the fears of possible long-term effects that may be harmful in patients using these preparations. Some of the commonest fears are that these preparations will cause cancer; that they will cause the postponement of the menopause, so that it may be possible for women in their 50s and 60s to have children; fear that these preparations may cause blood clots to form.

With regard to cancer, no one is yet in a position to answer this question precisely, and it will be years before a definite answer can be given. There are, however, several things which should be pointed out.

It has been noted by several groups, both here and in America, that the prolonged use of oral contraceptives reduces the incidence of diffuse nodularity of breasts in women; it has also been shown that one of the synthetic progestins similar to that used in some of the oral contraceptives is the most effective treatment for hormonal mastopathy. Their use cannot, however, be advocated in women who have had treatment for breast cancer, although paradoxically some of the hormones do have a place in the management of some patients with advanced breast cancer.

Cancer of the uterus has to be divided into two separate sections, as they are quite separate diseases. One is cancer of the cervix or neck of the womb, the other is cancer of the body of the uterus.

The most efficient way of detecting early cancer of the neck of the uterus is to have a Papanicolaou smear taken at yearly intervals. An extremely large number of women taking oral contraceptives have now been studied in this way, and compared with matched women who are not taking these compounds. There is not yet sufficient evidence for any definite conclusions to be drawn, but there is suggestive evidence that the incidence of suspicious and positive smears is reduced in users of oral contraceptives. It will require study of many thousands of women over many years to validate this early

impression, and these studies are in progress.

With regard to carcinoma of the body of the uterus, current evidence would suggest that if they have any effect at all, oral contraceptives would actually reduce the incidence of this disease.

The fear of geriatric obstetrics, that is, women in their 50s and 60s having children, which is occasionally brought up in relationship to these pills, is like fear generally, emotionally rather than intellectually engendered. There is no reason theoretical or practical to suppose that this will be the case.

More recently, the accusing finger has moved on to thrombo-embolic phenomena, that is, clots in blood vessels. This question has been examined very carefully by the Food and Drug Administration in America, by the International Council for Fertility Control in England, and the Dunlop Committee in England. Although the question cannot yet be regarded as finally settled, and is still under close observation, the data available at the moment, over many thousands of individuals, would suggest that the incidence of such episodes in women taking oral contraceptives is no greater than the spontaneous incidence in people of the same age not taking these preparations.

It can be said with a fair degree of confidence that the last has not yet been heard of potentially dangerous side effects from the prolonged use of oral contraceptives.

It is unfortunate that to many people the mention of these compounds immediately carries strong emotional overtones, which make intellectual judgment more difficult than it otherwise might be.

Equally it is unfortunate that these drugs, that have a wide application in gynaecology quite apart from their use as oral contraceptives, should be regarded in such a different class from drugs for the treatment of any other condition.

It is difficult for the gynaecologist to see why a request from a patient to treat and control fertility should be regarded in any different light from a request from a patient to treat and control infertility.

THE PROBLEM OF YOUR AGED PARENTS

By Adrian Paul, M.B., B.S., D.T.M., D.T.H.

● Every one of us with aged parents attempts to resolve the problems which arise, from our own personal experience, which, however, does not include having become aged. We have no personal experience of the problems we seek to resolve. In this situation, with luck, we still make the right decisions 50 percent of the time.

LET us look at the various aspects of aging and see if this percentage cannot be improved.

1. BIOLOGICAL ASPECTS, a complex of progressive changes:

(a) Cell composition and capacity for growth.

(b) Tissue structures and function.

(c) Speed, strength, and endurance of the neuromuscular system.

(d) Cosmetic changes.

(e) Increasing prevalence of long-term chronic disease arising from the cumulated insults to the organism.

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THE PROBLEM OF AGED PARENTS (cont.)

2. PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS.

Changes in the central nervous system with reduction in sensory and perceptual capacities.

3. SITUATIONAL CHANGES IN OLD AGE.

Changing circumstance as a member of a family, community, and society.

Completion of the parental role.

The attitude of our society toward old age.

Retirement from work and reduced income.

Restricted mobility from disease, disability, or loss of energy.

Need for special living arrangements, e.g., following loss of spouse.

4. BEHAVIOURAL ASPECTS OF AGING.

Behaviour is the result of the summation effect of the individual's feed-in mechanisms, and ability to adapt to situations. Personality, motivation, self-image, reactions to internal and external stimuli, anxiety, and frustration tolerance are some of the factors subject to change. You will see from these aspects of aging that the problems require special understanding to achieve a happy solution.

Simmons, a sociologist, lists the five primary interests of old people as:

1. To live as long as possible.
2. To get more rest so that they can hoard their diminished resources.
3. To hold on to what they have: skills, possessions, rights, authority, and prestige.
4. To remain active participants within the affairs of life (but "something to do and nothing to be done").
5. To withdraw from life when necessity requires it, as timely, honorably, and comfortably as possible.

To date, I have confined my remarks to

definition of the problems, or rather the factors which lead to problems in old people. I have not mentioned such problems as Grannie's interference with the upbringing of the children and your responsibility/guilt conflict; her slowness and your impatience; the injustice of your siblings' failure to accept responsibility, and Grannie's invariable championing of the irresponsible ones.

But to follow this course would be fruitless. My theme must be "Active Prevention" or "Anticipatory Medicine." The aim is to keep the aged in the stream of life of their choice: independent and interested.

The characteristics of illness in old age are:

1. A legacy from earlier life.
2. Multiple pathology (rather than single diseases).
3. Degenerative processes of various systems, especially vascular and locomotory.
4. Increase in repair time.
5. Mental depression.

Many old people rationalise all symptoms as due to aging and therefore not remediable.

RESEARCH STUDIES ON IMMOBILISATION

The doctor image, both personal and public, is closely identified with successful restoration of health. Chronic illness in old age tends to provoke a protective attitude usually equated with bed rest. However, recent research studies on the immobilisation of healthy young men have disclosed secondary complications such as contractures, muscle atrophy, general debility, pronounced metabolic changes with excretory losses of vital body substances, and orthostatic fainting spells (postural giddiness). Return to normal took three to four weeks, with the exception of muscle bulk and normal exercise tolerance, which took longer.

Keeping this in mind, let us look at the pattern of illness in the aged.

• Aim to keep them in the stream of life of their choice: independent and interested

All too commonly daughter is too busy and the doctor too solicitous. As a result, activities are restricted; duties and responsibilities are relinquished. This leads to mild depression and loss of desire to remain independent.

The oldie is encouraged to stay in bed to be out of the way. Joints stiffen, loss of muscle power becomes critical, and outside interests, church, etc., are lost. Day sleep spoils night sleep, and so sedatives are prescribed for this. Reduced fluid intake results in mild uraemia and often the patient becomes confused and incontinent. You note that the parent has become the patient and is now a candidate for a nursing home — another cabbage for the cabbage patch.

Associated with this unhappy picture may be degenerative disease of the vasculature, anaemias, reduced thyroid function, diabetes, and nutritional deficiencies, for which recognition and treatment can provide spectacular results. It is a good rule to remember that physiological aging is a slow, insidious process, and any sudden change in the physical or mental state is probably pathological and warrants investigation.

If the old person is failing with hygiene and personal attention, e.g., foot care, look for:

1. Impaired vision, hearing, and understanding.
2. Arthritis.
3. Tremor.

New spectacles, hearing aids, and various

other aids to increase independence in the activities of daily living may be necessary. Allied to this there should be a planned program of accident prevention. The common sources of accidental injury in the home are scatter rugs, open flames, unstable chairs, and inadequate bathroom facilities. Bath and lavatory grab-rails are indispensable.

Gas appliances are an unnecessary danger, but time does not allow for the full development of this theme.

If bed rest is essential, the complications mentioned previously can be prevented by a regime of full-range movements for all joints, repeated several times daily, and proper positioning in a suitable bed. Prevention of deformity from degenerative arthritis depends similarly on retention of movement ranges.

THE PARENT WHO WANTS TO LIVE ALONE

Finally, the problem of the aged parent who insists on living alone. A calculated risk must be taken. The telephone is essential, and a whistle carried at all times, with which to attract neighbors; a source of comfort to all concerned.

More than half the elderly persons in the community, your aged parents and mine, are handicapped to some degree.

It is both a medical and lay responsibility to prevent secondary deterioration. The magnitude of this problem calls for a full-scale educational effort.

CANCER DETECTION

By Gwendoline Gerrard, M.B., B.S.

● The subject of cancer detection is a wide one and should include discussion of the means and methods of detecting every form of cancer in women. Such a discussion could not be covered in this space, so I propose to discuss those types occurring most frequently in women, and the methods of investigating them.

A VERY large percentage of all cancers are curable if found and treated in the early stages, and because of this curability it is most important that these conditions should be detected in the early stages.

Unfortunately for the detection of early cancer, there is no "cent in the slot" method of diagnosing malignancy, or any other condition. Generally speaking, steps in detection are:

- (1) A very careful history of symptoms or irregularities. (Maybe a change in bowel habit; increasing constipation or diarrhoea; bleeding or discharges; development of a cough, or a lump; a change in a mole.)
- (2) A thorough physical examination.
- (3) Special tests for the area or organs concerned. For instance, a history of chronic cough, smoking, and perhaps increasing fatigue, would indicate necessity for chest X-ray, examination of sputum, and possibly a bronchoscopic examination. History of change in bowel habits, or passage of blood or mucus from the bowel, would call for special bowel X-rays and sigmoidoscopic examination. Blood in the urine would indicate need for investigation of bladder and kidneys.

I list these things to show that there is no overall test for malignancy.

In the case of breasts, careful and frequent examination (usually by the girl herself, say after each menstrual period) may detect the presence of lumps or cysts. X-rays of breasts can now be done by those radiologists with special facilities, and such rays are helpful in diagnosis of the nature of the lumps or cysts. Frequently it is advisable for the lump to be removed for examination by the pathologist.

Now we come to cancer of the pelvic organs. It is the detection of early cancer here that we hope will change the statistics of this disease.

As you may or may not know, the pelvic organs of the woman consist of the uterus, which is described as having

a body and a neck, or cervix; two ovaries, two tubes, a vagina, the bladder, and the vulva. Any one of these organs can be attacked by its own special cancer.

There is cancer of the ovary, cancer of the body of the uterus, cancer of the cervix, of the vulva, etc. Except for the vulva, where lesions can begin with pain and irritation, the disease is often hidden and silent. In the early stages nearly always, and often in quite advanced stages, cancer can be quite silent and without symptoms.

Before we go any further, and because there is so much publicity about the smear test, I shall explain what it is, and then see how it fits into the program of cancer detection.

In all living tissue, cells are being constantly desquamated (or thrown off) and replaced by new cells. If one were to take a smear from, say, inside the mouth, stain it, and look at it under the microscope, one would see cells typical of that form of tissue. In a smear taken from the vagina or cervix one sees vaginal or cervical cells.

Now if these cells are undergoing change to malignant or pre-malignant states, then the cells picked up will show these abnormalities. The name of the man who devised this test is Papanicolaou (who was then working in New York), and so the smear test subsequently became known as the Papanicolaou Smear.

These smears, taken on a swab-stick or a wooden spatula from the cervical canal or the vagina, are put on a glass slide, "fixed" in an ether-alcohol mixture, and stained with appropriate dyes. The pathologist recognises five classes of cells, ranging from the Normal Class 1 to the Malignant Class 5.

The presence of even one malignant cell makes a slide positive. Sometimes, while no Stage 5 cells are seen, nevertheless abnormal cells are seen. In these cases it is necessary to repeat the smears at fairly frequent intervals. So much for the "Pap Smear."

To revert now to the procedure adopted in pelvic cancer detection, the rules previously mentioned apply.

(1) Careful history. (Any change in the menstrual history; irregularities, or increased bleeding; any history of watery

CANCER DETECTION (cont.)

discharge, or bleeding after intercourse; or of bleeding after the menopause.) These symptoms could be associated with cancer of the ovary, cervix, or cavity of the uterus.

(2) Careful examination of the pelvis by feeling may reveal the presence of an enlarged ovary or uterus, and direct inspection may show a lesion of the cervix or vagina. This latter is most important, for it is not always possible to pick up an early cancer of the cervix just by feel.

(3) Special tests.

(i) Papanicolaou Smear.

(ii) Colposcopic examination. The colposcope is an instrument which gives a 15 or 20 magnification of the covering tissue of the cervix, at the point where malignant change is most likely to occur.

(iii) Iodine test. When a mixture containing iodine is applied to a normal cervix, that tissue stains brown. In the presence of malignant change in these cells, the area concerned does not take up the iodine, and appears pale.

If all these tests are clear, and the patient has no symptoms, it is reasonable to assume that she is free from cancer! But if the smear is positive, or is repeatedly suspicious, it is necessary to take the next step in the investigation by removing an area of the cervix for microscopic study. This is called a biopsy.

The colposcope here can be of great value, for if any particular area appears irregular under the colposcope it is the area to biopsy. If no area appears particularly abnormal, then one removes the whole lining of the cervix. This is a "cone biopsy."

These biopsies are then examined by the pathologist, and subsequent treatment depends on the findings. A curettage (or scraping of the cavity of the uterus) is always done at the time the biopsy is taken, in case the cells giving the positive smear should have come from an area above the site of the biopsy.

These remarks and investigations for

the most part apply particularly to cancer of the cervix. In cancer of the body of the uterus (which is a disease more of the menopausal or post-menopausal age-group, characterised by increased or irregular bleeding, watery discharge, or recurrence of bleeding after change of life), it is obvious that the colposcope will be of no value.

Papanicolaou Smears, while worth doing, are much less reliable than with cancer of the cervix. The essential investigation here is curettage of the uterus and examination by the pathologist of material so obtained. Naked-eye examination by the surgeon at the time of curettage is not enough.

This, called a diagnostic curettage, is performed for the purpose of diagnosis, not as a cure. It is a lesser procedure than a cone biopsy, and no one with symptoms should hesitate to submit to it.

I would like to stress that in discussing cancer of the cervix I was referring to cases where very little is visible to the naked eye, cases which prior to the days of smear and colposcope would probably have passed undetected. The gross lesions being obvious, one does smears and biopsies to confirm the diagnosis.

It is this type of case that one hopes will disappear as women avail themselves more and more of cancer-detection facilities. I have endeavored to point out that it is a combination of procedures—no one procedure is necessarily adequate. Papanicolaou Smears in cancer of the cervix are good, but one does get a small percentage of false negatives. The colposcope has picked up some early lesions which the smear has missed.

The next question is: how does one avail oneself of this investigation?

Most hospitals with a gynaecological department have a cancer-detection clinic. Patients presenting themselves will have a full gynaecological examination, a Papanicolaou Smear, and a colposcopy.

The same procedure is carried out by gynaecologists in their private offices. Most gynaecologists are equipped with a colposcope. Smears can be taken by all doctors and sent for examination either to private pathologists or (as at Lid-

SOME PROBLEMS OF ADOLESCENCE

By John Shand, M.B., B.S., D.P.M., M.A. N.Z.C.P.

● Adolescence begins at puberty, which comprises far-reaching bodily and psychological changes. Representing the transition between childhood and adulthood, it covers a relatively small number of years.

IT IS therefore not surprising that in both the subjective and objective senses it is the most turbulent, and apparently chaotic, phase of the life-span.

Because of the complex, varied nature of adolescent behaviour, with inconsistent swings from one extreme to the other, it used to seem to defy comprehension, as difficult to understand objectively.

The policy of psychiatrists in general. CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

combe, in New South Wales) to laboratories provided by the State.

A "Do It Yourself" kit has been introduced in some places for patients to take their own smears and send them off for examination. I think the value of these is extremely doubtful, and they could be dangerous. If a smear is taken it must be properly done. A negative smear, alone, could leave a patient falsely happy that she had no malignant cervix; but she could still be harboring a cancer of the ovary.

Incidentally, the most reliable way, still, of finding a cancer of the ovary is by careful pelvic examination by an experienced examiner.

I have outlined the steps to be taken for detecting early cancer once the patient

presents herself. But the all-important thing to remember is that you are No. 1 detector! It is you who must present yourself for examination at regular intervals. It is you who must observe and seek advice on the appearance of a lump, or of a color-change in a mole; at the presence of unusual bleeding, or the ulcer on the face, or vulva, etc.

And you must remember that if all tests are negative you are not being given a certificate for the rest of your life. Repetition of examination (if all appears quite normal) should be at not more than two-year intervals.

If these precautions are followed by all, we can quite safely say that cancer as a cause of death will be very much reduced.

SOME PROBLEMS OF ADOLESCENCE (cont.)

until after World War II and into the 'fifties, had been to wait for the turmoil of adolescence to settle down, and then investigate the residue in the more tranquil setting of adulthood. However, more recently, investigators perhaps more courageous have focused their attention on this formative period, and a body of theory, in part tentative, has developed.

I will not attempt to explain in detail these theories, but will present only a short summary of what I feel makes sense out of apparent adolescent "non-sense."

This is a very much summarised survey of pre-adolescent psychological development, and its effects, both good and bad, upon adolescent personality formation, and therefore behaviour. Though I will not attempt to describe the psychiatric illnesses pertinent to this period, I hope to make understandable some of the factors common to all adolescents, which in the extreme express themselves in mental illness.

I quote an American psychoanalyst, Erik Erikson, in identifying successive phases of psychological maturation during infancy and early childhood, in respect of their far-reaching effects upon later personality function. Each phase is marked by its own particular crisis, the solution to which affects the outcome of succeeding phases, and, ultimately, adolescent development.

1. *Basic trust versus basic mistrust.* The former is an attitude toward oneself and the world derived from experiences during the first year of life. It comprises a reasonable trustfulness of others, and a trustworthiness in oneself as far as others are concerned.

During the helplessness of the first year of life, there should be a correspondence between the infant's primitive ability to receive and the mother's ability to give; not just in the narrow sense of breast-feeding but through this function to give a secure, loving environment.

Much therefore depends upon the mother's capacity to give, derived from her own experiences of give-and-take in her own infancy. It must be said that the amount of trust so derived does not seem to depend upon absolute quantities of food, or demonstrations of love, but rather on the quality of the maternal relationship. During the second year, helpless dependence gives way to activity and a drive toward independence, with a degree of autonomy in infantile behaviour.

2. This phase focuses most importantly upon bladder and bowel functions, over which increasing voluntary control is developed. A conflict between the two opposing impulses of retention and elimination occurs. A battle for autonomy (self-government) develops between child and parent — no doubt all too familiar to many of you.

This generalises into what the child "wants to do" and "what he is supposed to do," in terms of general behaviour. Parental discipline should encourage reasonable self-control, without loss of self-esteem, which can arise from excessive coercion.

The emotions of shame and self-consciousness find their roots in experiences where a child is made to "feel small" by parental reactions to attempts at independent activity. Excessive pressure to conform in this phase leads to strangulation of emotional and behavioural expression in later life.

Once again, the type and degree of a sense of autonomy, which parents are able to grant their small children, depend upon the sense of personal independence which they derive from their own lives. This should be such as to allow a smooth transition into outside society with its law-enforcement.

3. By the third year, maturation becomes centred upon infantile sexual drives — well known as the "Oedipus Complex" in the male. In simple terms, this involves rivalry with the parent of the same sex for the parent of the opposite sex; in both boys and girls. These sexual and aggressive wishes are accompanied by guilt, and fear of retaliation by the rival, perceived realistically as much more powerful, and

unrealistically, under normal circumstances, as dangerous.

Pressure of conscience causes these aims to be buried in the unconscious mind, so that the child can identify with its parent of the same sex in various other ways. If incestuous aims persist too strongly in the unconscious, healthy sexual adjustment in adult life becomes impossible.

From the age of six or seven, maturation turns toward the development of technical skills which are the basis for adult occupations, and allows constructive companionship and a growing feeling of equality between child and parent.

While the definition between what is play and what is work becomes instilled, a sense of initiative should not be destroyed by too rigid prescription and enforcement of curricula. The school-age child should develop a sense of mastery over technical skills, but not at the expense of loss of reasonable autonomy — which could lead to a reversal of development back to dependence, associated with feelings of inadequacy and inferiority, by comparison with others.

The revolutionary changes of puberty, the gateway to adolescence, are superimposed upon the outcome of all previous personality development, healthy or unhealthy. Conflicts from the early phases become resurrected, and open to reappraisal, in this last melting-pot before adulthood.

The adolescent, as well as continuing his education, faces relationships involving intimacy of general emotional and sexual kinds with both sexes. He has both to satisfy and control the demands of his own impulses, and of the personal environment; so often mutually opposed. If infancy and early childhood have been traversed satisfactorily without neurotic predisposition, then there is a fair guarantee that adolescence, though turbulent, will give way to healthy adult life.

If, however, a sense of basic trust, autonomy, and conflict-free sexual drives has not developed, then adolescence is a painful experience, which without corrective help proliferates into personality-disorder, then or later.

These constructive personality attributes combine to form in the individual a sense of identity. This can be defined as a sense of confidence in one's ability to maintain an acceptable inner sameness, which corresponds closely to the perception others have of one.

In simpler terms, the adolescent's opinion of himself, if it could be expressed, would be very similar to an objective appraisal of him by others. In healthy development, each successive stage results in an increase in self-esteem, without which there is no continuous sense of identity.

The opposite of a healthy sense of identity is well labelled "identity diffusion." Youths so affected for lack of any solid foundation of personality, who choose or have some role forced upon them by arbitrary standardisation, either withdraw emotionally, or run away, and become labelled as delinquent. They are then treated as such by authorities, and perversely accept this role themselves, often for lack of any alternative available to them.

In general, it is primarily the inability to settle on an occupational identity which disturbs young people. Because of individual insecurity, they band together for mutual support into cliques or gangs, and collectively over-identify with some heroic figure, to the almost total extinction of their own individual identities.

On the other hand, to consolidate this artificial group identity, they need, in bigoted and often cruel ways, to exclude others who are "different," whether in skin color, racial extraction, class background; or in petty aspects of dress and behaviour, arbitrarily selected to distinguish the "in" from the "out" group.

It is important to understand such intolerance as the necessary defence against a sense of identity-diffusion unavoidable when adjustment to bodily changes, powerful newly awakened drives, and important occupational choices is called for.

In guidance it is hard for parents to be tolerant, unless they realise that, deep down, the adolescent is not sure he is a man (or a woman) who can master his drives; that he really knows who he is,

SOME PROBLEMS OF ADOLESCENCE (cont.)

what he wants to be, and what he looks like to others; that he can make the right decisions without once and for all committing himself to the wrong friend, sexual partner, or leader, or wrong career.

The environment should, but often does not, offer a certain degree of choice, a hope for individual choice, and some right of self-determination. A balance must be struck in the development of a sound identity, between psychological anarchy and a cruel dictatorship of conscience, as the sequelae of over-submission to parental rule in childhood.

The youth who is not sure of his identity shies away from inter-personal intimacy, though this would provide opportunity to reassess himself by repeated discussion with others. Abnormal outcomes of this may be complete withdrawal and isolation; stereotyped and formal inter-personal relationships without real fellowship; perhaps a premature marriage with the object of finding oneself in finding one another—which formal role precludes further experimentation.

Despite apparent similarity to neurotic and psychotic crises, adolescence is not an affliction but a normative crisis.

The adolescent's leaning-out over any number of precipices is, normally, an experimentation with experiences which thereby become more amenable to control, provided they can somehow be communicated to other adolescents in one of those strange codes established for just such experiences, and provided they are not prematurely responded to with fatal seriousness by over-eager or neurotic adults.

Because of concern for the individual adolescent, the mutual fusion of their clique behaviour fails to be properly assessed, and because of prejudices the behaviour is considered irrelevant, unnecessary, or irrational, and ascribed to childishness or neurosis.

Identity breakdown usually occurs at a time when the young individual finds himself exposed to a combination of experiences, demanding simultaneous commitment to physical intimacy, decisive occupational choice, energetic competition, and psycho-social self-definition.

Latent identity weaknesses become revealed under these exacting stresses. They can be expressed in social withdrawal, avoidance of any intimacy in social relationships, scornful hostility toward roles considered proper and desirable in one's family or local community, or a denial of all ambition, and loss of initiative in occupational directions.

Choice of a negative group identity can be most easily recognised in large cities, where conditions of religion, economy, and culture are marginal and provide poor basis for positive identities. Negative group identities are sought in spontaneous clique formation, ranging from neighborhood gangs and jazz mobs to dope rings, homosexual circles, and criminal gangs.

The choice of the negative identity of a delinquent role becomes reinforced by the moral condemnation of the law and the community, encouraged by the facade of denial of any emotional response, especially shame and guilt. A legal classification as delinquent may seal a young individual's identity once and for all, and relieve him of the necessity to search further for a "good" identity.

In addition, delinquent behaviour, because of its exaggeratedly masculine, or feminine, character, saves many adolescents from inferiority feelings and confusion of sexual identity. Haphazard promiscuity avoids any real commitment to true intimacy.

It is the responsibility of teachers, judges, psychiatrists, and other informed individuals to recognise disturbed behaviour for what it really means in the sense of identity problems, so that appropriate corrective therapy can be applied. Punishment and moral condemnation alone are likely to do no better than consolidate an already unfortunate choice of identity.

SELF-MEDICATION

**By Joan Ingham, M.B., B.S., D.C.H. (Lond.),
M.R.C.P., M.R.C.P.E., M.R.A.C.P.**

● God created man in his own image — in such a way that, given adequate diet, rest, and exercise, there should be no need for supplements of any kind. If, however, symptoms occur which need help, it is far better to check with your doctor, so that these can be diagnosed and corrected.

WHAT, then, is self-medication?

The chemist sells a wide variety of goods, mainly in these categories: sedatives, drugs for colds, tonics, (vitamins and iron), stomach and bowel medicines, and analgesics.

If we look at these in more detail, we find under the heading of "drugs for colds" a vast array of lozenges, nasal drops, cough expectorants, and linctuses. These can certainly, as regards symptoms, improve one, and they are satisfactory for brief "flu"-like illnesses.

However, if the illness progresses or continues, it is important that your diagnosis be checked; complications easily could be missed, such as middle ear infection, which if not properly treated could cause deafness in later life.

There is quite a collection of "tonics"—preparations to make you feel better. If we analyse why you feel the need of a tonic, we find you are feeling tired, "run down," and tense, cannot eat and have no energy for anything. Surely it is better to find the real cause of this.

Of course, people are often helped by tonics. Those containing a mild sedative allow the person to relax, when he can expend his energy better. Others do stimulate the appetite. Perhaps it is their sour taste that does this, perhaps it is psychological — you take something, and thereby obtain the advertised benefit.

Vitamins have had much publicity lately; but certainly, in this country, no healthy person on a balanced diet needs added vitamins. In the U.S.A. the bottles have to be labelled to this effect.

Some vitamins in high dosage can cause

SELF-MEDICATION (cont.)

harm. This has happened in infants who were overdosed with vitamin D. They became listless, off their food, with nausea and vomiting; they became weak, and showed evidence of great disturbance in kidney function and use of body calcium.

Iron is also taken without need. A lot of people consider themselves to be anaemic, and so to need additional iron. Again, if on a good diet no one is anaemic. If one is, or thinks he is, it is better to consult a doctor. Then proof of an anaemia can be obtained and the cause found and corrected. The cause may be inadequate blood formation due to lack of certain vitamins, or hormones; to unrecognised infection; or else the blood may be destroyed too quickly or lost. Cure of bleeding peptic ulcer or of piles is far better than continuous iron therapy.

More often the patient is not anaemic but is tired, worn out by worry for family, or fears of cancer, or unhappiness, and quite often this can be helped by discussion and reassurance. Iron will not be absorbed if the blood count is normal. The cells lining the bowel will not take up additional supplies. Iron taken unnecessarily can do harm — often it is responsible for bowel upsets and accidental poisoning in young children.

There are many indigestion remedies, to stop flatulence, heartburn, and pain, and these can relieve symptoms well. How much better, though, to have a full history taken, a physical examination and the relevant investigations, to get a correct diagnosis, and improved treatment, and to exclude cancer, the fear of which increases the indigestion and causes further psychosomatic malfunction.

Nervous dyspepsia may settle down with discussion of the problem, proper diet, and a mild sedative.

Excess dosage of antacids can cause an interesting state of tetany, characterised by painful spasms of the muscles in the arms, feet, and larynx. This is easily cured — but it should never have happened. Less easily cured is kidney failure from prolonged milk and antacids.

Purgatives also sell well. But are they

really needed? When constipation first occurs it is preferable to find the cause and have it corrected. Quite often this is simple, requiring more exercise, more fluid, more fruit and bulk in the diet, and adequate time in the toilet. If good habit-training is ignored, aperients of greater strength are used successively. But oils such as paraffin can "mop up" the fat-soluble vitamins A, D, E, and K, causing deficiency symptoms from lack of these.

Recent increasing constipation could be a bowel obstruction from cancer or adhesions, and could rupture on over-enthusiastic purgation. An acute appendicitis also could rupture with a severe aperient.

Analgesics — aspirin, APC, Alka-Seltzer, and the like — all are good for reducing pain and temperature, excellent for flu, and (when used in small amounts) for brief illnesses. They cause harm if prolonged use is made of them, and certainly pain prolonged should be diagnosed.

The APC is a habit, and a bad one. Some women feel they cannot start the day without one and it is there, at their bedside, to give them support (mainly psychological) for the long day ahead. However, in some people, six APCs per day for three years can cause permanent kidney damage; they give themselves a severely restricted life without need.

All these things may produce gastric irritation and so, if taken on an empty stomach, may lead to small bleeding points in the stomach. These can cause anaemia, or sometimes such an acute profuse haemorrhage that transfusion is needed.

Certain sedative tablets are commonly sold. In most cases, the need for these can be eliminated after discussion, or else more desirable ones can be prescribed.

Another important aspect of self-medication is the taking of other people's medicine — or the taking of expired drugs.

Mrs. X attends her doctor for dizziness, and this being found to be due to high blood pressure the appropriate tablet is prescribed. When her pregnant daughter becomes giddy, she doses herself up on mother's pills, perhaps with disastrous results. This does not happen so much with a good doctor-patient relationship; the

HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR DOCTOR

By Nicholas Larkins, M.B., B.S.

- This subject is included in the program because in the Secretariat one is so often asked for names of specialists in different fields.

BEING the last speaker, I must not detain you long. So I remind myself of this by recalling a story of a very short speech by the

first Earl of Birkenhead, a former Lord High Chancellor.

He was to have been the guest speaker at a dinner. The chairman, a remarkably

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

patient's disease is discussed, with the effects of the tablets. Gone are the days of "black magic," when the doctor would not commit himself and gave no indication of what the medicine did.

People frequently fail to complete a full course of antibiotic, and then save the tablets until the next illness. If similar symptoms are felt, the tablets are recommended without an adequate diagnosis, in the hope of curing the disease before it gets a hold.

Many serious illnesses are masked in this way and diagnosed later after damage has been done. I have seen a child with a ruptured appendix, hopefully treated in this way with penicillin, which had been prescribed last time when it looked just as sick, with a temperature. Similarly, a child with meningitis needed additional antibiotics, and in higher doses, for recovery before complicating adhesions could cause permanent brain damage.

Left-over tablets have often expired, so

that the expected clinical effect is never obtained.

With all medicines, prescribed by doctors and those self-prescribed, great care should be taken to keep them away from young children. These days they are made so inviting, it is little wonder poisoning causes so much trouble. It is tragic that a drug not really needed should kill a much-loved child.

The "Pill" is now perhaps one of Australia's most-used drugs, and people are often upset that they cannot obtain it without a doctor's prescription.

As a contraceptive it is effective and, as far as we know, safe. However, it is important that every woman using it should have a medical check so that undiagnosed disease of the genital system may be recognised before beginning treatment, and any symptom that occurs after it begins can be investigated. The "privacy" of the chemist's shop does not allow for this.

HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR DOCTOR (cont.)

verbose personage, before calling him to his feet launched into an elaborate introduction. In the course of it the guest-of-honor, already well dined and wined, had time for several more drinks.

However, on hearing the chairman's closing words . . . "I shall now call upon Lord Birkenhead to give his address" . . . Lord Birkenhead rose slowly, and complied. And speaking to nobody in particular . . . "My address is number 47 Sloane Square, and I propose to proceed there without further ado."

Once upon a time when people became ill, they consulted the family doctor. But there is a tendency these days for patients to select their own specialist. However, apart perhaps from consulting an ophthalmologist for regular check-ups and change of glasses, all other specialist consultations are, ideally, arranged by reference from the family doctor.

Here it should be noted that those specialists who practise as consultants will see only referred patients—that is, patients referred to them by another doctor. For example, pathologists and radiologists will see only referred patients. This is the rule, too, for many other specialists in various fields.

Someone asks, "Who is a good doctor for rheumatism?" But — who says it is rheumatism? The pain in the back may be due to any of many causes—orthopaedic, medical (as with the kidneys), gynaecological.

"To what psychiatrist can I take my husband?" But who really needs him — the inquirer, or her consort? "Who is the best specialist to confine my daughter or daughter-in-law?" The patient, though, may be contentedly under the care of her own family doctor.

"Please give me the name of a skin specialist for my child's pimples, and my wife's funny rash?" Yet, who knows whether the child would not have a problem of adolescence better dealt with by a paediatrician, or whether the skin rash

of the wife is not due to drugs or to some ailment more within the scope of a general physician or a psychiatrist?

"A nerve specialist?" Should this mean a neurologist, or a psychiatrist?

It is most revealing in talking to inquirers to learn on what slender evidence a patient selects a specialist. On one symptom most often — a headache, so he needs an eye specialist; a pain in the chest — a heart specialist; dyspepsia — a gastro-enterologist.

It takes medical students a long time to interpret symptoms. After a student has completed three years of basic science (that is to say, he has virtually become a graduate in science, having studied in advanced detail physics, chemistry, biology, anatomy, and physiology), he enters what are known as the "clinical years."

It is an exciting but staggering experience, when first exposed to patients, to find how little one knows and where to start.

The art of history-taking

The start is made by learning to become a clinical clerk, which is the art of history-taking. This requires quite a time to achieve, though it follows a routine, based on direct and indirect questioning of the patient.

The doctor first inquires the presenting symptom — "How do you complain?" He notes the history of previous illness, and then proceeds systematically to elicit the story of the present illness by indirect questioning: — how long — when did it first start — was it sudden or gradual — if it is a pain, what sort is it — dull and aching, sharp and shooting, or colicky? Does it occur by day or by night? What relieves it? Is there any discharge? If so, from where and for how long?

Then the clinician proceeds to direct questioning about each system, e.g.:

ALIMENTARY SYSTEM

Is there any change in weight? Detail of appetite — dyspepsia, is this qualitative

or quantitative; what is bowel habit; is there constipation, diarrhoea, or alteration?

CARDIOVASCULAR SYSTEM

Is there any breathlessness on exertion? Are there palpitations or fainting turns? Is there swelling of ankles?

RESPIRATORY SYSTEM

Is there a cough? If so, is there any sputum? Is the sputum ever tinged with blood? Are there any night sweats?

CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM

Headaches, visual symptoms, giddiness, deafness, vomiting, difficulty in walking — are all matters to be determined.

GENITO-URINARY SYSTEM

Questions are always put as to frequency of urine, any pain, passage of blood, getting up at night.

REPRODUCTIVE SYSTEM

Careful questions are asked which vary of course, according to the sex of the patient. In women, particulars are noted concerning the menstrual cycle; the age of onset, frequency, duration, abnormal symptoms, details of pregnancies and any abnormalities, of confinements and any complications.

SKELETAL SYSTEM

The history here notes all symptoms relating to bones, joints, and muscles.

When the history is completed, the clinical clerk or doctor is in a position to examine each system and record his findings. And then it will be possible to record a summary of symptoms, a summary of signs. A stage is then reached when the doctor can either make a diagnosis, or seek ancillary investigations from a pathologist or a radiologist. If he is still in doubt he is at least in a position to recommend a second opinion, and he will suggest an appropriate specialist.

Consider all this! And small wonder, then, that the layman is at a disadvantage in selecting a specialist for himself.

To whom, then, shall he go?

The family doctor, the general practitioner, should be the doctor of choice. He knows the patient, his family, his

environment, his parents and children, and many other things which give him the advantage of assessing the whole person, this individual. The GP, apart from his wide variety of skills, is himself the "specialist" in making the first assessment of any patient.

Of all complaints, 80 percent are dealt with by general practitioners.

Speaking for a moment of specialists . . . I am continually enraged to see groups of intelligent people raising money to send a child who needs skilled treatment to some "high-powered" surgeon in another country. More than nine out of ten babies and children who are sent overseas could be operated on with the same success in Australia. There might be an odd case in a decade that Australian surgeons could not handle. But our medical specialists are as highly trained as elsewhere, their standard of competence is of the highest.

People's money is wasted because their heart-strings are being plucked.

CONSULTATIONS

Don't be afraid, however, to suggest a specialist opinion. This will not offend the vast majority of doctors. Indeed, doctors generally will advise a second opinion if they consider it necessary. But second opinions are greatly enhanced by proper reference from the attending doctor, who can supply the consultant with clinical notes, and details of investigation and treatment already carried out.

All that wheezes is not asthma.

All that aches is not rheumatism.

All that vomits is not stomach trouble.

Headaches do not necessarily indicate a change of glasses.

Every missed period is not a pregnancy.

Every haemorrhagic discharge is not a miscarriage.

Have confidence in your family doctor. If you are not satisfied, tell him, and ask for another opinion.